

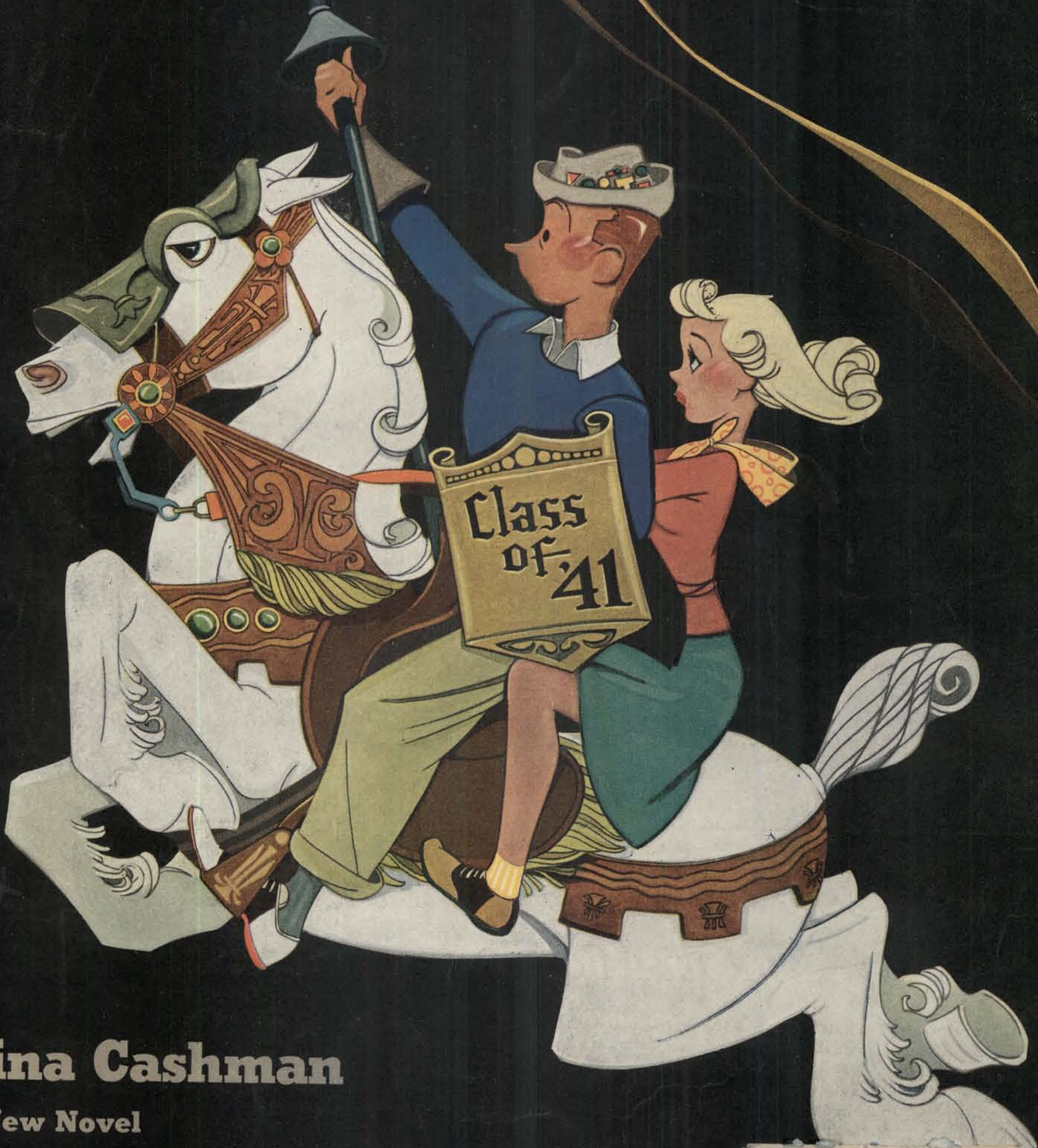
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Collier's

JUNE 21, 1941

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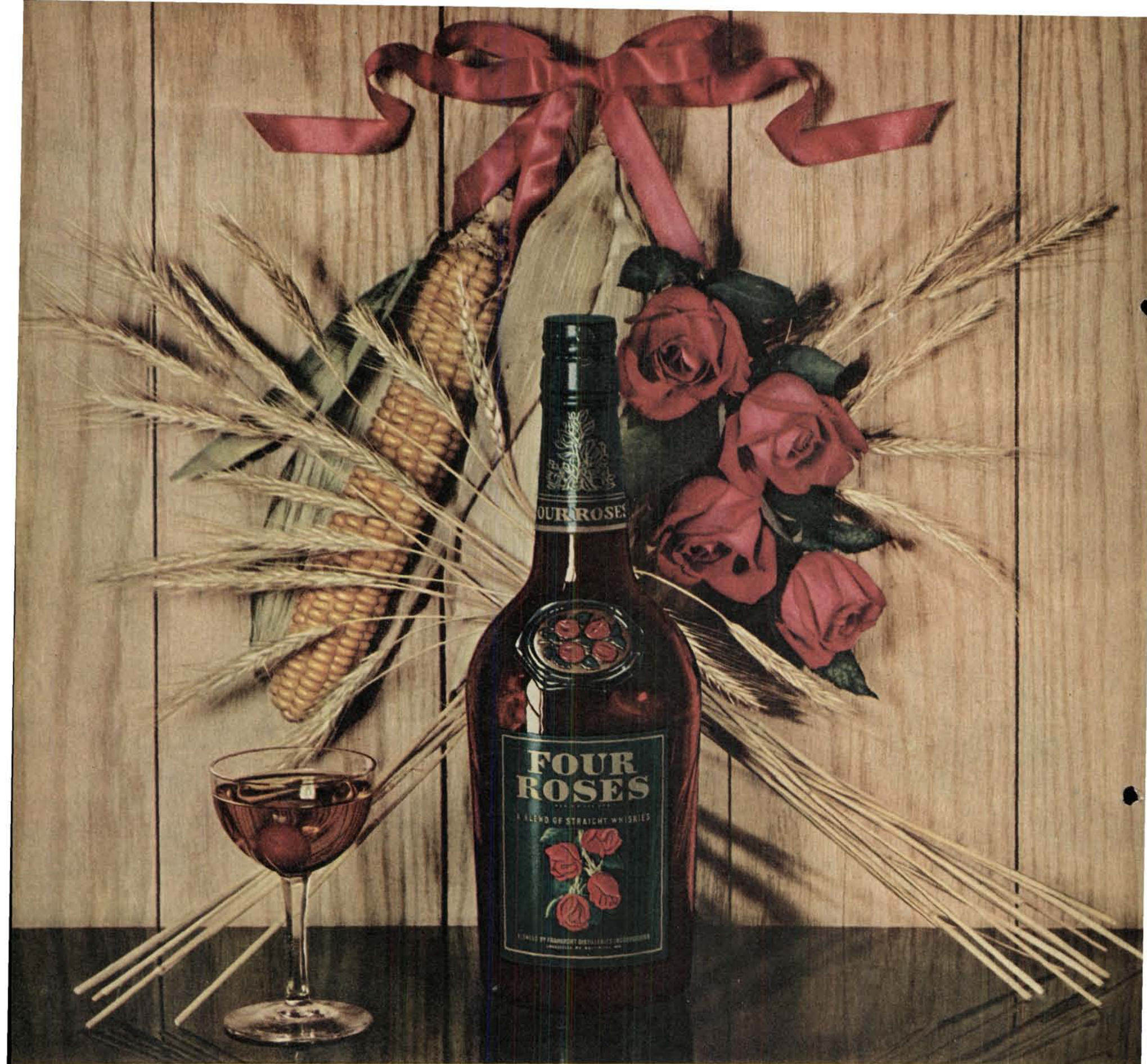


Dina Cashman

A New Novel

By Kathleen Norris

MRS F W TAYLOR
220 N COTTONWOOD
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14MH42
912356
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1/25



A new and thrilling experience awaits you

THE 1941 BOTTLING OF FOUR ROSES

NO WHISKEY we have ever made—in all our 76 years—has won so many enthusiastic compliments as we're getting for the 1941 Bottling of Four Roses.

In a way, we're not surprised. For when we distilled the special whiskies for this Four Roses, five years ago and longer, we felt certain they would be exceptional... because of the great care that went into their making... because of the added knowledge and skill we applied to their aging.

But when finally we opened the barrels, even we were aston-

ished at the rich-ripe perfection these whiskies had achieved.

And so we know that you, too—no matter when you last tasted Four Roses—will be astonished when you try the 1941 Bottling. Astonished that today, when there are many fine whiskies, there could be one so far above the others. Just try today's Four Roses—*today!*

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are five years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

EVERY DROP IS 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD

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Do you see Little Mary Lou?

No, I see the Mother of Two Young Sons.

Do the Cares of her Family Weigh her Down?

Not at all—She is Light-Hearted and Gay.

Her Smile is always Bright and Sparkling . . . a Smile
that owes much to her Lifelong Habit of Ipana and Massage.



Keep your smile sparkling . . . let Ipana and Massage help
you to firmer gums as well as brighter teeth



Q. Why are dentists almost unanimous in urging the practice of regular gum massage?

A. Because modern gums need more work for healthy firmness. Today's soft, creamy foods rob gums of natural resistance and work—do not provide this needed exercise.

Q. If gums are neglected—what then?

A. Gums tend to become weak and sensitive. And firm, healthy gums are essential to sound, sparkling teeth. That is why "pink tooth brush" should never be ignored . . . that recurring tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush is a warning of sensitive gums!

Q. Is "pink tooth brush" serious?

A. "Pink tooth brush" may not mean serious trouble—but only your dentist can decide that. He may merely say your

gums need work and exercise. And he may well suggest, as so many dentists these days are doing, the "healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Q. Why do dentists so frequently suggest Ipana and massage?

A. Because Ipana and massage is a great aid not only in helping you to have brighter teeth . . . but also firmer gums. Ipana does more than clean teeth brilliantly. With massage, it is specially designed to aid the gums to healthier firmness. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today—and every time you brush your teeth massage a little *extra* Ipana onto your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier smile!

Ipana Tooth Paste

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JUNE 21, 1941

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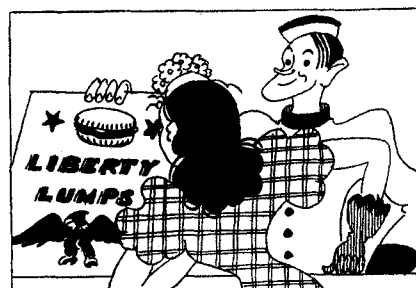
COVER

VERNON GRANT

ANY WEEK

RELATIONS between this column and some of its readers are not of the warmest. This regrettable condition arises from our apparent reluctance to take a more active part in the war. But we're not going to depart from our customary conservatism. Neither would our critics, if they too had spent a day reviewing the opinions and predictions of the experts written with stern authority a year ago. Virtually nothing forecast by these personally trustworthy ladies and gentlemen has come out their way. And mind you, we're not scoffing. We've done a bit of prophesying on our own in the past and have frequently offered up silent prayers of thanksgiving for the public's short memory. But it is a bit of a shock to reread today the columnings of yesterday. It forces us to entertain the horrid suspicion that some of our favorite literary strategists have nearsighted typewriters that turn out stuff made of the same material as political campaign pledges.

WE HAVE ample proof however that the outlook is becoming normal. There are certain dependable signs that we'll soon be fighting with guns as well as tongues. In San Francisco recently we saw a lunch counter advertising Liberty Lumps. These, if you must know, used to be hamburgers. Our mail fetches us other indications. In Buffalo, New York, we're informed, there's a small German seamstress who has been spending "a great deal of time in the cellar of late." Just how the impartor of this sinister fact came by it we don't, of course, know. But he tells us that "it is generally believed that there is a machine-gun emplacement in her cellar." Unfortunately, our correspondent does not tell us why anybody should have a machine-gun emplacement in a cellar in Buffalo, New York, nor whom the lady plans to shoot from that depressed location unless it be the fellow who is supposed to clean the furnace. But a machine gun seems to us to be quite a chore for a seamstress.



WE'VE got many similar letters—notably one from a gentleman farmer who's noticed lately a great deal of digging and concrete mixing by a neighbor named Schultz. The inevitable howitzer, he says, will be trained on Hartford, Connecticut. And there are the more bitter writers who hang

their heads in shame that we are not at this moment fighting shoulder to shoulder with Britain. Mr. George Berres Coplund of Haverhill, Massachusetts, announces that he's written to President Roosevelt advising him to "change in all honesty his slogan to 'All War to Britain Short of Aid.'" A young lady (Bryn Mawr, '37) suggests that the War Department classify trainees in our new Army according to social stations. She and a few friends would like to invite some of the lads to dances and other diversions but would prefer to be sure that the men thus favored be "college men or at least of good families." From Mrs. W. W. Abrams of Mobile, Alabama, we have a protest against "libelous stories and articles written by slackers in which our soldiers and sailors curse and drink." And, of course, there's no avoiding requests that we lead a crusade against "German music in all forms" some of which, we hasten to admit, would be pretty bad in any language. Moreover we'd thus be depriving ourselves of rising and singing The Star-Spangled Banner; God Save the King; Maryland, My Maryland and similar borrowed patriotic. But we must be getting on.

ANYWAY we're doing fine. And no matter what happens business will be going on as usual. Mr. Jim Crouch of New York City has been keeping his eye on that for us. He tells us that a Fifth Avenue store is conducting a school for bridegrooms, that a famous furrier is about to advertise in sky-writing in technicolor, that a chain bakery is about to produce a pre-dunked doughnut, a large optical firm is experimenting with eyeglasses that will eliminate double vision for drunks and that he knows an engineer who is working on an electro-magnetic device which will stop motorcars dead in their tracks when their fenders come within four feet of pedestrians, fences, store fronts or other motorcars. Worn by a soldier, this device may render him immune to bullets, bayonets, shells, tanks and even his own artillery.

NONE of the foregoing surprises us. We remember 1914-1918. We're not even surprised by what happened to Richard English in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. You too know Mr. English whose stories appear exclusively in this all but faultless magazine. On the ship bound for Rio, Mr. English met a lovely young Brazilian who had been at school in the States. She was so lovely that Mr. English lost some of his customary control and invited her to dinner at Rio's hottest and most expensive restaurant. She kept the date but, that the evening might not become boring to Mr. English, she brought with her her mother and father, two sisters with their husbands, one aunt and one uncle and her fiancé.

To his letter Mr. English appends what we regard as a wholly superfluous postscript: "I have not seen this young lady since."



AND we've a couple of letters from Lisbon finding fault with Quentin Reynolds' article about life in that refugee roost. We'd print them if it weren't that both of them, unconsciously perhaps, confirm Mr. Reynolds to the last comma. Therefore, we'll have to give this space to another from Lisbon, the writer of which asks us to collaborate with him on "some humorous stories which you can hear in Lisbon." But our feeble art would be his liability. "First," he writes, "the crew of Italian planes consists of ten men: the pilot, the telegraphist, the gunner and six men to throw out the parachutist. Second, the Italian soldier sees the bullets twice: when the bullet passes by him, and when he passes by the bullet (because of the rapidity with which he runs away)." There is more to the letter, of course, but you get the idea. Also you see how futile any effort at collaboration by us would be.

ALL of which convinces us again that this department had better stick to the domestic scene. Although doubtless we should be feeling warlike, we find an echo of our real sentiments in the words of the croupier of a crap game of whom Mr. J. H. Stahl of Toledo, Ohio, has taken the trouble to inform us. A large black railroad laborer named Joshua, says Mr. Stahl, dropped in on the crap game one payday as was his weekly custom. Joshua never varied in his gambling. He'd shoot twenty dollars on one roll of the dice and then, win or lose, go his way regardless. On this particular occasion Joshua threw down his twenty dollars, was promptly faded, and rolled. One of the dice hopped over the jump line—four. The other came to rest exactly on the line—three. The croupier reached out to retrieve the dice, droning: "An' ah ca-ain't calllll ut." Joshua came up with his "hawg-leg"—a .38 on a .44 frame. He threw one shot into the ceiling. The croupier's whine abruptly changed: "An' he th'owed seven." Joshua took his winnings and his departure, the game resuming its peaceful progress.

THAT'S us. . .

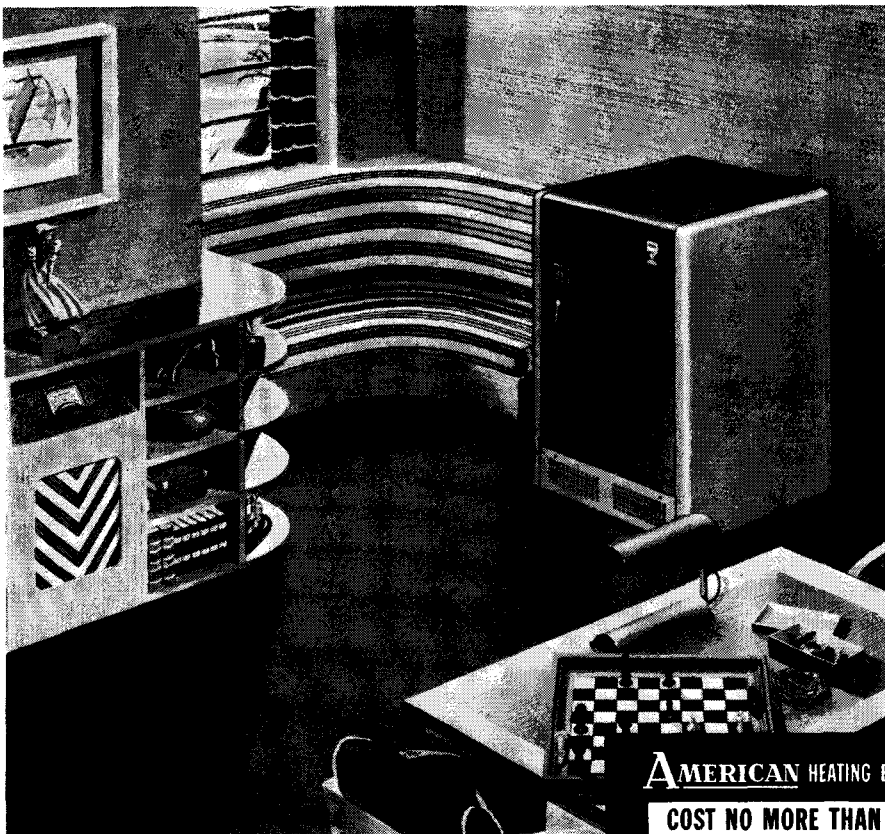
W. D.

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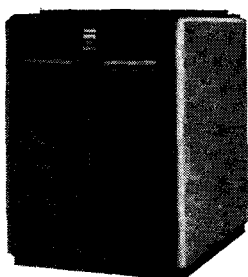
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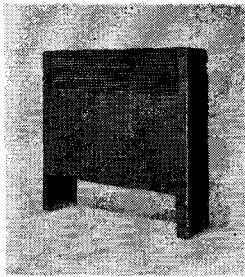
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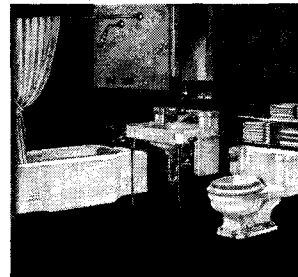
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The Sunrad Radiator—Smart, efficient, space-saving. One complete unit, it supplies both Radiant Heat and Convected Heat.



(Left) Charm and Compactness are combined in this lovely Powder Room that includes the "Standard" Marledge Lavatory and Compact Closet.

(Right) This Beautiful Bathroom includes the smart "Standard" Recessed Pembroke Bath with rim seat, the One Piece Closet and the Companion Lavatory



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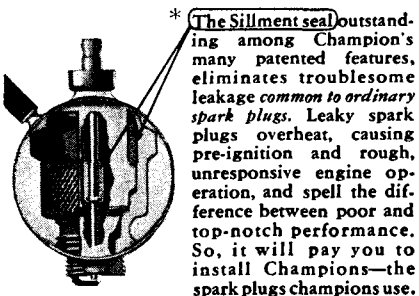


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*The Sillment seal outstanding among Champion's many patented features, eliminates troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs. Leaky spark plugs overheat, causing pre-ignition and rough, unresponsive engine operation, and spell the difference between poor and top-notch performance. So, it will pay you to install Champions—the spark plugs champions use.



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WHETHER YOUR VACATION tour takes you to northern lakes and streams or "down Mexico way", your car will definitely perform better if your spark plugs are dependable and in first-class condition.

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So to be sure of carefree motoring have your spark plugs tested before setting out on your vacation tour. If they are worn out, of inferior quality, show leakage under pressure, or have been in service in excess of 10,000 miles, have a set of new Champions installed. They will soon pay for themselves in gas saved, renewed power, speed and better all around engine performance.

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SPARK PLUGS



WING TALK

COURTESY DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT

Streamlines have come a long way since the 1918 heyday of the famous Jenny—note modern Douglas bomber behind it. Girl: Jinx Falkenburg

THE United States lacks, and has lacked for more than ten years, a continuing airport-development program, similar to waterways and highways. But prospects for such a program now appear brighter than ever because of the sudden realization that we do not have enough airports for the efficient operation of an air force large enough to protect the country. And when we think in terms of 50,000 military airplanes alone, the need for airports borders on the frantic.

There are today about 2,300 landing fields of all types in the country. About 100 are occupied by the Army and Navy for the training of pilots. Another 800 are being utilized by schools under the Civilian Pilot Training Program. Nearly 200 more are scheduled airline stops and 54 others would be if they were large enough to accommodate transport aircraft.

The CAA is now working on the establishment and improvement of 250 airports vital to the defense of the country and has a long-range plan for 4,000 more. And the Army and Navy have come through with the plea that an additional 175 either be improved or created immediately.

Since the government is now investing heavily in airports in furtherance of what looks to be a systematic development program, a heavier obligation rests on the municipalities so benefited. They are now required to agree to purchase the necessary land and, in addition to maintaining and operating the airport for the benefit of the public, to protect the aerial approaches against obstructions and to grant no exclusive right for the use of the fields.

IT LIES within the memory of all of us when our airliners and military aircraft were mostly biplanes, with struts, wires, landing gear hanging down in the breeze and all sorts of joints and angles that had to be hauled through the air at the expense of greater pay loads and speed.

The clean-up process got rid of the wheels, tucked them up in the wings and fuselages. The birds don't go flying around with their feet hanging down. Then the engineers knocked off one set of wings, learned how to cowl and locate the engines and brought the low-wing monoplane to a high state of development. As each change took place, performance increased with the same expenditure of horsepower. In one out-

standing instance performance improved with less horsepower. That was when our airlines changed over from the high-wing trimotored Fords and Fokkers with their three 400-horsepower engines to the low-wing monoplane twin-engine Boeing 247. Here was an airplane with wheels tucked up, no struts, wires or exposed parts, which with two 400-horsepower engines could carry ten passengers, a crew of three and a load of mail, baggage and express at 20 to 40 miles per hour faster than the trimotors could.

Now that our aerodynamic experts have shot aircraft performance forward so rapidly by eliminating all these drag-producing elements, it becomes extremely difficult to squeeze out further performance increases on such a refined airplane. More horsepower will do it and that is on the way. But there are still many other opportunities, such as improvement in fuel economy. A mighty bomber or transoceanic airliner capable of carrying a fuel load of 15,000 gallons is a good example.

A 3 per cent improvement in fuel economy would result in an increase of 2,700 pounds in the useful load of the ship without reducing its cruising range—that many more pounds in bombs or revenue-producing load. All for 3 per cent.

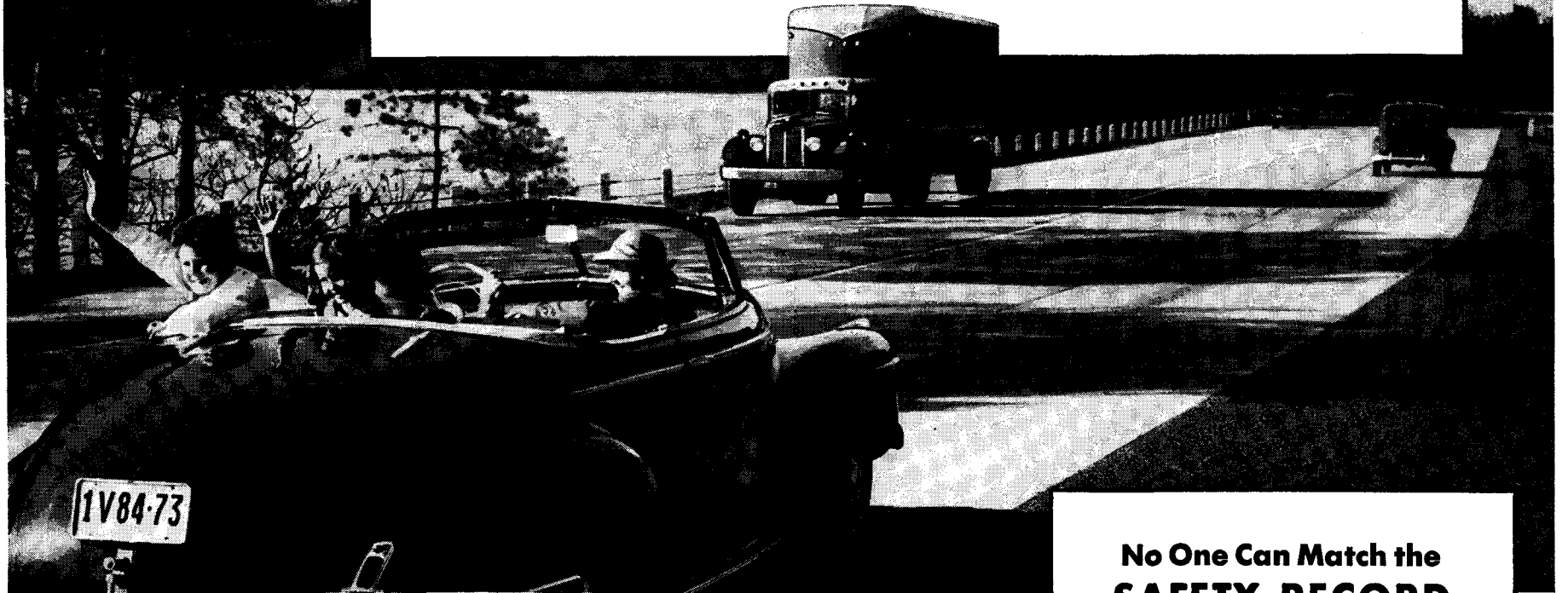
SCIENTISTS have to be forward-thinking and one of our most efficient explorers of the future is the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. No alphabet agency, the NACA was founded in 1915 as an independent government establishment and has been in the vanguard of aeronautic development in this country ever since. That is why serious attention should be paid to the forecasts about the air when this scientific group speaks, which it seldom does.

To evaluate whatever opinions it may hereafter issue on the future course of both commercial and military operations, this is what the NACA said in a formal declaration 17 years ago on the "Increasing Importance of Aircraft in Warfare."

"It is safe to say that there will be individual and group fighting in the air; there will be aircraft attacking troops on the ground, both with bombs dropped from great heights and with machine guns mounted on low-flying aircraft protected by armor from ordinary rifle bullets; there will be bombing of large

(Continued on page 55)

Express Highway to Lower Prices!



Clams from Boston—Celery from Kalamazoo—Meat from Chicago—Cantaloupe from California—your pick of America's best... brought within easy reach of the family budget... THANKS TO TRUCK TRANSPORT!

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... the furniture, movies, newspapers, games, tools, and *practically everything else you use*.

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Motor freight brings what you want—when you want it... by direct routes... with minimum handling... and no side-tracking.

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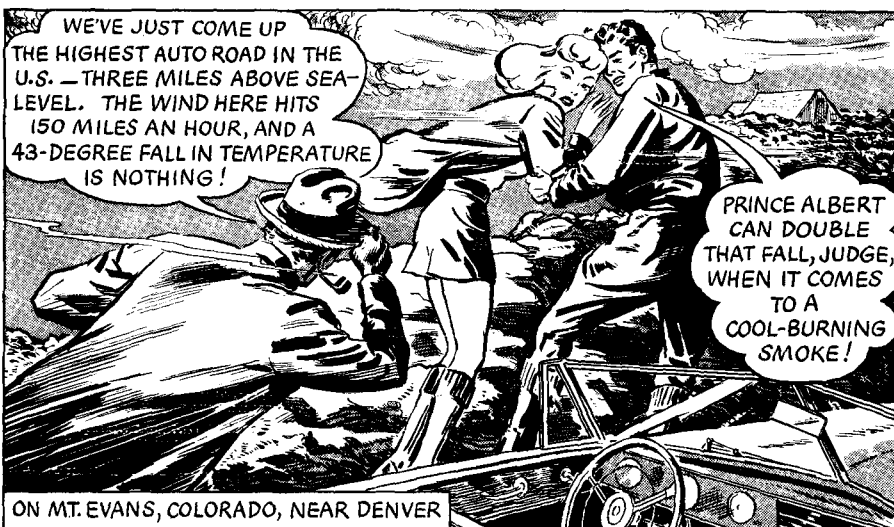


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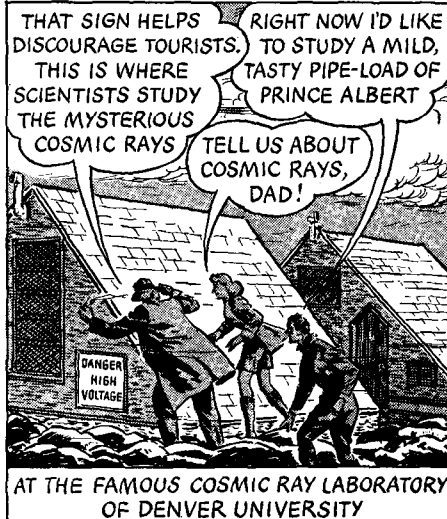


ON MT. EVANS, COLORADO, NEAR DENVER

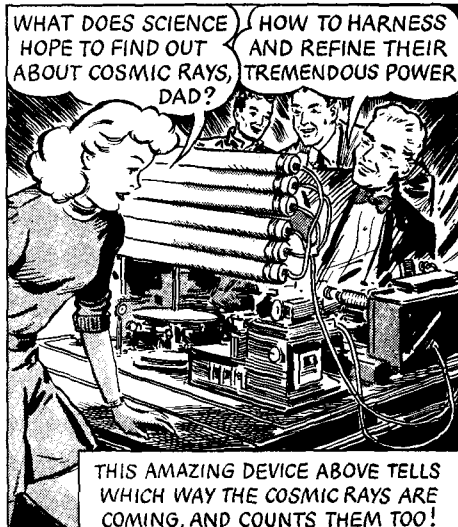
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, **PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER** THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — **COOLEST OF ALL!**



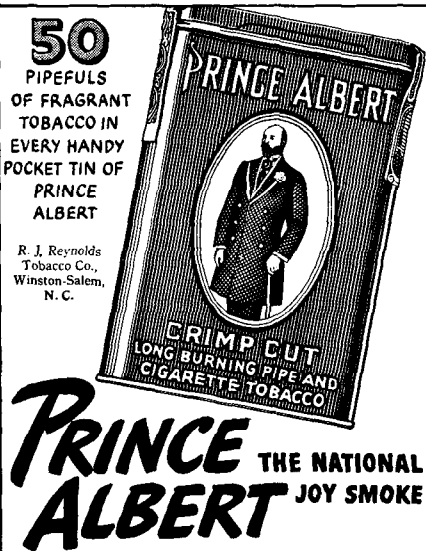
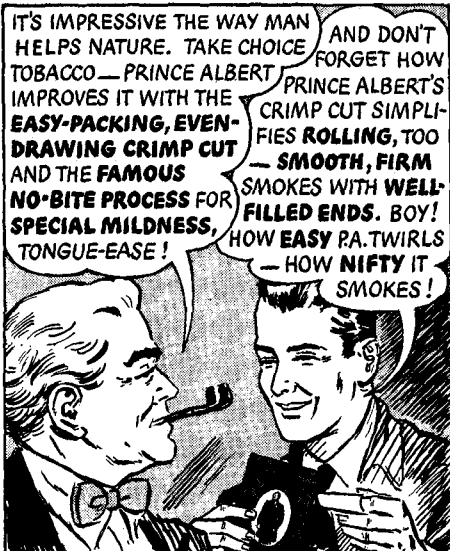
SCIENCE THINKS THAT THE SPECTACULAR COSMIC RAYS WHICH SHOWER THE EARTH DESCEND FROM THE GREAT OUTER SPACES. THE RAYS, MOST POWERFUL KNOWN FORCE ON EARTH, ARE 5 TIMES STRONGER ATOP MT. EVANS THAN AT SEA-LEVEL. LIGHTNING STRIKING MT. EVANS BATHES PEOPLE AND OBJECTS IN A GHOSTLY GLOW



AT THE FAMOUS COSMIC RAY LABORATORY OF DENVER UNIVERSITY



THIS AMAZING DEVICE ABOVE TELLS WHICH WAY THE COSMIC RAYS ARE COMING, AND COUNTS THEM TOO!



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The English Channel has been conquered by a score of swimmers, bicycled across by a man on a paddle machine and walked across by another on water skis. Once it was even raced across by two sporting gentlemen, one in a casket and the other in a washtub.

The cost of operation of the 90 courts of justice maintained by New York City is \$15,000,000 a year, or \$3,000,000 more than that of the 109 courts maintained by the United States government, including those in the Philippines, Hawaii and China.—By R. C. Charles, Hollywood, California.

A 100-ton glass furnace in a Detroit plant recently set a world's record by pouring, without interruption, a melt that weighed 58,486 tons. This single operation, which required two years and a day, produced a 51-inch-wide sheet of glass which, if uncut, would be 2,400 miles long.—By Howard G. Meyer, Oceanside, New York.

Of the sixty-seven waterfalls that are higher than Niagara, twenty-three are in North America, twenty-three are in Europe, ten in South America, six in Africa, three in Asia and two in New Zealand. Angel Falls in Venezuela, the world's loftiest cataract, is about 4,400 feet, or twenty-six times as high as Niagara Falls.

In the United States today, 1,015 newspapers with a total circulation of 6,000,000 copies are published in 38 languages. Nearly one fourth of these papers are in German or Italian and they have 40 per cent of this circulation.

Foremost among the impostors who have professed an ability to fast indefinitely in order to exhibit themselves as curiosities was Sarah Jacobs of Wales. In 1869, after she and her family had sworn that no food had passed her lips for more than two years, the girl was forced under the surveillance of nurses and died of starvation in nine days. Consequently, her mother and father were convicted of fraud and sent to prison.

The new National Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C., contains 539 paintings, of which 338 or 63 per cent are of religious subjects and 451 or 84 per cent are by Italian artists.—By Robert M. Moseley, Beltsville, Maryland.

On the basis that the average radio set requires a nine-inch dial to receive standard broadcasts from 550 to 1,600 kilocycles, a set built to receive all frequencies from ten to 401,000 kilocycles would require a dial 286 feet long, or approximately 381 times larger.—By E. L. Bragdon, White Plains, New York.

Diseases named after their discoverers give no information as to their locations and causes and are confusing in the case of duplicates. For instance, there are four called "Pick's disease," each named after a different person and each pertaining to a different condition.—By Theodore L. Pore, Washington, D. C.

Nanda Devi, a 25,661-foot summit of the Himalayas, is the highest mountain ever climbed by man. Although encircled by almost insurmountable peaks which have frustrated the best mountaineers for fifty years, it was reached by an expedition consisting of four Americans and four Englishmen on August 29, 1936. No oxygen was used, despite the fact that unconsciousness usually occurs at 22,000 feet.

To prove that memory is unreliable when recalling things seen during great excitement, a professor of psychology had four boys break into his classroom one afternoon and fight one another and smash the furniture for thirty seconds. Upon being questioned afterward as to what had taken place, only three of the twenty-nine students even knew how many persons had participated in the "riot."

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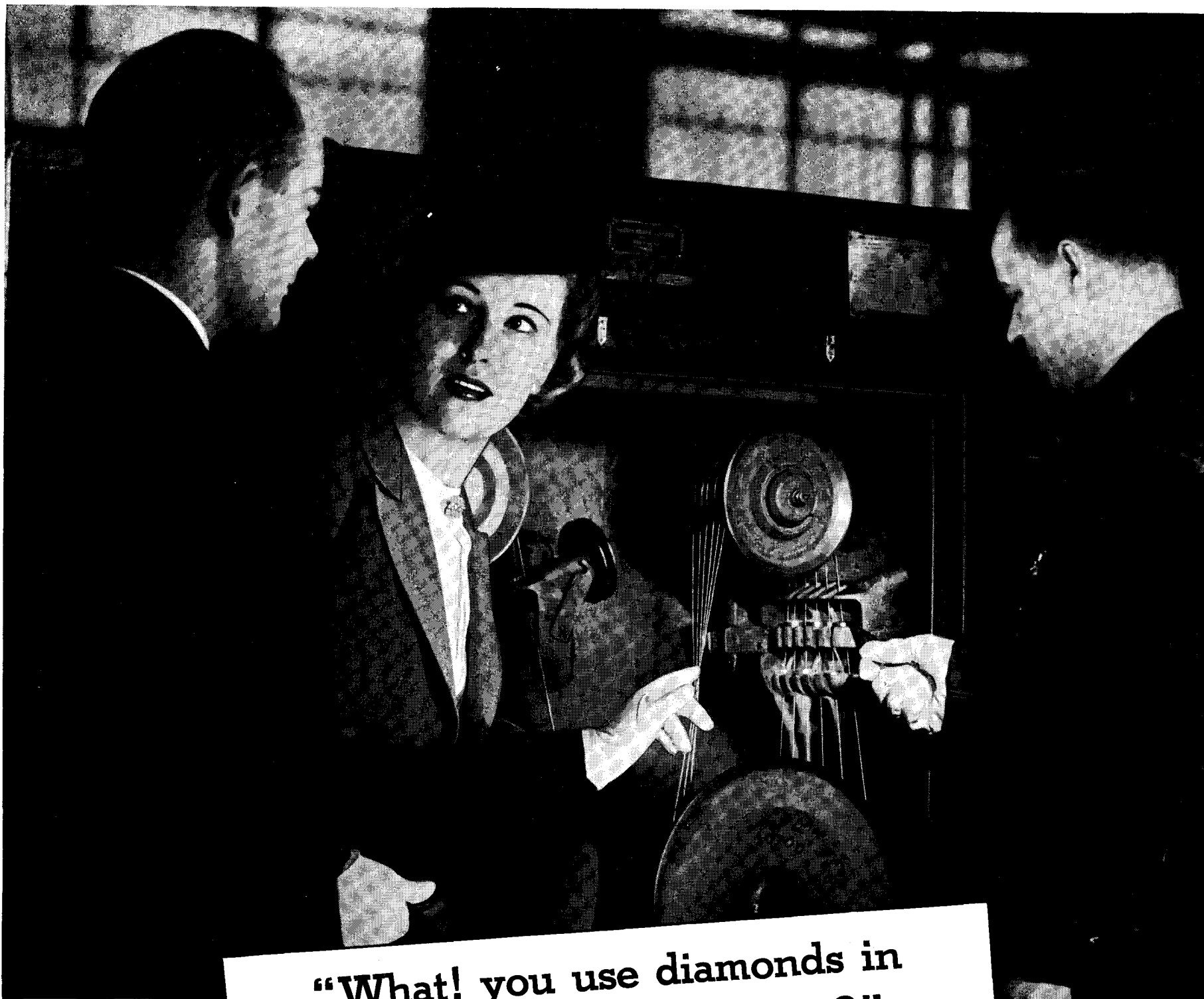


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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JUNE 21, 1941

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Dina Cashman

By Kathleen Norris

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Beginning a new novel of unconventional romance—the story of a modern girl who paid the price of ignorance and won at last the prize of courage and devotion

DINA, will you help me with my composition?" "Well," Dina glanced over her shoulder, turned back to her dishpan. "What's it about?"

"She give us three subjects," said the overgrown boy at the kitchen table. "My Christmas Holidays, What the New Year Means to Me, and The Effect of the Crusades Upon the Universities of Medieval Europe."

Dina laughed quietly. "I certainly wouldn't take that last one," she said. To herself she added, "I laughed then. I'll bet everything's going to come out all right."

"I don't think anyone'll take that one," said Arthur. "Unless maybe some of the girls do."

"Take What the New Year Means to Me, Art, and make it full of manly spirit and everything. Ambition, you know, and steadfast endeavor."

"Oh, *garsh*—" Arthur objected, appalled at this generous order. Shabby, dirty, disheveled, he sprawled over the end of the kitchen table, a stubby pencil in the large fingers whose nails were black and split; his sweater, worn into holes, curled its heavy hot collar about his neck, his jaws moved rhythmically upon a wad of gum. "Tell me how to start it, Dina," he begged.

"Well, lessee," Dina mused. "How New Year offers to us all a chance'—no, no opportunity, Artie—but you're the one that's been to High," the girl broke off to remind him. "You ought to know twice as much as I do about school."

"Well, I don't," said Arthur, miserable with boredom and sleepiness and the effect of a dinner of underdone pork chops, fried potatoes, fresh bread, strong tea and doughnuts. "And I wish I didn't have to go!"

"Pop wants you to amount to something," Dina said automatically. In her heart to some power undefined, she said, "Oh, make it not true, make it not true! Oh, I'll always be good—I'll be different—I'll get a job and work and make something of myself if only you'll make it not true!"

"Dina," said a dirty-faced little girl of twelve who was sucking away at a pencil and looking in puzzlement at the numbers she occasionally wrote upon the pages of a battered exercise book. "Don't Pop want you to amount to something too?"

"I guess he'd like all of us to amount to something, Dooley," Dina answered. "But I had a kind of queer time getting my schooling, and I wasn't ready for second-year High when we got here three years ago, and

It was instantly noticeable that Vere had eyes for no one else

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER C. KLETT



Dina walked across to stand beside him. "How do you do?" she said under her breath. "Hello, my dear!" Vere returned almost inaudibly

I'm not ready yet! Pop was sick then, and I worked in Muzzy's, and I had only had a quarter term's High when we left Arkansas, and then we were a whole year down near Tombstone when I couldn't get in to school, and then in Bakersfield. Then Donny was born and Mamma needed me."

The children—there were four of them in the kitchen—had lost interest. Arthur, who was at seventeen next to nineteen-year-old Dina in age, had crossed the fuzzy, dirty arms of his sweater on the table; laid his tousled head upon them and apparently dropped off into a light sleep; Dooley was carrying on an altercation with a younger child as to the possession of a small, hairless doll dressed in a smart but filthy little red velvet coat and hat; and Myrna, fourteen, a slender, proud girl whose worn school dress was embellished with a neat little collar and whose cuffs were well turned back, continued silently to dry dishes and carry them to their usual places on the shelves of the shallow closet.

THE kitchen was not a large room, but it was the only one of the four in the establishment that was available for daily waking life. The others were bedrooms. In one there was a three-quarter bed for the accommodation of the father, John Cashman, and his wife Ethel, and a crib for Donny Cashman, aged three. In another Arthur had a cot, and his two smallest sisters, El'ner and Lou, shared a sofa bed. Dooley, Dina and Myrna had as their chamber the third room, purportedly the parlor. The women and girls of the family were sensitive upon the point that there was no bathroom in the house, and that the men were obliged to wash and shave at the dark small zinc sink in the kitchen.

The Cashmans had settled in this rather grimy strip of the wide, fruit-filled Santa Clara Valley less from choice than from necessity. They had not prospered on their wanderings westward; through New Mexico and Arizona, and into California. Now, some fifty miles south of San Francisco, with seasonal jobs in lumber mills, canneries, orchards all about them, with seas of fruit blooms and wild flowers in spring, cooling fogs and winds all summer long, winters free of snow, they were as well satisfied as they were likely to be anywhere. Their home was a cheaply built, dilapidated shanty. But they were as well housed as many of the families in the neighborhood, and better housed than some, and they were migrants; migrant in plans, wishes, ideas and often as well physically in continual transference. Any inconveniences were dismissed from consideration with the philosophical thought that the family would not be long in any place anyway. Pop would get a better chance somewhere and they would all be off again.

As the most used apartment—for the bedrooms were dark, cluttered and small—the kitchen wore a battered air that no cleaning and no attempt at introducing order ever dissipated. It had been hopelessly cheap from the beginning; it was seventeen years old now, and every day of those seventeen years had taken its toll. The plastered walls had been calcimined green and then blue; both colors showed in streaks between the long, mud-colored marks that rain had left, and the gaps where laths showed through. Light was supplied by a solitary electric bulb dangling from the center of the ceiling. The stove was a four-burner gas range whose three remaining legs were supplemented by a brickbat; its plates were blackened and broken, its dripping-pan was burned into rusty holes, its oven door was dribbled from a thousand spillings of fat, milk, cereals, gravies, everything that

(Continued on page 26)



One Quick, Clean Stroke

By Grace Winston Byrnes

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

HE HATED to tell Linda—*hated* it because he knew how it would hurt her. She'd try to hide it, would smile and wish him happiness while deep inside—He'd read it in her eyes, in the tightening of her sensitive mouth, in those little furrows that dented her brow when she was troubled.

He hadn't watched her for ten years sitting at her desk in his office without knowing that Linda loved him.

John Haddon glanced into the lounge of the club, found it empty and crossed the foyer to the dining room. "I'll wait for Mr. MacDonald," he told the waiter who escorted him to his usual table. He had asked Mac to join him for breakfast; an important matter to discuss. Mac would be bowled over when he heard what it was.

Haddon lighted a cigarette. A face floated before his vision wreathed in the curling plumes of smoke—Linda's face. Linda as he first remembered her, the day she had come in answer to his ad. He could see her sitting there, a slim figure in black, gazing at him with those serious dark eyes.

"You wanted a young girl, Mr. Haddon," she had said. "I'm not young. I'm a widow." She had looked scarcely more than twenty. He had considered himself young then at forty, still did, for that matter. "I'll give everything I have to my job, Mr. Haddon."

And she had. She was the best secretary a man ever had and she was more than that, much more. His friends

ribbed him about it: said Linda didn't work for him, he worked for Linda. She made him toe the line in keeping appointments. She handled his correspondence, wrote most of the letters herself. She took care of his income tax, of his insurance, of the thousand and one troublesome details that slow up a man's efficiency.

But that wasn't the half of it. She watched over his diet, made him see his dentist twice a year, drove him periodically to an M.D. for a checkup. She even bought the tonic his doctor prescribed and made him take it.

MacDonald, his junior law partner, had had a dozen secretaries but one after another they had flitted off to get married—after trying their wiles on Mac and finding him invulnerable.

Linda knew when she was well off. She was sure of her job. She could work for him until she was too old to work. He'd see that she was taken care of, buy her a small annuity, perhaps. But she wouldn't need that. Linda was the saving kind.

He was fond of Linda, deeply fond of her. He must tell her today. She mustn't hear it from someone else. That would hurt her even more.

Ah, there was Mac, coming down the room with his lithe, swinging stride, the waiter at his heels. Haddon waited as Mac gave his order.

When they were alone he broached the momentous subject. "Mac, can you keep a secret?"

"I'd have been disbarred long ago if I couldn't. Out with it."

"I've fallen overboard. I'm going to be married."

Mac took it without the flicker of an eyelash, just sat looking at Haddon with that poker face.

"For Pete's sake, say something. Aren't you surprised?"

"Surprised? I'm surprised you didn't do it years ago."

"But I've only known her a month."

"You mean—it's not Linda?"

"Linda! Of course not. Whatever gave you that idea?"

FOR a moment Mac didn't answer. Then: "She's always looked after you like a wet nurse."

"There's never been anything between us, Mac. You can take my word for that."

"I do."

"Well, aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"Of course. Believe me, John, I can't tell you how glad I am to hear it."

He showed Mac the picture of Joanne that he carried in his wallet. All Mac said was: "Very pretty. Young, isn't she?"

Haddon changed his mind about confiding the story of his romance to Mac. With the finger bowls he said, "Tell Linda I won't be in until afternoon. I'm meeting Joanne," and sotto voce, "—the engagement ring." Later, as they were parting: "And, Mac, don't say anything

She was the best secretary a man ever had and she was more than that—much more. She even bought the tonic his doctor prescribed and made him take it

to Linda. I want to tell her myself."

It was one-thirty when Haddon reached his office. He braced himself and went in.

Everything was just as it had been each day for the last ten years. A single rose in a vase on his desk, his mail neatly stacked beside it, Linda seated before her typewriter smiling a greeting to him.

He sat down at his desk and began going through his mail. Once he glanced up to find her eyes on him, the smile gone and in its place a tender, brooding look that gave him a sharp stab of pain. A sudden alarm signal flashed in his brain. Could it be that Linda had sensed the change in him and thought it meant—? Could it be that Linda, so honest and sincere, had decided to tell him of her love? Women did it in books and plays, when they were sure and men were blind. God forbid. He must prevent that. One quick, clean stroke would be kindest.

HE WALKED over to the window and stood looking down on the moving stream of traffic below, his back to Linda. Coward, he told himself. Then, with an effort, he said, "Linda, I have something to tell you. I'm going to be married."

Silence fell like a soft, thick curtain between them. He forced himself to turn and face her. It was just as he had known it would be. She was smiling bravely, through a mist of tears.

"Linda, don't."

"I can't help it. I'm so—happy."

He couldn't trust himself to speak. Wonderful, wonderful Linda.

"I have something to tell you, Mr. Haddon, and I've been dreading it so. But now I can tell you. I'm going to be married, too."

He gazed at her in astonishment. "Linda, you mean you're leaving me?" She nodded slowly.

"But I can't get along without you."

"That's what's worried me so terribly. Not the office—there are hundreds of good secretaries that could step in tomorrow and fill my place. It was the other part." She laughed with a lightness he had never seen in her before. "It begins to seem funny now, but all my executive talents this morning have been concentrated on a plan for leaving and still retaining control over the price you pay for your shirts. And there were tragic moments when I felt I was going to have to sacrifice my marriage on the altar of your bald spot. Who else would notice before it was too late that you hadn't been using your hair tonic? But now there is someone for all those things, and I'm so happy. Tell me about her. She must be one in a million."

"But, Linda, first tell me who it is that's taking you away from me."

"Don't you know? I thought you'd guessed ages ago. It's Mac, of course. We've loved each other for so long, but he never told me until this morning. I'll never forgive him for wasting so much time. He didn't tell me because—" She paused, a smile hovering around her lips, sparkling in her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Haddon, it's so absurd! Mac thought it was you."



Ten Thousand Miles to Denver

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

It requires no great imagination to see that Mr. Beanblossom's homecoming was a glorious success

NIGHT, towering out of the East, the night of the jungle and the straits, had come to Kevi-Gakok.

Striding doubtfully through the web of native alleys above the river shore, Ben Lauren, second officer of the Antietam, stumbled over a heap of refuse in the darkness, and began to feel his way along a damp wall, blank except for one shuttered window that let through splintery chinks of light. He could hear the bubbling squall of a Chinese flute, and a young girl's voice in a slow nasal song. Suddenly he came to the end of the wall; there was a lane that sloped toward the sea, and framed in the distant mouth of it were the lights of the Antietam, lying across the end of the long, rickety wharf that reached out into the harbor. The old tramp looked beautiful from here; you couldn't see the red-lead patches on her scabrous sides.

There was a Japanese grocery store on the opposite corner, and as he picked his way across the mud he could see four men sitting at a table in the rear,

under the sour light of a kerosene lamp. One was a big man, in lordly but sweaty-looking whites, who sat with his shoulders hunched, smoking a cigar. The cropped bullet heads of the three small gentlemen who sat with him were thrust forward with the same intentness, watching him. It was one of these, the one in the middle, who seemed to be doing the talking. He kept tapping the edge of the table with a gold pencil. As Ben passed, he could see the white man's sallow, puffy face, with its jaunty pencil-line of black mustache, scowling attentively at the pencil as it gleamed in the emphatic plump hand.

The alley turned crazily and began to climb a hill through a sagging huddle of dark buildings. Halfway along, Ben came to a dark doorway over which three old-fashioned hurricane lanterns burned, one above another in a line. He pushed open the door. A hell of shrill, gabbling noise stopped him for a minute with an almost physical impact. The lights of that cellar were swimming in an acrid blue haze of frying fat and tobacco

smoke, and from the top of the steps Ben could see that his cargo was there, all right, waiting for him—the traveling carnival company that had been stranded somewhere upcountry by the war, and was trying to get out of the Orient in a hurry.

The cellar was jammed with people. At the foot of the stairs was a table of men who looked like mechanics, drinking beer and gazing up at him, but the rest of the crowd was a lurid confusion of blondes and animals and costumes and laughter, of tired musicians sitting around with lumpy instrument cases, and smooth, hard-faced citizens with shrewd eyes and shabby suits. The big middle table, especially, was a profound shock to the orderly soul of a good deck officer: around it were clustered the proud, weird people who, he suddenly realized, were the freaks—the death face of the human skeleton dreamily smoking a corncob pipe, the bearded lady chewing a pencil over a post card, the frog-boy methodically sopping up rye whiskey and gobbling crackerjack for a chaser, the What-Is-It—Half Girl, Half Man—suspiciously adding up its supper check, the . . . With an effort, Ben tore his eyes away and went down the steps.

NEAR the bar sat a man who looked as if he might be the manager; he was alone at a table except for a girl who with her back turned to the room was judiciously powdering her nose. Ben went over and asked, "Are you Mr. Sanderson?"

The man nodded. "You from the ship?"

"Yeah. We're ready to take you aboard now," Ben said, thinking of how many thousands of sea miles the Antietam would have to measure out with her crawling white wake before they set this nightmare cargo ashore at San Francisco. At least, however, it was a comfort to reflect that by this time two days from now they would have unloaded those enormous crates stenciled **BOEING** which they had swung aboard one night in the fog that moved stealthily like a silent tide drowning the Seattle harbor-lights.

Ben had seen the chart of the blank jungle coast where they were to be unloaded: the little cross checked in lightly with a hesitant pencil off a doubtful river mouth. He had seen the old man worriedly studying that tentative check mark of his, and blinking with a preoccupied frown at the empty spaces on the chart behind the line of coast and soundings, where, presumably, unknown shops and facilities had been built in unindicated jungle by swarms of anonymous men to assemble those crated wings and motors. Really, of course, they were the old man's headache, and his alone, but everyone in the ship had been acutely conscious of those great crates in Number Three hold all the way through these equivocal and uneasy seas. It would be a relief to be rid of them.

The girl snapped her vanity case shut and looked up. "We're waiting for the agent," she said. "You might as well sit down."

"The agent?"

"Yeah. The smart fellow who's been booking us over this swamp-water and cannibal-roost circuit. He's going as far as Singapore with us."

"Yeah, have a drink," Sanderson said.

Over his drink, Ben glanced again at the girl. She didn't look like the other show girls: she was younger, and not so violently alluring. She had calm blue eyes, and a bright felt hat was hauled down over her dark curls.

"We didn't know there were so many women in the party," Ben said to Sanderson. "They'll be pretty crowded in what accommodations we have for them."

Sanderson shrugged one shoulder.

"You mean the blondes?" the girl said. "They're the Gay Paree Montmartre Chorus. They'll love any accommodations that are headed in the general direction of Jersey City."

"I'm worried about all those animals, too," Ben said. "A ship's no place for—"

"Pets. Mere pets," the girl said. "Build 'em pens on the afterdeck. That's what they did on the ship coming down from Shanghai. All but the snakes."

"Snakes?"

"In those cases over there. You can put them in the hold. They'll sleep all the way."

"Oh," Ben said.

Looking at her more narrowly, he discovered the calmness in her clear eyes was the invincible quietness of secret and irreverent laughter. He cleared his throat and said:

"Well, how about your equipment? We've got to get that aboard tonight."

"Equipment? What equipment?" Sanderson snarled. "We haven't got any. They'd closed the road on us. Somebody said they'd bombed it. We had to clear out quick and leave the whole works. Trucks, tents, all the gear. Some of it still set up."

The girl sighed. "It was a lovely caliope," she said. "Almost new. And the merry-go-round. . . . Ah. Here he comes."

Ben blinked and looked around, setting down his empty glass. The man he had seen in the Japanese grocery store was coming toward them, carrying a very new, shiny suitcase.

"Who?" he said.

"The agent," the girl said. "Well, Rodriguez, about time. We've been waiting for you."

"So sorry," Rodriguez smiled. "I hurried."

"New suitcase," the girl said admiringly. "Well, well, us refugees. . . . This is the young man from the ship."

Rodriguez nodded at Ben, put his suitcase carefully under the table and sat down beside Sanderson. "So. Well, we will rest for a minute and then I guess we are ready to go," he said.

Sanderson looked up and grunted. "Yeah, have another drink," he said to Ben.

Over his second drink, Ben watched the girl's face. Sanderson and Rodriguez, with their heads together, were scribbling figures on the back of an old envelope, adding them up and quarreling about them in low tones, and Ben was still watching the girl's face when the juggler and his child appeared.

BEN saw their legs first, as they came down the steps into that cellar, out of the alleys. They came cautiously, one step at a time, afraid they might be disturbing people there, and halfway down, they stopped and their broken shoes turned to point toward one another, as if conferring. Then they stooped, and their two faces appeared side by side, peering at the people. The juggler's face, solemn and blinking, with sad mustache; the child's smirched face, with enormous eyes.

Leaving the little boy on the stairs, the juggler came on down, squaring his thin shoulders and swaggering timidly. He had an old-fashioned concertina slung over one shoulder; it bumped him behind as he walked. He avoided looking at the carnival people. He went to the bar and leaned on it familiarly, but his feet were poised to run. With his head on one side, he addressed the bartender in a confidential whisper. The

little boy watched him anxiously from on high.

"What's that?" the bartender roared with long-suppressed irritation. "Beanblossom? What the hell are you trying to say? . . . Oh, your name, eh . . . Well, what'd you—"

The little man leaned again and whispered earnestly. The bartender stared, then turned away and picking up his wet rag made a random swipe or two on his bar.

"Oh, Lord, go ahead," he growled out of one corner of his mouth. Wearily glancing around at the table of freaks, he lifted a battered eyebrow with resignation. "What the hell?" he said. "Go ahead, and we'll see about supper later on."

Mr. Beanblossom jumped and began fumbling with the straps on his concertina. You could almost see his heart thumping under his tattered coat. The boy came and stood at his side; and Mr. Beanblossom pulled open his concert-

tina with a dolorous sigh of the bellows. The carnival people at the tables had looked up from their bottles, and the rubber planters were staring sourly with boiled-onion eyes, but the little boy stood looking at something beautiful a long way off. Supper, maybe.

THEN with a grunt and squeal from the concertina and a shuffle of feet, they were off, walking sidewise in lockstep, and the little boy was singing. It wasn't much of a song, and they finished it in front of the two rubber planters. Taking off his concertina and putting it on a chair, Mr. Beanblossom took from his soiled bosom a knife, an empty bottle and an old baseball with split seams. He started juggling these passionately, while the boy watched with held breath. But his hands were shaking, and he dropped the bottle with a crash. The bartender scowled and started for them.

"It just slipped," the boy said. "He

(Continued on page 45)



Jake saw suddenly that they weren't going to get to Denver, after all—these men were doing something to stop the ship

As Pre

By William F.

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL

The life and love of Daniel Callahan, a foolish but brave man whose assets were a girl named Mary and the pride of the Irish

IN THE dressing room, Danny said, "I didn't quit the last time, Soldier. You know that, don't you? I was sick all over. Everything was all mixed up."

"Of course I know it. You don't have to tell me, Danny. Take a nap. Relax."

But Danny got off the rubbing table. "What's the use of tryin' to sleep?" he said. He stretched his long legs and tried to relax in a chair. His bathrobe hung open and I could see the white meat of his belly, just a little softer than it should have been. The flesh of his face was tight on the bone, from so much training in the three little weeks they gave him to get back in shape. He kept punching one hand into the other. "Take it easy, Danny," I said. "There's lots of time." There was fifteen minutes' time before we went up to the ring.

He got up and threw his bandaged hands around. That looked like Danny Callahan, all right. Lew and I just sat and watched him. He was beautiful to see. Even now, when Danny moved, he moved like music. We watched him gliding smoothly, pecking with his left hand at the air. Too bad the kid was not in shape. Too bad he didn't have more time to train.

Lew put a towel inside of Danny's robe to catch the sweat. We got the call

that it was time to go. We put our arms around the kid and made our way up through the crowd.

It was an outdoor fight in Brooklyn. Not a very big one. Not so big as it had been the year before when Maxie belted Danny out in five rounds at the Polo Grounds. The night was very warm and we could see Maxie Chester there already in the ring as we went walking up.

I went over to look at Maxie's hands. I picked them up, like maybe they were mice, with just two fingers. People laughed and I would not make such a show in public if I didn't feel so strong about the thing. I said to Maxie, "This boy is gonna stick you full of pins."

Then I went back and stood there looking out across the ropes. A lot of pals had things to say. I answered them, but I was looking out across the seats to Section 4, Row J, Seat 26, and I saw Mary sitting there, where Danny wouldn't think to look. Mary had her hands together in her lap. Maybe she was saying a rosary. She was sitting there beside a girl friend. She was dying there. She smiled a little smile when she saw me. Danny didn't know that she was there, of course. I get myself mixed in the darnedest things.

The referee was Artie Dermott. Artie called the boys out to the center of the ring. Danny stood a little taller; Maxie was a little wider; Maxie was a good bit stronger. Maxie weighed two hundred pounds and Danny weighed one hundred eighty-five. They listened to the things that Artie told them. They went to their corners and I took the robe off Danny and I told him, "Move smart, Danny, all the time. Kick 'im if you have to, cause there isn't anything that he won't do to you." The bell rang out and Danny went to work. I sat down behind the steps with Lew. "Pitiful," I said. "It's pitiful. This kid can't go ten rounds. He can't go five."

Round One: But when Danny is boxing, when his strength is all together, he is a shadow on the wall. You can tell he used to be a dancer. He moves out, sliding easy. He puts one left hand and two left hands, then more left hands in Maxie's face. Maxie moves in busy, weaving his curly head and throwing punches very fast. He is only punching atmosphere and Danny's arms.

(Continued on page 34)

She wouldn't take the dough. She said, "I knew you'd give it back. That's why I can't take it back. I can't be cheap about this, Soldier"



Travel—anywhere—is all that the Japanese have left by way of amusement

Japan through the Looking Glass

By Alice-Leone Moats

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL BERRY

THE first word any foreigner learns in Japan is *arimasen*. It means there isn't any. Next, he learns *nai desu*. That means there isn't any. Usually, the waiter or room boy or shopkeeper just lets it go at that but sometimes, in an expansive mood, he will amplify it by adding, "New Structure." That's supposed to make everything clear in spite of the fact that no one knows what the New Structure is. It forms an integral part of the much discussed "New Order in East Asia," and that makes it even more confusing.

According to Premier Konoye, the New Structure is neither Nazi nor Communist. In his own words: "The goal of the movement in its ideological aspects is to give a clear-cut idea of the Japanese national character to official, financial and all other circles and strata in this country. It is designed to embody all the finest points of Communism and Naziism, but the fundamental objective is a strictly Japanese ideology according to the principle of fulfilling the duties of subjects of the emperor."

This definition may be clear to Japanese used to struggling with imperial rescripts, which sound like so much double talk. To Occidentals it's a bit vague but after a short time it becomes obvious that the "proposed" New Structure, as the papers cautiously qualify the term, is responsible for the lack of everything—food, luxuries, most necessities, comfort, transportation and pleasure.

Always great admirers of the Ger-

mans, the Japanese have not only imitated the Nazi spirit but have gone it one better by adopting a program of strength *without* joy.

Under the rules of the New Structure no dish in a restaurant may cost more than one yen (about 24 cents): the price of breakfast is limited to one yen, luncheon to two and a half and dinner to five yen. At those prices, the food can't possibly be of first or even second quality, and it isn't. Butter is a commodity never encountered in a public eating place and seldom in even the house of a foreigner, olive oil is never seen, and coffee is made of soybeans or barley. The bread is soggy and gray; when ordering *à la carte*, the customer pays fifteen sen for each slice, which must come out of the two and a half or five yen he may spend on lunch or dinner. The egg shortage in Tokyo is admittedly the worst ever, matches and sugar are rationed under a ticket system, whale meat is sold instead of pork. Every now and then a few stale, dusty, not too sweet squares parading under the name of candy will appear on counters but the chocolate shop has no chocolates to sell.

Fresh milk is a rare luxury. Condensed and powdered milk may be sold only under a system of cards issued by the mayors of municipalities exclusively for the use of infants under one year of age. That is, if the request is accompanied by a doctor's certificate stating that the child can't get sufficient milk from its mother. On the other hand, mothers are urged to feed their babies

as long as possible and it isn't at all unusual to see women in trains and other public conveyances giving the breast to children two or three years old.

Cases of food and drink poisoning have doubled in the last year, which caused the police to issue a warning against eating stale or bad fish, tainted raw vegetables, meat and cakes. They pointed out that, while many people might think they were economizing by eating stale food, the resulting waste of money through illness was more expensive in the long run. No one can say that the Japanese are not a logical people.

The lack of commodities such as milk, butter and eggs is a hardship to foreigners; the Japanese wouldn't mind if they could get enough of their staple food—rice. But they can't. Due to the poor crops in recent years, the great amount of rice that must be exported to feed the troops fighting in China, and the farm-labor shortage resulting from the "Incident," there isn't enough native rice to go around. It has to be mixed with grain imported from Indo-China and Thailand, which doesn't suit Japanese palates, or with barley and wheat, which suit their palates even less. Anyone sufficiently foolhardy to complain

(Continued on page 56)

No one but a girl's real father may sell her into prostitution, and only for "proper" reasons—such as buying a government bond

"Well, in our country," said Alice, still panting a little, "you'd generally get to somewhere else—if you ran very fast for a long time as we've been doing."

"A slow sort of country!" said The Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!"

LEWIS CARROLL





Granny was too old to outrun him. She swung around short, and slapped Henry smartly on the forehead with her stick of wood

Granny and the Nanny Goat of Truth

By George Sessions Perry

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

THOUGH both of Granny Tucker's feet rose smartly, almost irritably, into the air each time the back of the rockers touched the splintery old front-porch floor, the fury of her rocking was only an expression of a vague, inner restlessness. Actually, she was perfectly relaxed and engaged in the pleasant Sunday-morning pursuit of hunting bits of old hymns and wanting things she couldn't have.

Sam and Nona, her grandchildren and perennial hosts, had gone down the hill to the creek to try to catch a mess of fish for dinner, and had taken their two youngsters along. Now, with the others gone, Granny was the unchallenged ruler of all she surveyed: the dilapidated two-room house, the warm, bright Texas sky, the near-by fields with their foot-high stalks of sea-green corn, their pale blue strips of inch-high cotton. And since there had been an altercation at breakfast regarding a handful of cockleburs that had been introduced into Granny's underwear by, the victim felt sure, that impudent little squirt of a Daisy, Granny was relieved that the family had gone and left her to regain her eaglelike composure.

Just glad to be shut of 'em all, Granny thought. An' not have my innards worried out n'r no pranks played. Just a-rockin' in my good chair an' a-studyin' 'bout Jerden. . . . Hope Sam gets some

squirrels . . . fried in brown gravy . . . an' a good, big armful o' wild poke greens. . . .

A jay bird, bright with a jay bird's blue, lit in the yard and shrieked at Granny.

"Hush up, yo' sassy jay bird," she said with loud affection for her visitor, "thouten you want me to chunk some-p'n at you."

The jay bird flew away and saddened the old woman by its leaving, but it suggested to her how much fun it would be to fly around places after she had got to heaven and been appointed an angel. Yet this aeronautical fancy was dissipated by a slight aching of her joints, and she wished she had some rubbing or, as she thought of it, denatured alcohol, which always gave her marvelous relief.

'Bout two good snorts of that ole "dee"

Meet Miz Tucker, the scourge of Texas. She thought no more of selling the only plow on the place than of knocking over a little cooking likker before supper

an' I wouldn't keer nothin' about no rheumatics. Had any money, could send to the store an' get me a pint. . . .

Just then she heard someone coming and, turning, saw it was Henry Devers, the Tuckers' next-door neighbor, and at the very sight of him Granny grinned with pleasure.

HENRY was welcome because whenever he came he could be relied on to comment with feeling on what a martyr Granny was to the Tucker family, and how none of them really appreciated her. "Why, they ought to get right down on their knees to you and give thanks for the service you've done for 'em," Henry often said.

He never specified what that service was, evidently referring to Granny's willingness to live with the Tuckers, though none of her other relatives,

whom she constantly held up to Sam as paragons of generosity and virtue, would so much as let her come on their places. And when Henry left after one of their visits, Granny was always, as Henry intended her to be, in a state of righteous fury at Sam and Nona for their deficiency in adulation of, to use Henry's words, "such a grand old woman."

This morning Henry opened the conversation with a sympathetic, "Hello, Miss Edna. Hope things been goin' a little better for you lately."

"Oh, hit's hard, Henry, mighty hard, to have ungrateful children that lets you work your pore ole gizzard out for 'em 'thout so much as a much-obliged. Where you on your way to?"

"Town. Got to get somebody to open up and sell me a plow. Busted mine on a snag. Old thing's been fixed so much ain't nothin' left to patch."

"Take urn," Granny said grandly, meaning Sam's landlord's. "Just take it over there an' plow that land to a frazzle."

"No," Henry said, "I got to have one o' my own."

And it was just here that Granny had an idea: *Why not sell him Sam's?* There was, of course, every reason for not doing so, but Granny was thirsty, and, anyway, no more believed in reason than she did in witches—in fact,

(Continued on page 42)

Glorious Gloria

By Bill Davidson

A MR. SYMON and a Mr. Steiner, test director and cameraman, respectively, for 20th Century-Fox Films, were holding a conversation recently on the subject of women athletes. "Women athletes," said Mr. Symon, "stink. Most of them are flat-chested, they are muscle-bound, and they have buckteeth. Besides that, they are temperamental. I would rather take shots of Gargantua than make a screen test of a woman athlete."

"I agree with you wholeheartedly," said Mr. Steiner.

"Take today, for instance," continued Mr. Symon. "Today we make screen tests of five young girls. One of them is a woman athlete—this Gloria Callen, this swimmer, this backstroker. The others? Well, just take a look!"

And with a sweeping gesture of his arm, Mr. Symon pointed out a beautiful creature sitting apparitionlike on a piano stool just a few feet away. The apparition was attired in a shimmering white gown. Her black hair was brushed away from her delicate features. Her tall, statuesque body was breath-taking. Her chiseled bosom rose and fell with charming feminine regularity.

"That's what I mean," beamed Mr. Symon. "There's a kid who probably never saw a tennis racket or a swimming pool in her life."

The apparition turned and beamed back at Mr. Symon—full face. "You don't say?" said the apparition sweetly. "I'm Gloria Callen."

The results of that screen test are as yet unknown, but if Gloria Callen doesn't end up in Hollywood it will be because Hollywood has decided to go in for all-male productions exclusively. She's the most glamorous woman athlete in the country today. She can best be described as having a beautiful profile all the way down. Billy Rose, who should know, calls her "stunning." Her fresh, 17-year-old beauty is well featured by the Chamber of Commerce of Nyack, New York, her home town. She is followed about from pool to pool by a bevy of sighing, lovesick swains in crew haircuts and saddle shoes. And she is rapidly becoming the outstanding candidate for the Most Photographed Woman in America. As one news photographer puts it, "Every time the war news gets bad, they send me out to make a picture of Gloria Callen in a white bathing suit."

Twelve Out of Twenty Records

But in addition to all this, she actually can swim. Like Eleanor Holm, the earlier glamor girl of the tanks, Gloria concentrates on the backstroke. And all she has done so far has been to place in every national championship meet since she was twelve, win three national titles in the past three years and set on less than twelve backstroke records at distances ranging from 50 meters to 440 yards.

Her most noteworthy accomplishment took place last year in the National Championships at Portland, Oregon. On that occasion, Gloria stunned the sports world by swimming the 110 yard event in 1 minute 18.4 seconds. This was .3 of a second faster than Eleanor Holm's 1:18.7, a mark which until then had been considered inviolable. After that, all within range took to cover to protect themselves from the splinters of other shattered backstroke records. Today, Gloria holds records for twelve of the twenty standard events.

Gloria is distinctly of an amphibious nature, and possesses two personalities. While walking about on the dry land, she is modest and reserved. She is a perfectly normal, well-behaved, small-town high-school girl.

As soon as she takes to the water the
(Continued on page 62)

Gloria Callen, seventeen-year-old swimming sensation, has broken all backstroke records, holds records for twelve out of twenty standard events, and can best be described as having a beautiful profile all over

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Gloria Callen, still a junior in high school, holds most of the important records in women's swimming and is a cinch to pick up the rest if Hollywood doesn't intervene



First day of field training for classes in pole-line construction consists of climbing practice. Poles are used until the spikes have shaved them to pieces

Complete lines are built up and torn down on the field. Holes are dug by hand or with special machinery. Carrying hooks are used to move poles from trucks



OUR NEW ARMY

LOUISIANA



CENTRAL Louisiana has become an armed camp, with Beauregard, four miles north of Alexandria, the hub. During the previous World War Beauregard was one of the major cantonments and was later used as the annual campgrounds of the Louisiana National Guard. It isn't a training center in the ordinary sense of the word, but a clearinghouse for three immense camps in the Alexandria area: Livingston, ten miles north of Alexandria; Claiborne, sixteen miles south; and Polk, on the outskirts of Leesville, sixty miles southwest. Total personnel at Beauregard a month ago was only 4,600. The nucleus of the 3d (Bayou Blitz) Division was on the reservation but is to be moved to Camp Polk, where it will be built up to its full strength of about 15,000 men. As the headquarters of the 5th Army Corps Beauregard will probably be the nerve center for the combat maneuvers scheduled for half a million troops during August and September.

THE 32d (Wisconsin and Michigan) Division is at Camp Livingston, together with one of the most unusual outfits in the Army: A

brigade of field artillery composed of Negro troops commanded by white officers. Another outstanding unit is the 106th Cavalry comprising the nationally known Black Horse Troop (Chicago) and mechanized units from Springfield, Illinois. The 106th enjoys a rare privilege in the new Army. Enlisted men holding good-conduct passes are permitted to visit Alexandria in civvies. Other soldiers in the area practically foam at the mouth when they meet nattily dressed cavalymen escorting beautiful dames up and down the streets, while they, in hand-me-down uniforms, get the fishy eye from frigid females.



AT CAMP CLAIBORNE, soldiers from Minnesota, Iowa and the Dakotas make up the 34th Division. Claiborne is the least wooded of the Alexandria group; in fact, it out-Saharas the Sahara and there's considerable speculation as to just how hot the place will get when the summer sun really begins to bear down.

The city of Alexandria was swept off its feet by all this bustle and hasn't yet come down to earth but is straining every resource to provide recreation for the lads on leave. The soldiers have their adjustments to make, too; the

SIGNAL CORPS SCHOOL. In modern warfare the Signal Corps is a highly important and specialized branch of the service covering all forms of communication and using every kind of message carrier, from telephone to pigeons. Biggest replacement center is located at Fort Monmouth, Oceanport, New Jersey, whence the normal Corps force of 16,000 officers and men will be

An eighteen-inch bit on the back of a pole-setting truck quickly digs a hole into which the pole is set with boom and winch line operated by the driver



South is a strange land with strange customs. The gals, for instance, won't go to the movies or step into an ice-cream emporium with soldiers until formal introductions have been made, and the boys from the Middle West are developing frustration complexes from the disdainful stares they get when they say Hello to unconvoyed ladies. The gals aren't snooty, just cautious.

SOUTH CAROLINA

CAMP CROFT, Spartanburg. When buildings are thrown up at the rate of five or ten a day, construction flaws are inevitable. Some of them go far beyond the warped-board stage. Public Relations Officer Major Henry L. Jones II, was talking with friends in his camp headquarters office the other day when an explosion made the whole building shudder. "Ha, ha," said the major, "the furnace must have blown up." "Ha, ha," said his friends, "a good joke, Henry." One minute later a young lieutenant stuck his head in the door. "Pardon me, sir," he reported, "but our furnace just blew up."

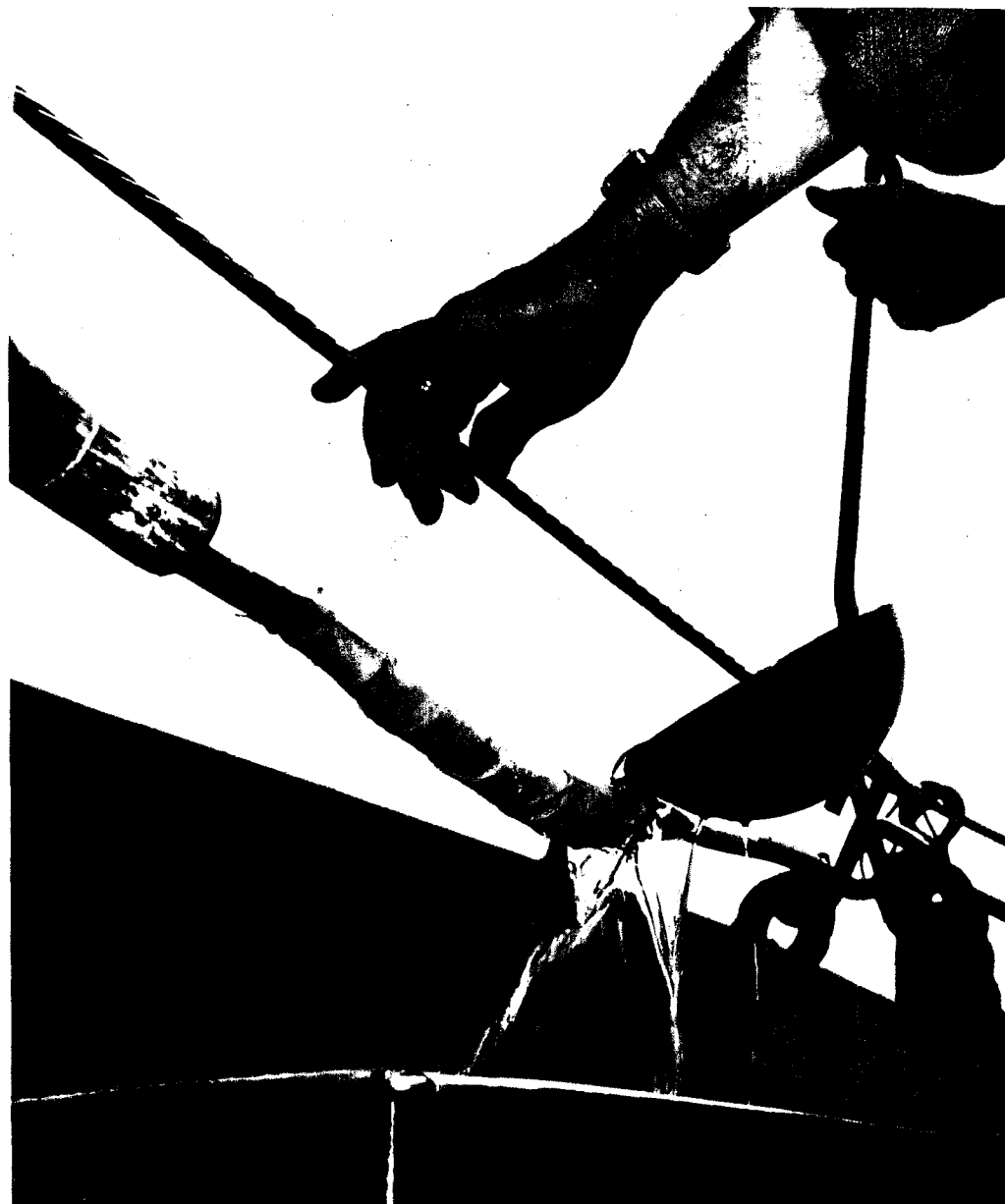
NORTH CAROLINA

FORT BRAGG. At this largest of all military camps the construction speed-up is such that a new building is polished off every half-hour, yet there hasn't been a single instance of labor trouble. Reason? No unions. Carpenters work ten hours a day, six days a

week, for about \$80 a month—a nice break for the taxpayers and a relief from the current stories about the staggering waste going on at posts throughout the country. One of the carpenters has his ideas, though, about this business of putting up buildings while soldiers are moving into them. "They warn't a nail drove in this yere division 'fore the 15th of September," says he, "and let me tell you, these ol' barracks is just nachelly goin' to fyall down in two-three y'ars. They been put up too damn' fast. That ol' piney wood ain't cured yit. Some ol' night them floahs just nachelly goin' to warp you right out o' bed."

THE note-scribbling that goes on between the soldiers and the gals at the laundry has reached somewhat gigantic proportions, but some of the contacts don't click. On a laundry slip Pvt. Melvin Levy, Service Co., 47th Inf., wrote: "I am tall, dark and considered handsome. Some conceit, eh? What do you look like and where can I see you?" Back on another slip came the answer: "Am black as sute can see me at park or zoo." Another soldier wrote: "Hi, girl—how about giving a hungry soldier a home-cooked meal? That's all I ask." The reply to this one was pathetic: "Sorrow we work all the time on these soldier clothes and dont have time to cook and eat if you dont believe that you need to come down and see for yourself its now 3 oclock in the mor. and we havent eat yet. Peggie."

(Continued on page 54)



After splice is made, cable is wrapped in muslin, covered with hot paraffin which boils out moisture. Lead sleeve is then pulled over splice and sealed

augmented by the training of some 40,000 additional specialists. Signal Corps activities include the operation of the radio network connecting the War Department with Corps area headquarters, the development of meteorological, cryptographic and direction-finding equipment and picture making. Pictures on these pages show various phases of the telephone school training

During the fifteen-day training period, Signal Corps students learn to set poles manually with pikes. Y-shaped tool is known to linemen as a Deadman

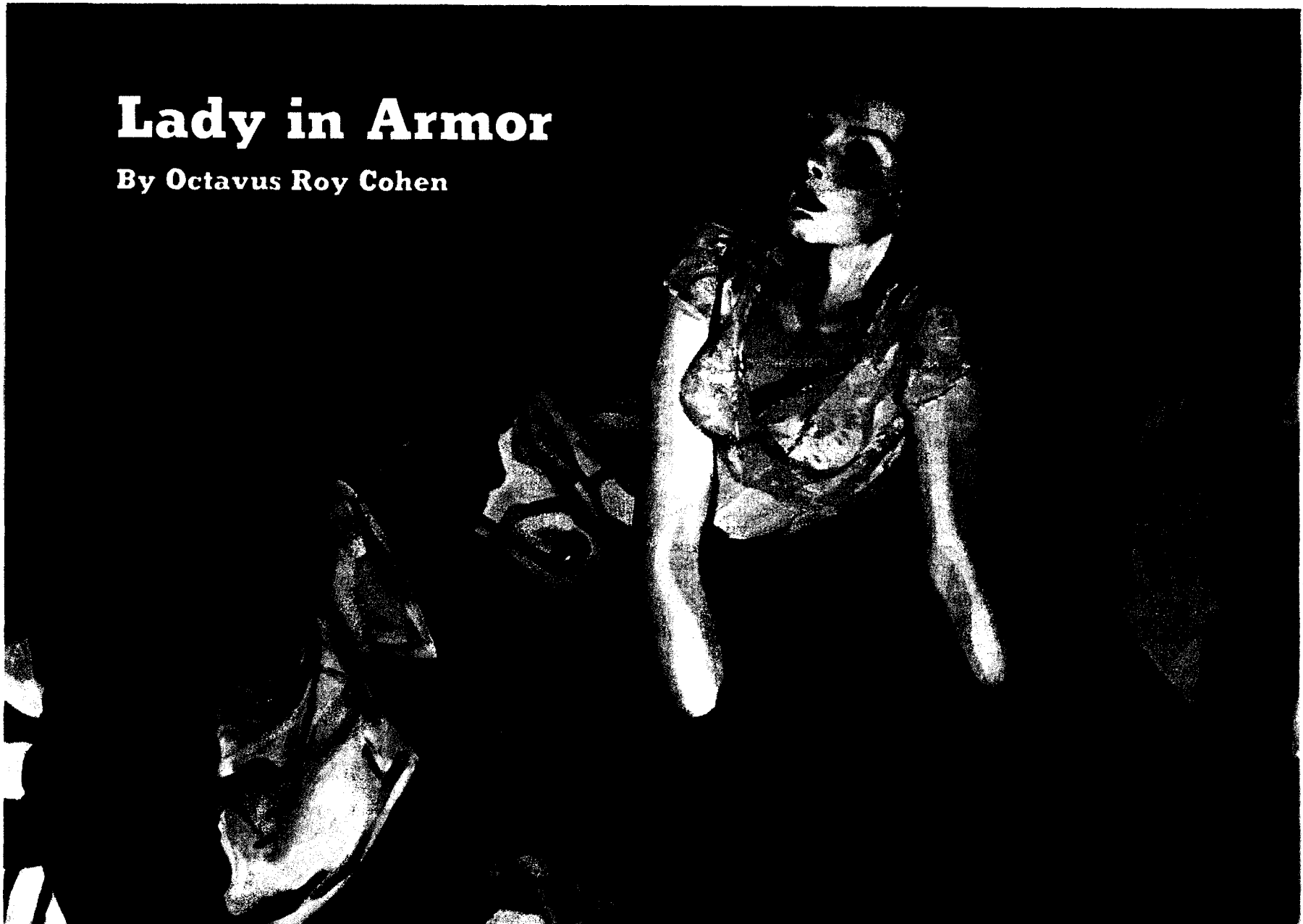


Twenty-six pairs of wires in a cable must be identified and tested before connection to pole terminal box. Instructors were telephone men in civilian life



Lady in Armor

By Octavus Roy Cohen



HARRY MORSE MEYERS

She drew in her breath sharply. Her protest slipped out unthinkingly: "I don't know what you're talking about"

The Story Thus Far:

JERRY HAMILTON—owner of Chinquapin plantation, near the little Southern city of Karnak—is in love with Dale Meredith when, during a visit to New York City, he falls into the clutches of a night-club singer—Rita Fenton—and, following a hasty marriage, is wretchedly unhappy.

He returns to Karnak alone. He says nothing of his unfortunate experience; and, to the amazement of everyone, he sedulously avoids Dale. Then, some three years later, Rita comes to Karnak and (neglecting to mention her bigamous marriage to another man: Paul Campbell) ensconces herself in Jerry's plantation home. Jerry, furious, implores her to get out—divorce him. The fair Rita insists on remaining, as she has every legal right to do.

Ruled by a political gang of which Neil Berkeley, a brilliant scoundrel, is the head, Karnak County is in a bad way. In need of an honest person to combat the grafters, the citizens elect a new sheriff—a girl: Dale Meredith!

One evening the sheriff has a caller: Paul Campbell. Having learned of his wife's marriage to Jerry Hamilton, he insists that she be charged with bigamy and prosecuted. . . . By an unfortunate chance, Neil Berkeley becomes

aware of Campbell's mission. Madly infatuated with Rita (who has been accepted socially by Karnak) he decides to save her. And save her he does, by the simple expedient of luring Campbell to a lonely spot and murdering him.

Dale suspects Berkeley; she can prove nothing. Nevertheless, she feels sure that she can have him indicted on another charge. In a few days, Tom Garrison (a young engineer who had disappeared, after one of Berkeley's bridges, collapsing, had caused the death of thirty-nine persons) will return to Karnak; he will be prepared to testify against Berkeley, accuse him of substituting poor material for good in the costly structure.

Through his spies, Berkeley learns of his peril. Resorting to a clever stratagem, he tries to shoot Dale to death—without being seen. He succeeds in shooting her once, wounding her. Then Peter Aylesworth, an English war veteran who is her house guest, and Spurious Williams, a Negro, who works for her father, attack him and force him to flee—not, however, until Aylesworth has been injured. . . . Dale and Aylesworth are taken to the same hospital. There Jerry Hamilton visits them, learns plenty concerning Berkeley's activities. And there he decides to interview a woman who, he feels sure, knows far more than she may care to admit. That woman is Rita Hamilton.

one. Dale has been shot, Peter has been hurt . . .

"Yes." Jerry's words were both gentle and significant: "Peter has been hurt. Badly."

"How badly?" The query came sharply as though born of fear that Peggy herself did not quite understand.

"I didn't say 'seriously.' But he's suffering a good deal. He did a magnificent thing and had a narrow escape."

She said, in a tight little voice, "You've got to tell me the truth."

He met her troubled eyes gravely. "You won't like it, Peggy."

HE SAW her pull back into her shell, saw the young blue eyes harden. "I can take it," she said.

He leaned forward and rested his hand on hers. "Dale's injury was no accident," he said quietly. "Someone tried to murder her."

"Who?"

"Neil Berkeley."

She looked at him for a few moments. Then she snatched her hand from his. "I don't believe it," she said sharply.

"It happens to be true, Peggy. There were two witnesses: Spurious Williams and Peter. Peter attacked Neil . . . just in time to deflect his aim and save Dale's life. He might have killed Peter, too, if Spurious hadn't been there."

She rose and walked across the room. Jerry followed her. He felt an infinite compassion for this young girl about whose soft and delicate shoulders the mantle of trouble had settled so relentlessly. He said softly, "If you're old enough to be engaged to Neil Berkeley

—you're old enough to hear the truth."

He waited for her to speak, waited a long time—wondering what she would say. But he was not prepared for what happened.

She turned on him suddenly—her eyes bright and hard, her manner hostile.

"It's not true!" she cried, as though her statement could turn facts into lies. "You all hate Neil. Right from the beginning you've done everything you could to make me hate him. No matter what happens, you blame it on him. You say things that you can't prove . . . you draw conclusions that aren't so."

"Well, it's no use, Jerry . . . and you can tell that to Dale and to my father. I'm not saying that Neil is a saint . . . I wouldn't love him if he were. But he's not a criminal, he's not a murderer. You—" she started to break, and controlled herself with a piteous effort—"you're all against him. You've been thrown off balance because you don't want me to marry him."

Jerry asked, "Where is Neil? When did you see him last?"

"Yesterday. I've tried to get in touch with him—and couldn't. Oh, you needn't bother to say it, Jerry. You're going to say that that is more evidence of his guilt. But that's where you're all so unfair. It doesn't prove anything except that he's away somewhere. Why don't you be fair? Don't you suppose I know Neil better than you do?"

"No, Peggy—I don't," Jerry said.

"Of course not!" Her voice was sharp and sarcastic. "I'm too young to understand things. I'm too young to have

(Continued on page 65)

VIII

PEGGY MEREDITH intercepted Jerry as he closed the door of Peter Aylesworth's room and stepped into the hall. She looked very pretty, very young and utterly bewildered. She said, "Please, Jerry . . . I want to talk to you."

He looked down at her from his great height, and it occurred to him that this lovely young girl was not the least of the problems faced by himself and those who were nearest and dearest to him. He took her hand and led her into the glass-enclosed convalescent room which,

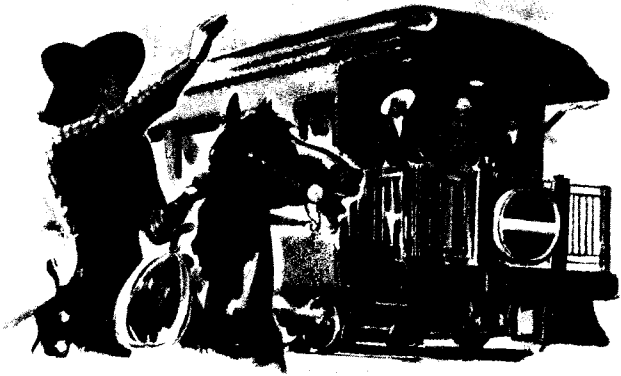
at that moment, was mercifully empty. He seated himself in a modern leather-and-chromium chair and she sat stiffly in a similar chair opposite him.

Peggy was tense. Her eyes were unnaturally bright. She asked a direct question:

"You know what's been going on, don't you, Jerry?"

"Most of it."

"Then you must tell me." She made an angry gesture. "They insist on treating me like a child. I'm not a child, Jerry . . . and I won't be treated like



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Miles of Mushrooms

By Mona Gardner

In natural caves and air-conditioned tunnels 40 million pounds of mushrooms were grown last year. Once a luxury at \$5 a pound, mushrooms are big business



ANDRÉ KERTESZ

A picker wearing a miner's lamp gathers a fresh "break" of mushrooms. Another such break will appear in about a week, 12 during a season. Below, the harvest is packed in 3-pound baskets for quick shipment



ANDRÉ KERTESZ

THE blue-eyed Quaker, known for miles around as the Mushroom Patriarch, said a little apologetically, "I guess I could never get the memory of hunting mushrooms in wet meadows out of my mind, nor the fried-in-butter taste of them out of my mouth. Now people tell me I've grown enough mushrooms in this country to cover the state of Texas."

As the ruddy-skinned Irish Quaker talked he fastened a miner's torch on the brim of his hat and there in the Pennsylvania sunshine we got our flashlights ready to go down with him into about as unorthodox a farm as any you could imagine.

We opened a ponderous door into a pitch-black cement tunnel. The crops from this farm came through this door. They grow in a complete, but air-conditioned, black-out. In the darkness, spreading below and above us, were something like twenty-four miles of mushroom beds.

There are 550 small and large ones like it right around the little town of West Chester. One of the growers tried to figure out the mushroom-bed mileage in Chester County for me, and the lowest total he could arrive at was 240 miles.

This easily places West Chester as the mushroom capital of America. But there are at least 400 more of these undercover farms scattered about the country. They go on across Pennsylvania—in limestone caves near Pittsburgh, tunnels up along the Hudson in New York, in cisterns, old icehouses, abandoned quarries, cellars, anywhere that is black and cool and moist—and they repeat themselves here and there all the way out to the Pacific Coast.

Together these farmers picked a crop last year of the little white fungus that climbed into the big-business class with a total of 40,000,000 pounds. This means American housewives have paid, quite cheerfully, we suspect, something like \$8,000,000 to toss a handful on a steak, to cream for lunch or spoon up in soup.

The chances are if Quaker Jacob, who recently celebrated his 75th birthday and his third marriage, hadn't messed around growing a trayful of mushrooms in his Pennsylvania cellar because he hankered for a taste of the ones he'd had as a boy in Ireland, mushrooms might still be an expensive legend in American kitchens. Jacob tells about one Long Island hostess who offered him five dollars a pound for them. That was a long time ago. Now they sell for as low as thirteen cents a pound.

No Chance for Toadstools

By growing, experimenting, cooking, studying, writing, working closely with the Department of Agriculture, and then repeating the whole process in a bigger way every year for forty years, Jacob has done more than any other individual in the United States to shift mushrooms out of the luxury class and make them a familiar vegetable on everyday tables. The "pure culture spawn" he worked out is the standard formula for mushroom growing now, since it automatically rules out even the millionth chance of toadstools growing in the beds.

The experimental laboratory he founded puts up spawn today that goes out to every state in the Union, and to twenty foreign countries as well. France, before the war, was an important customer.

The laboratory is a group of low white stucco buildings with an immaculate yard. A visitor must wear a white apron, rubber gloves and a gauze mask. The bacteriologists are taking no chances, despite a mammoth sterilizer that is higher than their heads and fumigating pots that go all night long.

Nothing could be farther removed from the present "pure culture" product than the old haphazard field mushroom that came up any place at all and was just as apt to be a toadstool as not. First of all, the head bacteriologist (in this case Dr. I. J. Hutchings from Rutgers) starts a growing cycle by going through the early "break" of each new crop and selecting the sturdiest and best-formed clusters.

From here these clusters go to the dissecting room, where the bacteriologist slices the upper flesh of the cap off and enough of the sides to expose the knifelike gills from which the spore is obtained. The spore-print from one mushroom will eventually produce something like 2,200,000 (Continued on page 64)

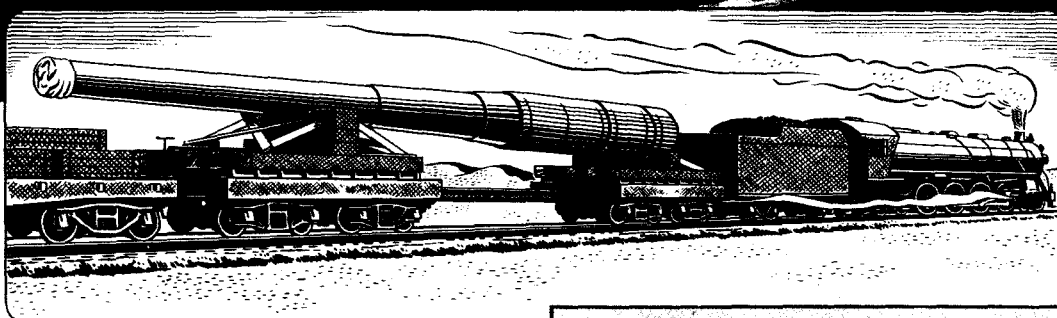
A Gun is Born



INTO the furnace goes the red earth of Minnesota; the white stone of Pennsylvania; the black rock of West Virginia. Out of it emerges another grim guardian of our cherished liberty. Meanwhile the instruments that will control its fire are being fashioned in Brooklyn, from metals alloyed in Connecticut of Arizona copper, Oklahoma zinc, and aluminum made in Tennessee from Arkansas bauxite.

When you start tracing back the elements that go to make up our armor of defense, you find the trail divides again and again. It will lead you back to every state—yes, almost to every county. Each makes its contribution. Each does the thing it does best.

And bringing all these elements together



—weaving them into a coordinated program of defense—you'll find the railroads—the only form of transportation that can do this job.

The railroads—moving goods so economically that bulky ores can be shipped half way across the continent for refining. Operating so swiftly, so dependably that it is now common manufacturing practice to fabricate parts in widely separated plants and bring them together *by rail* at a common final assembly line.

IT MUST MOVE BY RAIL

Latest estimates are that the steel industry will produce over 87,500,000 tons of steel in 1941. To make this the mills will need:

2,430,000 carloads of iron ore
650,000 carloads of limestone
1,725,000 carloads of coke
450,000 carloads of manganese, chromite and other special ores and miscellaneous materials.

And after all these materials have been converted into steel, the railroads will handle it all again, perhaps several times, in various stages of manufacture—a job that only railroads could do. The steel business couldn't get along without railroads any longer than railroads could get along without steel.

BIG TRAVEL BARGAIN—\$90 coach fare, \$135 Pullman (\$45 extra for one or two passengers in a lower berth) for Grand Circle Tours of U. S. Ask your local ticket agent.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dina Cashman

Continued from page 12



*They went to
670 waitresses
3 out of 5
...and 3 out of 5
preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum*

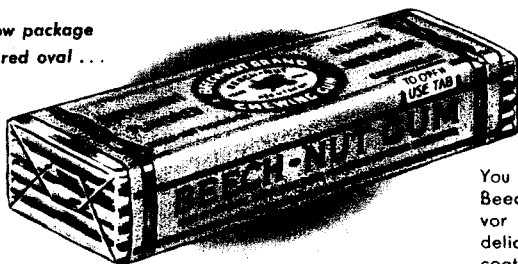
In a recent test, 424 out of 670 waitresses said that they preferred the fine, distinctive flavor of Beech-Nut Gum.

The test was made throughout the country by an independent fact-finding organization. Various brands of chewing gum of the same flavor were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed. Each waitress was

given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified) and was asked to report which stick she preferred. 3 out of 5 waitresses said they preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brand.

Enjoy this delightful flavor yourself. Get Beech-Nut Gum in the yellow package. See if you don't prefer it, too!

The yellow package
with the red oval...



You can also enjoy that Beech-Nut Peppermint flavor in BEECHIES—those delicious squares of candy-coated gum. Try them!

Beech-Nut Gum
...with the preferred flavor

could cake and smoke and smell and leave a permanent mark.

The floor was greasy and splintered; at the window dangled two dark gray shreds of filmy curtaining; odds and ends littered the sills.

Through the muddy bath of the lukewarm dishwater went the plates, mismatched and chipped, and odd glasses, cups with handles and cups without. The blistered blue glass saucer that said, "San Diego Exposition" was never washed, for it was the butter saucer; the sugar bowl was crusted with accumulations of months of use, brown and dried on its rim. The lost knobs of saucepan covers were replaced by corks and string; adhesive tape held the handle of the bread knife firm.

DINA was paying small attention to these details tonight. For one thing she was used to them; they seemed unimportant. What was important—or rather what had always been important until this last anxious week—was her own beauty, of which she took great care, and the interests of her own little group of friends. Frances Tack, who worked with her in the grocery, the Mulligan boys and the Beatty boys, Ward Binn and his sister Melda, and Tom O'Connor, the nicest boy in the neighborhood, who was in love with Dina but who had gone up to the lumber mills in Westwood for a time—these were her associates. Her life, rather than being compared with any other standards, was to her successful or a failure only as it seemed good, or seemed unfortunate to them. What some faraway girl aristocrat in some world capital did with her hair was not important to Dina Cashman, but if Melda or Frances or Betty displayed a new hair-do, Dina was on pins and needles until she had tried it on her own thick, silky mop, and discarded it as unsuitable or boldly adopted it.

Dina had been earning money since her seventeenth year; she always had handed most of her pay envelope over to her mother, and often saw her father take it in his turn, but for some time now she had demanded of her parents tacitly—for it had never been put into words between them—that she be given certain liberties in return. There was not to be as much questioning and criticizing as there had been, nor insulting threats of whippings or locking doors. Dina loved to dance, and there were plenty of night clubs and highway restaurants in the neighborhood where chop suey or chow mein and music and lights were available. Home was a pigpen, acceptable and even comfortable, but still a pigpen, and work was dull and underpaid. But the nights belonged to youth and freedom, and Dina Cashman was the last girl alive to surrender them. Hers was a courageous nature; she had always been a leader, in mischief when she was a child, in plans, in the forming of clubs and arranging entertainments in grammar school. Now in this underprivileged group with its shoddy amusements, its dependence upon radio and comic papers and cheap magazines and the cosmetics of the "dime" store, its gum and gossip, its eagerness for life and thrills and change and adventure on any terms, she was a leader still. They all waited for her, listened to her, laughed at her and with her. For until lately Dina had been always laughing.

Tonight she helped Myrna finish the dishes and turned about to look at the clock. Quarter to eight. In half an hour she could tumble the younger girls into

bed, warn the older ones to be on their good behavior until Mamma and Pop came home at half past nine, and be on her way to lights and excitement and companionship.

Meanwhile, with the dishes done and the kitchen in its nearest approach to order, she must get dressed. Dina went into her bedroom, lifted her small brother Donny, three years old and heavily and moistly asleep, to carry him to his crib in his own room, and lighted the one light in the room by which to beautify herself to the best of her power.

There were two beds in here; one full-sized and the other a cot. Dooley usually slept on the cot, and Dina and Myrna in the bed. But if any girl had a fever or a cold or was coughing distressfully, she took the cot and the others the bed. There was no space for a bureau even had the girls possessed one. A small chest held three shallow drawers, always stuffed to bursting, and there was, in lieu of a closet, a triangular enclosure behind a dangling curtain in a corner, and in it a line of hooks.

The beds had not been made today, nor the room aired. Dina slapped the covers back into place, jerking them straight and turning them down to a semblance of respectability. She sat down on the foot of the bed, reaching down under it for a cardboard shoe box. In this box were an old hairbrush with the bristles pretty well worn away, a tangle of fine safety pins, several lipsticks in various stages of use, powder boxes, flat, mud-colored powder puffs, wisps of tissue paper stained with nail polish and rouge, nets, manicure files, curling wires and a dozen other beautifiers. Beside the box on the floor rested a round tin can marked "Theatrical Creme," with the price mark of twenty-nine cents still clear upon it in black penciling.

Dina pushed her thick hair back from her face, smeared cheeks and chin and brow with the cream. A sodden towel was a part of her equipment; its limp touch and its reek of cheap perfume were essential to her dressing routine. When she had finished with it she took a broken angle of mirror from the top of the chest of drawers and stood up under the light, carefully training her thick dark brows with a small comb, marking her lips into luscious redness, powdering thoroughly with sharp little blows of the soggy puff, coaxing the vital youth and springiness of her hair into delicate spirals and curls about her forehead.

AFTER this she unwound the cheap cotton kimono that had been wrapped tightly about her for these operations, and took a striped silk dress from a hook. In her hand it looked what it was—a garment cheap and badly made to begin with, and worn into shapelessness and discoloration.

But once on the firm curves and lines of the young body it looked better, and when Dina had snapped a clasp of imitation brilliants upon it, had placed a dashing little hat upon her mop of tawny hair, had slipped her arms into a brown coat whose collar still showed some signs of having once been creamy fur, she looked like a thousand—like a million other American girls who were that night sallying forth from homes almost if not quite so humble; pretty, smart, happy.

She won a few moments of forgetfulness as she made her way between the dark shanties of the neighborhood, past the odorous dump and over the railway tracks, and so to a paved and

lighted street dismal enough in itself, but by contrast a glittering thoroughfare of delights. Here were restaurants and dance halls and saloons and movies and the high school and the hospital. It was heaven to escape from the odors and the crowding, the noises and the disorders of home into this atmosphere of excitement and light. The candy store and the drugstore gushed brilliance, and many of the other stores, though closed, were lighted, and sports clothes and hats and purses and underwear were displayed in garish splendor. The opaque windows of the big downstairs swimming pool of the Y glowed whitely.

DINA looked at the Y and thought of the nice woman who had asked her to join the Y Club in San José, and her heart failed her, as anxiety and fear came rushing back. She had always wanted to join such a club somewhere; she never had had the freedom, the car to carry her the intervening miles, the clothes. But she had thought that she would be a great favorite if fortune had permitted her to be one of the busy, chattering, planning girls of that successful organization. She would be the girl at the head of the table, the girl who made announcements, at whose words everyone laughed in approval and affection and amusement. If she had only joined the Y!

Oh, well, perhaps everything would even yet be all right, perhaps she would go on in a few weeks, a sadder and wiser but no longer a terrified girl. Oh, how grateful she would be! Grateful to what, grateful to whom she did not know, but her heart was swelling even now in the darkest hour of her apprehension in anticipation of that rush of weakening, overwhelming relief.

"Hello, Dina!" said a friendly voice as a squarely built boy emerged from a shadowy doorway. Dina jumped, laughed, caught his outstretched hand and smiled radiantly.

"Tom O'Connor! When did you get home?"

"Tonight. I was coming down to your house and then I thought your father mightn't like it, so I waited here."

"Mamma and Pop went to the seven-o'clock show. How long have you been waiting?" For she knew he had been waiting, whatever the time had been, and that now his heart was beating thunderously in his breast, that he couldn't answer her because he couldn't call his swimming senses to order.

"Two months," he managed to say with a laugh.

"Oh, two months, yes," she said, stabbed again. Tom had gone away to the mills in Westwood before—before—

But she wouldn't think about it! It wouldn't happen! Everything would be all right!

They walked along the sidewalk linked together by his arm under her elbow. Tom was a big fellow, but not tall, and Dina stood almost shoulder to shoulder with him.

"Do you like Westwood, Tom?" Dina asked.

"Sure, I like it. It's kind of like—oh, I don't know, being in the Army—being in a camp or something. But I like it. I'm going back Sunday night."

"Girls up there, Tom?"

"Sure. What d'you think it is—a seminary? But I missed home at first, and lordy, I missed Ma!"

"She missed you."

"She said so. She said she kept lighting candles to Saint Joseph."

"I should think she'd light 'em to Saint Thomas," Dina said idly, thinking of the boy's name. She was pleased when he laughed.

"They don't often have Saint Thomas in church," he told her. "But they always have Saint Joseph. He was the guardian of Our Lord."

"Oh?" But her thoughts were not on his words. "Isn't Tom O'Connor good," she mused. "Isn't a good fellow a safe sort of thing! Well, I guess Vere Holland must be good, too. Only he seems younger than Tom—sillier, not so responsible. Oh, I wish I cared for Tom—I wish I'd fallen in love with Tom—"

They went into the lighted, hot drugstore that blended a thousand odors into a general one predominantly of vanilla, carbolic acid and coffee. Melda Binn was there with Charlie Lomax; they said the others were at the seven-o'clock show and were going over to Cotta's afterward. Dina sat on a high revolving stool at the counter and sipped a sweet drink flavored with wintergreen and looked at herself between the bright manifold signs that framed the mirror.

"Want to go to the show, Dina?"

"Oh, no; it's nearly nine o'clock already. Let's have sandwiches or dogs or something at Cotta's and talk."

"Suits me," Tom said. They were joined in their discussion by the clerk, Len Hargess, who said he would come over to Cotta's, too, after closing.

"We won't be that late. You stay open until nearly eleven, don't you?" Tom asked. Len said maybe Gus would take over about ten. Most folks went right home after the nine; they didn't want to be out much later than that.

"Find things changed, Tom?" Len asked, swabbing the counter.

"Only Dina. She's prettier than ever," Tom said.

DINA, who had been studying her own reflection in the mirror, pushing up a curled lock, touching a tiny powder pad to her nose, smiled absently. Her appearance was not her immediate concern! Nothing of this familiar scene seemed the same tonight. An anxious trickle of thought underderran it like a tiny stream of filth and shame, breaking it slowly but surely away from its regular course, undermining everything, changing everything. Tom's flattery and her own comeliness and the homage of her little crowd meant nothing now. Only one fact—one fearful suspicion, was significant, and until that fact was de-

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Paul Brown

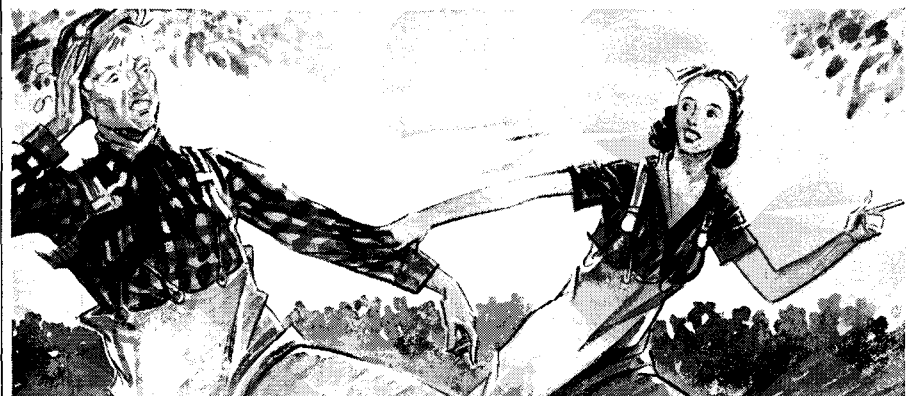


Bab: Jeepers, Dad! Get going! They're jumping all over the place! Look at this!

Dad: All right! But I was having such a comfortable nap.



Bab: Look here, Isaac Walton Smith, there's something the matter! You never slighted a trout in your life! Where's that old fish-fightin' pep? Ah! That reminds me—



Bab: On the move, fisherman! It's lunch-time anyway. You haven't been eating right lately, and I'll bet you're not even on speaking terms with vitamins. Vitamins for pep! You're going to make a start toward getting them right now.



Bab: Yessir! We're getting down to business, right now. You have to get *all* your vitamins. And right in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are *two* of the most important ones—vitamins B₁ and D.

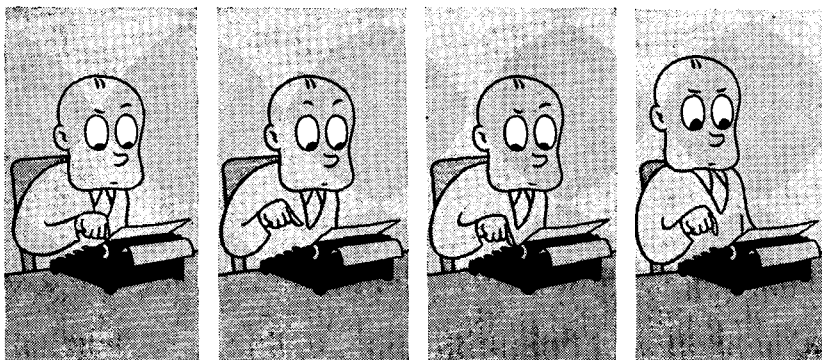
Dad: Hey! Hey! Let me get a word in! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? This is the best cereal I've eaten in years. I'm having PEP every morning.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY



Yours trulg

CROCKETT JOHNSON

"Imagine getting flowers from an Elephant!"



1. Here's the story. I found a memo on my desk: "Get circus clown named Gustav to perform for kids with Algernon, his trained elephant!" Such is life in a Children's Hospital!



2. So I trudged over and located Gustav at the circus lunch counter. Without his make-up, he didn't look at all funny...just tired, and terribly peevish. But I got my spunk up and asked him to perform.



3. "Mam'selle, I mus' refuse. I am too tired," he sighed, with a weary gesture at the coffee urn on the counter. "It is because of coffee. I love coffee so much. But when I drink it I cannot sleep."



4. "I can fix that," I said. "If caffeine keeps you awake, you should drink Sanka Coffee. It's gr-rand coffee! But 97% of the caffeine is taken out. You can drink it and sleep." "We will see," said Gustav.



5. Well, who showed up this morning but Gustav and the elephant! After the show the elephant gave me a big bouquet. On it was a note: "Thanks for marvelous Sanka Coffee. I sleep like top! Gustav."



6. So I quickly scribbled a note for Gustav. It read: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says, 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine-effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'."



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE... DRINK IT AND SLEEP

"Drip" or "Regular" Grind. Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!

TUNE IN "WE THE PEOPLE"... laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—Columbia network—see your local paper for time and station.

nied or confirmed she would live in a world apart from everyone.

Cotta's was an old assembly hall that had been abandoned for years until the present proprietor had rented it. He had swept its wide, bleak floors, pushed a mechanical piano into one of its empty corners, arranged a group of small tables in another. Men paid twenty-five cents admittance; girls came in free.

In a corner where the tables stood and where drinks and sandwiches were served, some small effort at decoration had been made. Eighteen wooden columns, about seven feet high, had been set up to form a sort of arbor, twined with cotton grapevines and threaded with colored electric bulbs. These last shed a softened light upon Dina and her intimates as they took possession of a special table, and prepared themselves for an hour or two of pleasure.

Young Tony came forward in shirt sleeves and vest to take their order.

"Big dinner tonight, Tony?" Dina surmised.

"Beeg? Gee! they say seventy and Poppa feed one hundred twanta-seex," Tony answered without punctuation. "Then we swipa da floor," he went on, "and Mamma and Maria do-a da dish. The keetch," Tony finished with appreciation, "looka like we feeda da Army!"

DINA always drank pop or coke or some other soft drink. Her mother had impressed her early in life with the dangers of intoxicants, and her father had contributed an unconscious yet far more forceful lesson. Tonight, sipping her dark sweet-flavored beverage, she reflected somewhat sadly upon the irony of their warnings. It had not been drink that had brought her to her present predicament. She had not been carried away. She had loved, deeply, truly, and she loved now.

"Dance again, Dina?"

"Sure, Dunk." This time it was with the older Beatty boy. Dina went around and around the hall in a dream. In five minutes she was glad to be landed back again at her place at table.

Frances Tack and Betty Lomax were the other girls with her, and there were five boys—Tom O'Connor, Ward Binn, Dunk Beatty, Willie Mulligan and Charlie Lomax. Frances Tack worked with Dina in Meyer's Grocery. Frances, at twenty-four, had had an unhappy marriage, a divorce behind her, and now a two-year-old daughter to support. Frances was hard, brief of speech, skeptical, disillusioned. She was hopelessly in love with Tom who was indeed the most attractive, the most ambitious, steady and best-looking of the boys. Tom's mother would rather have seen him laid in his grave than married to Frances, but as Tom was not in the least interested in the grass widow the alternative was not likely to be mentioned.

Betty and Charlie Lomax were nice, but, in the parlance of the group, dumb. Charlie could bore any girl almost into a coma in five minutes, and Betty was a simple little fool who told everybody everything she knew or imagined she knew, babbled that her mother had an old friend who gave her a squirrel coat because she got him a new customer and that Papa was so mad he made her send it back; that every time Mamma stayed with her friend Mabel in San Francisco Papa raised the roof and once when he telephoned Mamma wasn't there but a man's voice answered—

Everyone knew that flighty, artificially blond little Mrs. Lomax was as free as she was mysterious in her friendships, her engagements, her affairs of the heart, but everyone blamed foolish little Betty for prattling so innocently about it. Betty also was in love; she was crazy about Ward Binn. Ward liked a girl he had met in Stockton and wrote

her every week. Tom O'Connor had always been in love with Dina Cashman; their affair and the pairing of their names were established facts.

But Dina knew tonight that all that was over. She had never loved Tom, had never thought seriously of marrying him. The possibility assumed a new charm as it faded forever. It would have been restful at least to marry Tom, go up to the lumber mills in Westwood and take possession of a little cottage, be one of the young wives of that world. There would be a small Tom, a Mary for his mother, a John for her father. Tom would always be kind and good and provide for them all, love them always.

She put the thought away with an unexpected touch of heartache. She wasn't going to be sentimental, surely, over Tom O'Connor!

"Ever see what's-his-name, you know, that Holland boy—Vere Holland, any more?" Frances was asking idly.

"Who's he?" Tom wanted to know.

"Kid that came in here one night with a lot of Burlingame stiffs," Frances answered, her mouth full. "Awful nice kid."

"When this happen?" Tom demanded, instinctively jealous. Dina kept her eyes lowered, moved the straw lazily back and forth in her drink, but she was trembling; she was hot and cold with fear.

"Oh, some time in October, wasn't it, Dina?"

"About then." She managed a yawn. "He came in here with two girls and another man—a guy named Freddy Lippincott, you know, whose sister was stolen from a sorority house somewhere in the East?" Dina said, rousing herself. She must meet this situation; she told herself there was nothing to be afraid of. "Remember, about three months ago?"

"This kid came in with them," Frances took up the story. "He came over to where Dina and I were sitting with the Beatty boys—you were there, weren't you, Dunk?"

"Looking for a pick-up?" Tom asked grimly.

"No; he told the boys it was his birthday and wanted us to drink his health," Frances explained, "and he introduced himself to them and asked to be introduced to us. And then he sat down—"

"And fell for Dina like a ton of Coos Bay coal," Duncan Beatty said in his deep voice. Everyone laughed.

"I'll bet he did," Tom said. "Ever see him again?"

"Oh, yes!" Frances said, in apparent innocence. Dina knew that Frances would be glad to say anything that might upset Tom's devotion to herself. "He came into the store lots of times, didn't he, Di? And he's been here evenings."

"Awfully nice," Dina said, with an air of dispassionate concession. "Vere Holland. His mother's Mrs. Cutler Holland. Father's married again, somewhere back East."

TOM turned to her his kindly, big-brotherly smile. "You know quite a lot about him, don't you, kid?"

"Oh, he's one to tell you everything!" Frances said. "He'd sit here and talk away by the hour. I liked him—plenty."

"Did you like him, too, Dina?" Tom asked.

"We—we all did," she said, angry, because her voice was suddenly so faint.

"Well, say, I'll have to find out more about this feller," Tom said, with an attitude of good-natured disapproval. "Where is he now?"

"At home in—Hillsborough it is, I guess," Dina answered.

"What's he do?"

"Studying law. It's a long course, you know." Someone had put a nickel into

the piano; a waltz thundered forth; couples began to move out upon the floor.

"Come on," Willie Mulligan said. Willie had a blue hard-shaven chin; he was thin, black-headed, nervous and wiry. "Tom don't know that you were nuts about that feller!" Willie said, as they danced.

"What Tom doesn't know won't hurt him, and it's none of your business, Willie!" Dina said. She started the sentence with something of her characteristic spirit, but her secret knowledge, her secret fears weakened her anger halfway, and she ended it on a little girl's note of misery and appeal.

WILLIE had her in his arms; her tawny, soft mass of hair, her firm, straight tall body, her blue eyes were close to him.

"I've always—you don't know how much I've always liked you, Dina," he said huskily.

"You've always been kind to me—ever since that day the boys took away the ladder and I was stuck on the chicken-house roof," she answered.

"Well, don't you double-cross Tom! There isn't a girl alive good enough for Tom."

"I know that!" she said quickly.

"He isn't our kind, Holland isn't," the big boy went on. "He was an awful nice feller, I'll agree to that. But chances are we won't ever see him again."

"Oh, but we will, we must—I must, I must!" she screamed in her heart. Aloud she said nothing, and they finished their dance in silence.

Back at the table she found Tom next to her again, and for a while they murmured, Dina with her elbows on the crumpled checked cloth, her chin in her hands. She had not known Tom was coming home from the mills for a week end; he had taken her by surprise, and although she knew that all his hopes of winning her had gone down in the wreckage of her own happiness, he didn't know it, and, being Dina, she still could not help turning upon him the full battery of the charm against which he was helpless. Her eyes were full of sympathy, her voice was low, her body leaned toward him so that her shoulder almost touched his. Poor Tom, he would drive all the way back to Westwood tomorrow with his head in a whirl of happiness, happiness that would only make disappointment deeper some day. But she could not help it.

"And is your foreman—this Bill Williams—nice, Tom?"

"Well, he's always swell to me." Tom drew her a little diagram of the plant on a card from his pocket.

Here was the river, the saw mill, the veneering plant where they made plywood, old Hudson's house, the general

offices, the recreation hall, the rows of bunk houses.

"Food pretty good, Tom?"

"Oh, sure. Lots of it, anyway. Breakfast is the best. You can have oranges and cereal and eggs and waffles—all of 'em, if you want 'em."

"But you pay for all that, Tom?"

"Sure. You can feed at the store, if you like, but boarding's cheaper, and Mrs. Frankenstein sets a generous table. She's all right." He was in heaven. He linked his arm over hers, covered her hand with his own. "I had to bring Bill Williams down," he said. "It was too good a chance to see you and Ma. Bill paid all expenses, gas and everything."

"I should think he might!" She widened her eyes with pretended indignation—blue eyes under the blue hat. Tom laughed adoringly, jerked his big body a trifle nearer. "Who makes your beds and keeps your room straight, Tom?" the girl asked. She listened attentively without hearing a word of what he said; sudden depression had taken possession of her, her thoughts wandered.

Oh, how pleasant this security, this dancing and flirting and gossiping would be if time might go back, and everything be as it had been only a few months earlier! How simple, how uncomplicated life was when its only worries were poverty and hard work and the disorder at home and the aching ambition to do things and go places and be somebody! She could manage all those disadvantages, she could solve all those problems so easily now; they would be nothing, nothing, if she might only go back to them!

SHE, Geraldine Cashman, to be thinking these thoughts, to be obliged to think them! She, who did not drink, who never had allowed any boy to take the usual liberties with her, who hated necking and wooing and all the other forms of license which some of the girls she despised permitted so easily! Girls like Betty and Melda actually enjoyed going as far as they dared, stopping short of actual surrender, boasting that they did. Frances—well, Frances had been married, and had more than once expressed herself to Dina as having had enough of men in her late husband to last for life. But at the same time Frances occasionally made overnight visits of a mysterious nature to San José, the nearest city of any size, and twice had asked Dina to invent and support an alibi for her in case Cass came snooping around asking questions. He wasn't going to get Joan away from her, nor get out of paying his monthly alimony either!

"You're tired," Tom said, watching her. Dina came back to the present with a start.

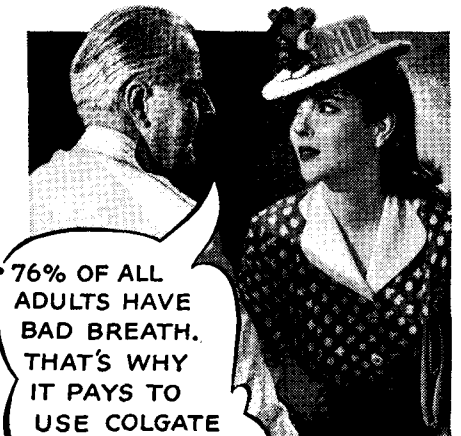
"I must be a little tired," she ad-



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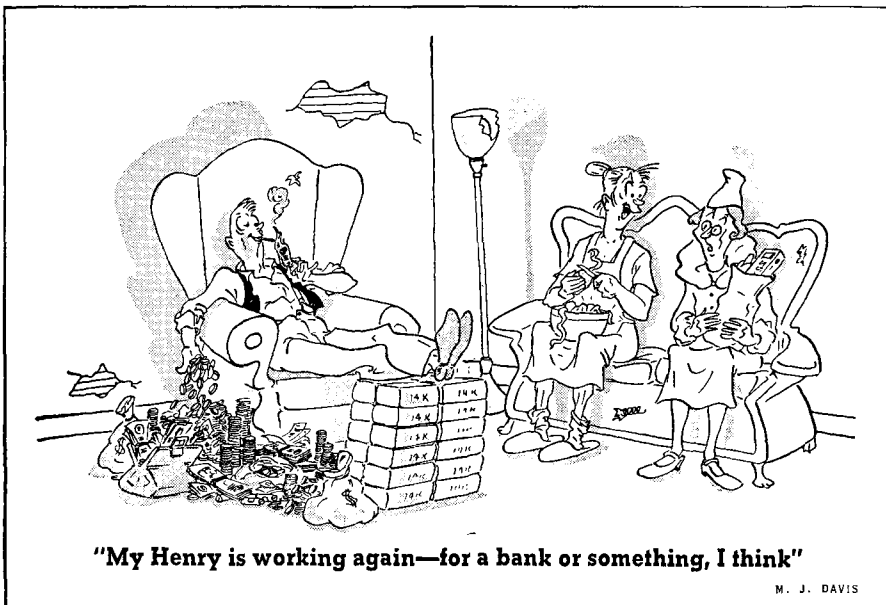
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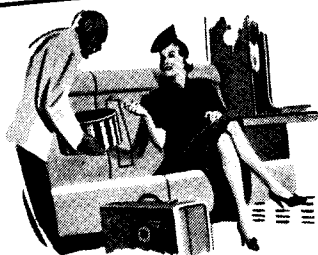


Doesn't Colgate's penetrating foam make your mouth feel clean and refreshed? Aren't your teeth brighter, more sparkling? Such a grand tangy flavor, too! What a pleasant way to combat bad breath!



"Darling—IT WAS HEAVEN ON WHEELS!"

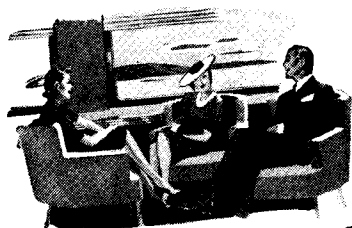
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"And the food! Darling, if I could only cook like that—and the service was marvelous. Inexpensive, too—but I found the New York Central's like that in every way . . ."



"In the lounge car after dinner, I tried to look matronly—after all, I am almost married. But everyone was so friendly I just had to join in. There were refreshments, too..."



"Later on, I slept like a baby because we followed the Water Level Route . . . smooth and restful. Darling . . . Niagara Falls is right on the New York Central—let's go!"

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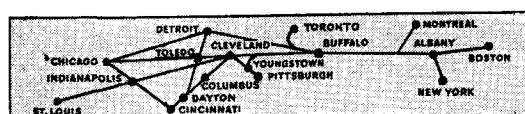
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mitted, wishing her eyes were not so ready to fill with tears. The others were tired and sleepy, too; they gathered up wraps, paid their check, stumbled out into the cold, sharp dark. Dina drew the mangy fur of her collar about her throat, tightened her hand inside of Tom's arm.

The few business streets were ringed with factories; their silhouette tonight was raised up in a forest of chimneys against the cold, high stars. The shanty settlement that had been given the name of Railway Flats lay to the southwest, across the space occupied by the dump where pigs flourished, and the great harsh angles of the tracks. Faint odors of ashes and pigs and marsh were moving in the night breeze; pools of water that the late rains had left at the hardly distinguishable corners mirrored back the stars and the slim young moon. A train went roaring past, its windows flashing squares of light.

TOM and Dina picked their way cautiously along a stretch of plank sidewalk, followed the railway ties for a space, veered off to lumps of cement sidewalk that long neglect had buckled and broken into an irregular stony pathway. Shanties and cottages were set at all angles here, fences ran in every direction and sheds and corrugated iron garages were interspersed with dreary attempts at gardening or impinged upon vegetable patches protected by twists of wire and rope.

"Can I come in?" Tom asked when they reached the Cashman kitchen door. "And wake Pop?" the girl countered in a whisper.

"I'll be quiet!" There was a hint of laughter in Tom's answering murmur. Stertorous snoring that seemed to shake the kitchen indicated that it would not be too easy to wake Pop.

They fumbled their way in; Dina found the switch, the grimy interior of the kitchen was revealed. Penciled papers had drifted from the table to the floor; twists of silver wrappings that had once protected chocolate bars, cores of apples, school books, rubbers and the heavy clods of earth that had fallen from rubbers, glasses, pencils, the ink bottle were adding to the confusion of chairs dragged about into every possible position except the orderly one, dangling sweaters, discarded shoes and all the other indications of an evening that had found the young Cashmans at home.

Tom lighted a cigarette and Dina rapidly reduced the room to something a trifle less chaotic; then she sat down smiling at the other side of the table and faced Tom somewhat breathlessly, but still with triumph.

"My brother and sisters are all pigs," she stated disgustedly.

"All kids are," said Tom.

"You'd think Myrna or Dooley would clear up," Dina complained. "But I guess Mamma and Pop came in and sent them to bed," she decided on second thought, "and Mamma—!"

"Never cleans up anything?" Tom finished on a laugh as the girl stopped with a shrug of her shoulders.

"She hasn't the faintest idea of what to do. I wish she had to be in Meyer's Grocery for a few days," Dina said. "Whoo! Do we have to keep things in order there!"

"Don't you ever get mad at your family, Dina?" Tom asked, his infatuated eyes never leaving her.

"Mad at them? I'm always boiling at them," Dina answered. "No, I don't blame Mamma," she added, after a moment. "She's had an awfully hard break. My father's never had regular work. That's why we left Arkansas. Mamma's had ten children in twenty years—I had a sister named Grace, you know, next to Art, and then there was little

Johnny who died just after we got here. There was a Dorothy, too, in between El'ner and Donny. Dorothy was drowned."

"Swimming?"

"No; but we had a sort of farm and there was a slope to the back yard where the water made a sort of—a sort of pool. And she wandered out there—Thanksgiving Day it was. I'd gone to the store for Mamma, with Dooley and Lou—Dorothy was asleep when I left. She must have waked up and gone out by herself; she was only about a year and a half."

"Lord, what things mothers have to go through!"

"Don't they?" Her face paled a trifle; a stab of realization brought all the misery and fear back again. She had forgotten for a moment of peace; now peace was gone.

"Are you going to marry, Dina?" Tom asked suddenly, oddly.

"Am I—? You mean—am I ever?"

"No." He laughed gruffly, cleared his throat. "I mean are you going to marry me?"

"Oh, Tom, I don't know." She stretched out her hand and his fingers closed on it eagerly. "Even if everything goes all right—even if I'm worrying myself to death for nothing," she thought, "I can't marry Tom; I never can marry Tom!" But his devotion, his sympathy were so precious she could not refuse them tonight; she clung to his hand, and the blue eyes that smiled into his were wet with tears.

"Look!" he said. "Why shouldn't we get married? I've been sending Mom twenty-five a month, but she doesn't need that any more, now that Nellie's going to be married and Frank's got a job. She's got all her rooms rented, too. I could send that to your mother."

"WE COULD have one of those little cottages up at the mills," he went on, encouraged by her silence and the thoughtful, troubled expression on her face, "and we could fix it up little by little. It only costs fifteen a month! We can get green and white things at the store—kitchen stuff and checked curtains—things like that. We can get secondhand furniture, too, and the company'll lend you money for a stove and a refrigerator. They're glad to help. You'd like your own home, wouldn't you, Di, and be there just for me, planning a dinner now and then, an' having Nichols and Bill Williams over? And then there's Saturdays and Sundays. We never work those days and somebody's always motoring over to Reno for the week end or going skiing or hunting or fishing—"

"You know I'd love it," she answered very low and in a hesitant manner. "After this, it'd be heaven to have a place all fresh and clean, and nobody tracking in mud or musing things up."

"I've been thinking about asking you to marry me ever since you first came here; you know that, don't you, Dina?"

"I don't know why! If we weren't the original emigrant train!" the girl said nervously, forcing a little reminiscent laugh, determined to carry the conversation to safer ground. "The old green jalopy with mattresses and bedsprings roped on top, and the trunk we borrowed, with the stove and Donny's pen and Mamma's rocker sticking out all over it, and Pop smoking, with Lou and El'ner and Myrna jammed on the front seat with him. I'll never forget the rain, and the coldness of this house, and your mother sending us over a pot of hot coffee and a tin of cookies."

"I saw you that night. Member that it stopped raining about five, and the sun was breaking through the clouds, and you came out to the gate to call the kids in for supper, and I came over?"

"I remember thinking that I was

about as filthy as a person could get and not be arrested."

"You were beautiful. But you weren't as beautiful as you are now," Tom said admiringly.

"Ah-h-h-h!" Dina laughed a little sadly. This talk in the garishly lit kitchen, whose crudely illuminated corners showed scratches and stains, breakages and makeshifts innumerable, had all the uncomfortable quality of a dream. Tom did not know what she was thinking; he did not know what she was fearing; he could not have said one word of all this if he had known. He had not even met Vere Holland; Vere, whose simplicity and charm and niceness won everyone's friendship instantly.

"Oh, Vere," she said in her soul, "where are you? Why aren't you here? You could make it all right. He may walk in tomorrow," she thought; "everything may be all right this time tomorrow. I may be laughing about all this tomorrow. But no, I'll never laugh about it—"

"You are tired! You're not listening!" Tom said good-naturedly. Dina came to herself with a little start.

They were standing. She wavered a little, swaying toward him, and he put his arm about her, and looked down at her with infinite affection and sympathy.

"You do too much, Dina. At the grocery all day, cooking and cleaning here for the whole crowd of them and then dancing at night!"

"The dancing at night is the only thing I could cut out, Tom, and it's my only fun. Unless it's the pictures, and they give me a sort of headache if I've been indoors all day."

"Well, will you think about it, Dina? After all, I can't do any more than ask you."

"And I love you for asking me," she said wearily and unsmiling. "I'm not good enough for you, Tom—and I'm tired—and Pop tried to borrow some money today and couldn't get it—"

"How much money?" His wallet was out instantly. But Dina shook her head.

"Don't begin *that*," she said, her eyes suddenly beginning to swim. "You know my father. Or rather you don't know my father!"

"It's just one of the bad times in your life, Dina," Tom said hearteningly. "You're bogged down with the family and no money and rain and dishes and it's damned unfair! But Art ought to get a job pretty soon, and things'll straighten out, and you'll come to a nice little four-room cottage up at Westwood, and we'll paddle our own canoe. Oh, listen," he interrupted him-

self to reassure her as she suddenly drew back with widened eyes, "I don't mean that we won't carry on! We'll have Myrna and Dooley with us, or we'll take El'ner for a term. It isn't that. But I mean you'll be out of the main mess."

"It sounds good!" the girl whispered, as if to herself.

"Well, you think about it, won't you?"

"As if I could help thinking about it!" But she knew herself to be deceiving him; she accepted his good-night kiss apathetically, resting her head for a minute against his cheek, angry at herself because tears were coming again.

"Get as much sleep as you can."

"I will!" She locked the door when he was gone, considered ablutions. But the boiler was cold; the kettle was cold; the house was drafty and dark. Dina undressed by such gleams of the corner street lamp as crossed the bedroom obliquely, and crawled in beside Dooley to pull the covers over her thinly clad shoulders, to lie with her head cradled upon her crooked arm, and stare wide-eyed into the dark.

VERE HOLLAND had come into Cotta's on a warm October evening, now ten weeks in the past. A tall boy with fair hair and the consciously audacious manners of a favorite to whom everything will be forgiven, he had obviously been the court jester for his group of four long before Dina and her special friends noticed him. They had been at an adjoining table; two girls from San Francisco's debutante group, whose attitude toward Cotta's had been one of amused superiority, and another man somewhat of Vere Holland's type. The four had been not so much entertained as in the mood for entertainment; they had danced, had sat smoking and drinking for an hour, and then Vere quite suddenly had come over to Dina's table, had introduced himself and been introduced with great easiness and laughter.

Ward Binn had gone back with him to his table, and presently they had all been talking and sharing drinks and sandwiches at the two tables pushed together. There were nine in the party now, and everyone had danced with everyone else, and Dina Cashman had experienced the most bewildering, the most breath-taking sensations of her life.

For it had become instantly noticeable that Vere Holland had had eyes for no one else, and Dina had never known anyone like Vere. His sleek golden hair, his round, friendly face, his fine, clean hands that had never done any hard labor, though they were well browned and looked athletic, these all



"—and the food's good, too!"

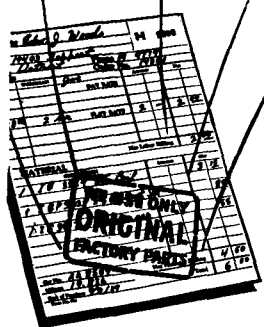
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would have marked him as different from all the boys Dina had known, even if every word he said, his clothes and the way he wore his tie, the gesture with which he had jiggled a cigarette out of his silver cigarette case and offered it, had not done so.

He was good-natured, amusing and affectionate. He made them all laugh, he paid for everything, and when one of the other boys said somewhat gruffly that the check ought to be split two ways, he looked genuinely surprised and said, with a pleasant readiness to grasp names and personalities that was characteristic of him, "Oh, shut up, Dunk! Or I'll come around to the machine shop tomorrow and poke you into the furnace."

WHILE the others danced, he sat with his chair pulled about so his back was turned to the room, and murmured to Dina. He could not seem to hear enough about her. A migratory worker's daughter? Oh, she was *not*! And Myrna, hey?—and Dooley? What the dickens was the real name of a girl called Dooley? Julia? Then for heaven's sake why not call her Julia?

"It sounds rough to have you say you room with Dooley," he had told Dina. "Your name's Geraldine, is it? All right, I'm going to call you that. And when are you coming in to town to have dinner and go to a show with me? What's your telephone?"

"We haven't one. And if you came and saw where we live you'd know why. Nobody has a telephone there. The nearest one's the drugstore, over on Thirteenth. We live in Railway Flats."

To this he had listened respectfully, evidently impressed. But he was too kind, he was too much of a gentleman, she had perceived, to show any pity. He had written down the name of Meyer's Grocery carefully, and had asked her seriously if she wouldn't go to dinner with him, and Dina's heart had sung paeans of joy. Then the others had come back, and she and Vere had danced again; danced, as far as the girl was concerned at all events, into a world of sheer ecstasy.

"Looky," he had said, in a business-like way, when the moment of parting had come, "this is Friday, see? I'm going duck shooting tomorrow; be back Monday. Looky, I'll see you Tuesday, hey?"

But he had not come in on Tuesday nor Wednesday either, and Dina had been in a fair way to recover from the dizzying sensations the opening of their friendship had caused her, sensations that had washed over her like smothering waves, when on Thursday, glancing over her cashier's desk in the grocery, she had seen him studying the soup shelves with absorption.

Her heart had given a suffocating spring. There was the brown coat, the fair head, the pocket with his yellow gloves carelessly thrust inside. There had been rains but now the last rays of the sun were flooding the place brightly; dripping umbrellas were stacked in a rack at the door, women in mackintoshes were milling about through the aisles. The smell of fresh vegetables and wet clothing had been strong in the place, a wet-day smell forever to be associated in Dina's mind with the irrational, wild delight of seeing him again.

"Excuse me, Miss! Miss!" he had said loudly, half turning his head over his shoulder, "have you any onion soup with the cheese already in?"

"I—don't—know—that we have," Dina had answered thoughtfully. Frances could take the register for a moment; Dina had walked across to stand beside him and look at the shelves. "How do you do?" she had said under her breath.

"Hello, my dear!" Vere had returned

almost inaudibly. "I hate so to mess with grating cheese!" he had added aloud. "Now, here's turtle; that's nice."

"We have the cheese ready grated," old Meyer, hovering about, had suggested.

"We have the cheese already grated in bottles," Dina had repeated seriously.

"Then suppose I take two onion soups, two mushrooms and two bottles of cheese and sort of slumgullion them all together," Vere had decided brilliantly.

"That ought to be good," Dina had agreed. With him beside her she had returned to her desk, had rung up his money.

"How soon are you free?" he had asked.

She had glanced at the clock. "Ten—seven minutes."

"I'll wait. I'll wait in my car. Right across the street."

That had been all. Dina had concluded her share of the day's business in a daze. The store would stay open for another hour, but young Ben Meyer always took over at five-thirty, checking up accounts, straightening out the books, consulting with his father about the morrow's procedure.

None of that responsibility was hers. She merely operated the cash register, handed change from the drawer, reached under the counter for bags and tossed the empty market baskets back into the pan. If there happened to be a line of waiting customers with their filled baskets when half past five arrived, Dina always stayed to serve them; on this particular afternoon there had been such a line and she could make no exception. So that it had been fifteen minutes after the promised time when she had stepped out into the swiftly descending dusk, half-hoping and all-fearing, and had looked across the road to see if Vere's patience had not been exhausted.

THE lemon bars of dazzling light that had crossed the west at the end of the wild, wet day had disappeared now. Twilight and winter had held the shabby street. Shops had all been closed, except the drugstore and the candy store and Mullins' and Dave's, up at the corner. But the dark blue rakish roadster with the canvas top and the white and red wheels had been waiting, and Vere had sprung out to escort Dina about to the seat beside him before returning to his own. They had sat close together, laughing at first, and then not laughing. Six o'clock had rung from Saint Augustine's—half past six, and Dina had said dreamily that she must go home. Her mother might, or might not, have started dinner preparations; her father would certainly be angry if she were much later.

Then Vere would drive her home. But the girl had objected that it was only two long blocks across the track and beyond the dumps; and the street outside the house was a mud bath. Then good night.

He had framed her face in his young, hard big hands and kissed her. Not her first kiss from a man—boys had kissed her now and then—but the first one that had been important, the one never to be forgotten.

After that Vere had come to the store every two or three days. She had gone to dinner with him at a pleasant French restaurant, a family place far too respectable and quiet to be of interest to Dina's usual group, but that was infinitely thrilling when she was in Vere's company.

Vere had told her his history in odd, erratic bursts and snatches. He was the only son of divorced parents; his father was in New York, with a second wife; his mother was Mrs. Cutler Holland of Burlingame. His mother had remarried since the divorce, but after another marital failure had resumed the name by which she had long been known.

Vere had had two years at the state university, and then had gone on to Yale to prepare for the law school; he had taken a leave of absence for the fall quarter and was now being coached to re-enter after Christmas. He had wanted to be an aviator, but his eyes hadn't been quite up to the mark.

Quite evidently her talk had fascinated him; she had known it. She had been quite aware that his dancing eyes never left her face when she was talking, that any details she could give him of Dooley or Donny or the crazy finances of the Cashman family were deliciously entertaining to him in themselves, and were all the more entertaining when retailed in her own way, with her eyes and color and laughter to give them point.

But whatever he derived from her was as nothing to what his talk meant to her. It was talk of a world whose existence she knew only from the movies, but with which she had never dreamed of making contact. Doors opened into Baghdad itself when Vere casually mentioned polo, mentioned trips to Europe, mentioned what the butler said or spoke of his mother's chauffeur. Vere went to dances and danced with the debutantes; Dina could find his name in the paper among the lists the next day. He did not care much for the prospect of these dances; he explained that they never really got under way until midnight, and he got terribly sleepy, but after you once got there it was kind of fun.

THEY had known each other about three weeks when Vere had asked her to come up to Paradise Valley on a skiing trip. Dina had naturally objected that she couldn't ski. Oh, that was easy, nobody else could either; all she had to do was fall around in the snow. But she hadn't any of the right clothes! Easy, too. All she needed was a sweater and a skirt; she had a coat, of course. Yes; she had this coat—the coat with the mangy fur collar. Well, that would do fine. He'd manage the sweater. He'd borrow one of his sister's; Mimi was away in Honolulu and her room must be full of stuff.

And he had actually brought to the store for her inspection a day or two later a suitcase containing two pleated plaid skirts and two woolen sweaters. The clothing had decided Dina, but she had hesitated for a few more questions.

"Someone—someone married goes along?"

"Oh, sure. Half of them are married! We all have dinner together at the inn,

and break up early. Some of the others play bridge but I don't. Our crowd gets up early to climb up Bald Hill, we get a good two hours in before breakfast. Breakfast about nine, waffles and thick bacon and biscuits—Lord, it's good! And then we all go out until about three, and come in for lunch, and loaf and bathe and start for home."

"It sounds such fun!"

"It's the greatest fun in the world."

"But who would I be with, Vere? I mean—my father'd skin me if anything was queer about it. I mean—suppose I was one of the other girls—who'd I be with?"

"You mean what woman?"

"Not—not to be up there with a lot of boys—" the girl had submitted doubtfully.

"Well, you see, here's how it is. Mrs. Thomas is going and Mrs. Waite and I don't know who else. Freddy Lippincott says—for instance, 'Mrs. Waite, this is Miss Watson from Baltimore, who's staying with Mother; which room will she have?' Mrs. Waite says, 'Howdy-do, Barbara, you are in with Margot.' Still, if any funny business goes on at night," Vere had added, "those married girls don't interfere."

"Don't?" Her laugh held a scandalized note.

"No. It's none of their business. They're playing bridge all night, anyway, and asleep all morning. But they're there," Vere had finished with an illuminating grin that had made Dina laugh again. "That's all the mothers want to know!"

"And does it?" she had asked seriously. "I mean—they don't do anything wrong?"

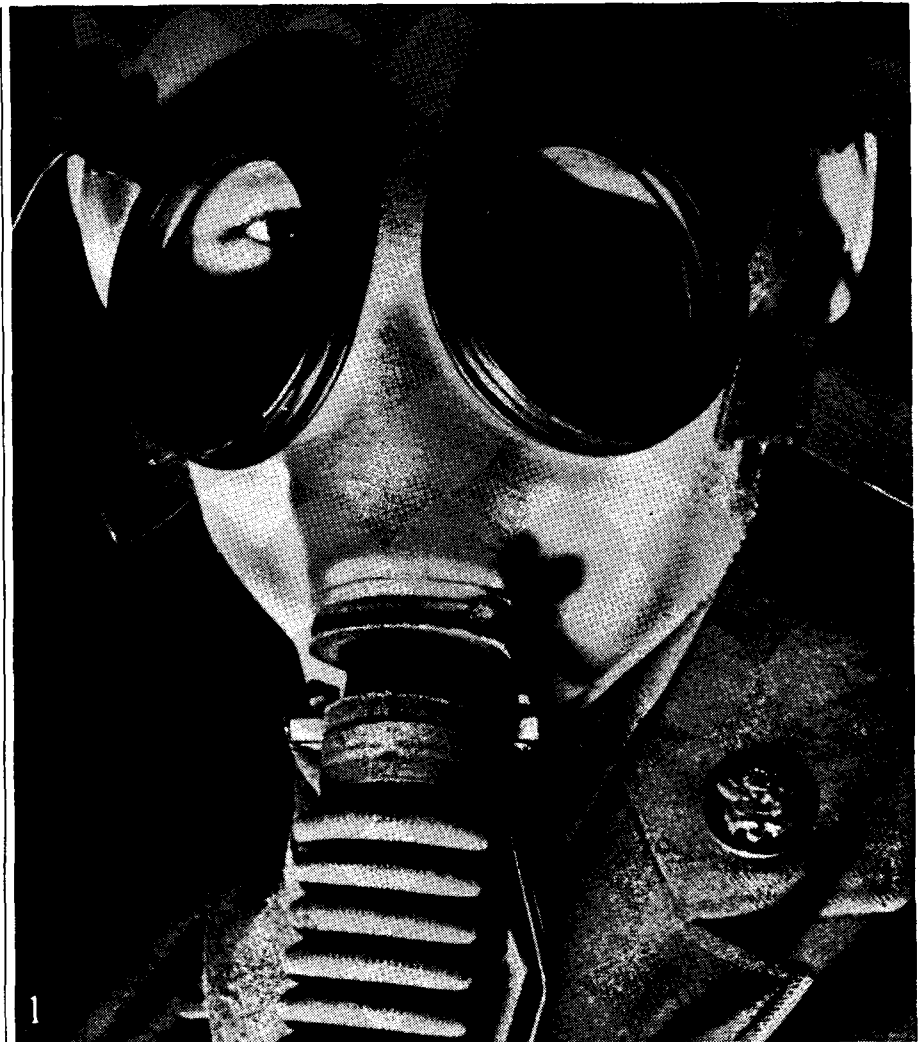
"Well, I guess some of the fellers and girls sort of have that in mind when they go," the boy had answered after a moment's thought. "But the thing is, if—anyway, here's what my mother's always said about Mimi," he interrupted himself to explain, as one suddenly enlightened, "if you can trust a girl, she's safe. And if you can't, she isn't. And where she goes, or what you let her do or don't let her do, doesn't much matter."

"And when would we go?"

"This week I can't get off until Saturday afternoon. But that's all right; we get up there for dinner."

"I'll ask about it at home." But she had already made up her mind that there would be no asking about it; she would tell them instead. She was nineteen, after all; she was no longer a child.

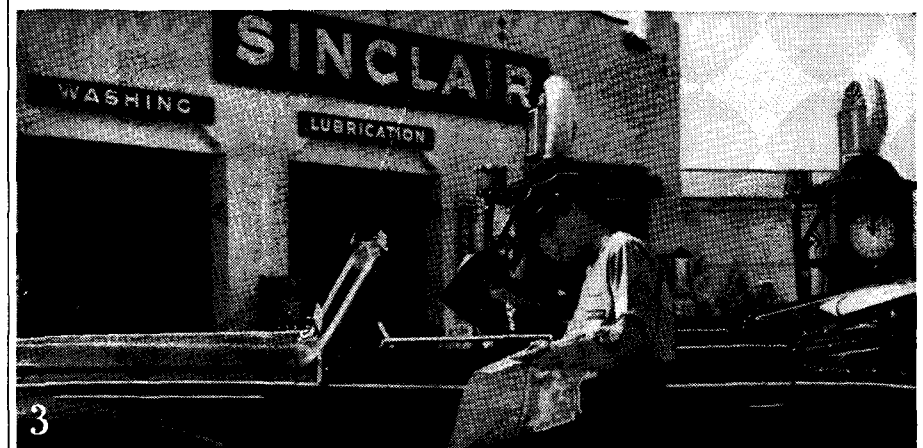
(To be continued next week)



This soldier is wearing the latest thing in gas masks. Building up a reserve supply of these masks is...



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...sure tip that you can count on Sinclair lubricants to give long, dependable service in your car. Why not try Opaline or Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil next time you need oil? You'll find these oils last so long they save you money.



"I must have been pushed into the wrong line. I just want two tickets to the Bijou!"

GENE STANLEY

As Pretty as Can Be

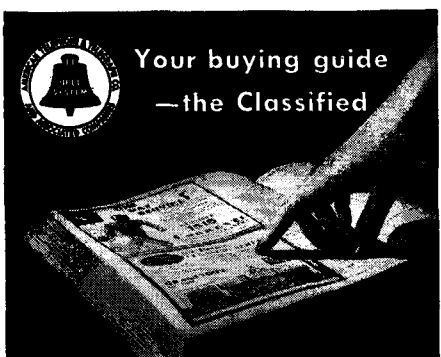
Continued from page 16



I SHOULD HAVE
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Save time and trouble. Look in the Classified Section of your Telephone Directory for nearby stores and dealers—Hardware, Plumbers, Carpenters, Locksmiths, Electricians and others. **You can find, too,** where to buy many advertised products, where to get authorized service—and also useful facts about your city.

Here's how the Classified helped Mrs. A. H. R. She needed a new screen door, so she looked under the heading Screens and noticed the advertisement of a shop in her neighborhood. She gave it the order.



Your buying guide
—the Classified

Danny throws a right hand that is strictly from Galento. Danny misses. Maxie gets inside. Maxie brings his head up accidental. Accidental like a knife between your ribs.

The butt is very wholesome. One of Danny's eyes is bleeding. Maxie drops a left hand to the body, then a right hand to the head. You hear the noise of it exploding. I want to look away. It is a punch that Danny would have been a mile away from, if only he could see. Danny moves out from the trouble, off the ropes. He wipes the bleeding eyebrow with a glove. He stands there with his two hands set. He tries to grin but grins don't help. Maxie moves in. Maxie is a lot of fighter now. Manuel Manfred squats across the ring, his fat face confident. The lights are out now all around the place, except above the ring, and even if I could look I would not care very much to look at Mary's face. I think maybe it would have been better if Danny had stayed away—if he hadn't walked into Barney's place, just three little weeks ago.

WE WERE sitting in Barney's, on 49th Street, off Eighth Avenue, drinking beer that afternoon, and Manuel Manfred said to me, "A bum is a bum. That's the way they all go, Soldier. Was he drinkin' smoke?"

I looked at him and wondered why he had to talk to me. Why me? "You ain't blind," I said, and I don't like this Manfred. His face is white and full of lumps like buttermilk. I don't like buttermilk. I don't like him. "You can read in the paper for yourself," I said. "Why don't you leave the kid alone?" "Leave 'im alone? I never want to see the bum," says Manfred. "I lose twenny thousan' bucks to Simon Delehanty. For twenny thousan' bucks I can leave 'im alone one hunnerd per cent."

"You can always steal more," I said, then went back to reading about Danny in the paper.

"You're a pretty smart guy," Manfred said. "Pretty smart guy for a punch-drunk."

That was all he could say. He just sat there pulling up his stomach at the table.

"They was sleepin' in the park, wasn't they?" Manfred said. "Him an' two other bums? They slugged the cop, didn't they?"

"Don't bother me. Just read the paper. If you know how to read," I said.

It said very clear in the paper that Danny didn't slug the cop. It was one of the guys he was with. They were sleeping in Van Cortlandt Park, and that's the first thing we had heard of Danny Callahan in a year. More than a year. It must be fourteen months since we seen Danny in New York.

"The bum can't kick," said Manfred. "They took a collection, didn't they?"

Maybe I will punch this Manfred in his nose, I thought. I couldn't get over Danny, though. In the station house he wouldn't tell them who he was, the paper said. He was ashamed. Except it happened the lieutenant on the desk had seen him fight a lot of times and knew him when he saw him coming in. The cops chipped in and gave him twenty bucks to buy himself some clothes and things. Because his name was Callahan, I guess. You know the way the Irish are. Charity begins at home, the Irish always say. But not with Danny. Danny gave them back their twenty bucks.

Barney's place is pretty nice and not too fancy for the kind of vegetables who

sit around there drinking beer all day. He's got the pictures of a hundred fighters on the walls, me with the rest of them. I look at those pictures on the wall—a hundred muscled daffydills—and tell myself I'm smart to be retired.

I was watching Maxie Chester. He was shooting a machine gun, one of those you put a nickel in, then shoot the airplanes that move along a little moving-picture screen. Maxie put another nickel in, and in between his shots was listening to the talk. "Too bad about Danny. Huh, Soldier?" he said to me. He knew what I thought about Danny. He went *rat-tat-tat* on the machine.

This Maxie Chester is no bigger than a building and is beautiful if you will disregard his nose. They dress him up each morning in a window, from the way he looks, but this don't mean that Maxie isn't hard to get along with in a ring. He was a punk. He was nobody till he knocked out Danny. Since then he shoots his mouth off what he'll do to Louis when he gets the chance. He'll get the chance and you are cordially invited to his wake. Manuel Manfred has his contract now, the same as he had Danny's contract once.

One guy, one of the slobs in Barney's, said, "When Maxie does a job on them they're never any good."

"The bum quit," Manfred said. "He lay down. He cost me twenny thousan' bucks."

"So what?" says Maxie. "So who made 'im quit? Is there somethin' wrong with me because I made 'im quit?"

They talked too much about it, talked too loud, and so I said, "The kid was sick. He didn't quit. If Danny was himself you couldn't touch 'im with a fire hose. You'd still be lookin' for 'im, Maxie. He'd have stabbed you blind."

"Who the hell asked you?" he said. Somebody dropped a beer and all the boys in Barney's turned around and looked at us. They know that punks like Maxie just don't talk to me that way.

Barney said, "All right, all right. Do your arguin' some place else."

I moved away from Manuel and Maxie. I was filing my nails and thinking how sad it was that Danny should turn out to be a bum who sleeps in the

parks. First thing I know a girl comes in. I hadn't seen her coming in. "Hello, Mary," I said. "Sit down, baby. Sit right here." She only takes one look at Maxie and the others. Her face is very red. She is excited. "Can I see you for a minute, Soldier?"

"Sure," I said. "Of course."

We walked down to the empty tables in the back. Maxie grinned as we went by. "A good thing that the wife's away, huh, Soldier?" Maxie said.

I WILL be physical with Maxie yet, I thought. Mary said, "I thought you'd be here, Soldier. I ran." She took a handkerchief and rubbed it hard along her cheeks. "I didn't even have a chance to get the make-up off," she said. "Danny must be in town, Soldier. I saw the papers. The girls were reading about it in the dressing room. He would still be in town, don't you think?"

"I guess so, baby."

"Soldier." She grabbed my hand. "Oh, Soldier. Isn't it awful?"

"Can't tell," I said. "The papers don't tell you everything." I didn't want to look at her. The way she loved him was a thing to teach in Sunday school. She had the make-up off and now her face was pale. She was a beauty, Mary was, except that she was tired and she looked older than the twenty-two or twenty-three she was.

"You haven't seen him, have you?" Mary asked.

I said I hadn't seen him.

"He would come to you," she said. "First of anybody he would come to you. He wouldn't come to me. Not now."

"It's not because he doesn't care."

"That doesn't matter, Soldier. But it must hurt him so. To have it in the papers. You know how he is. Danny has to have a front. He hurts so easy, Soldier. I can't stand it. I can't stand to have him hurt. To have him so lonely, without any friends. He isn't like they say."

"Danny's Danny," I said. "I know Danny." And to tell the truth, I know him pretty good.

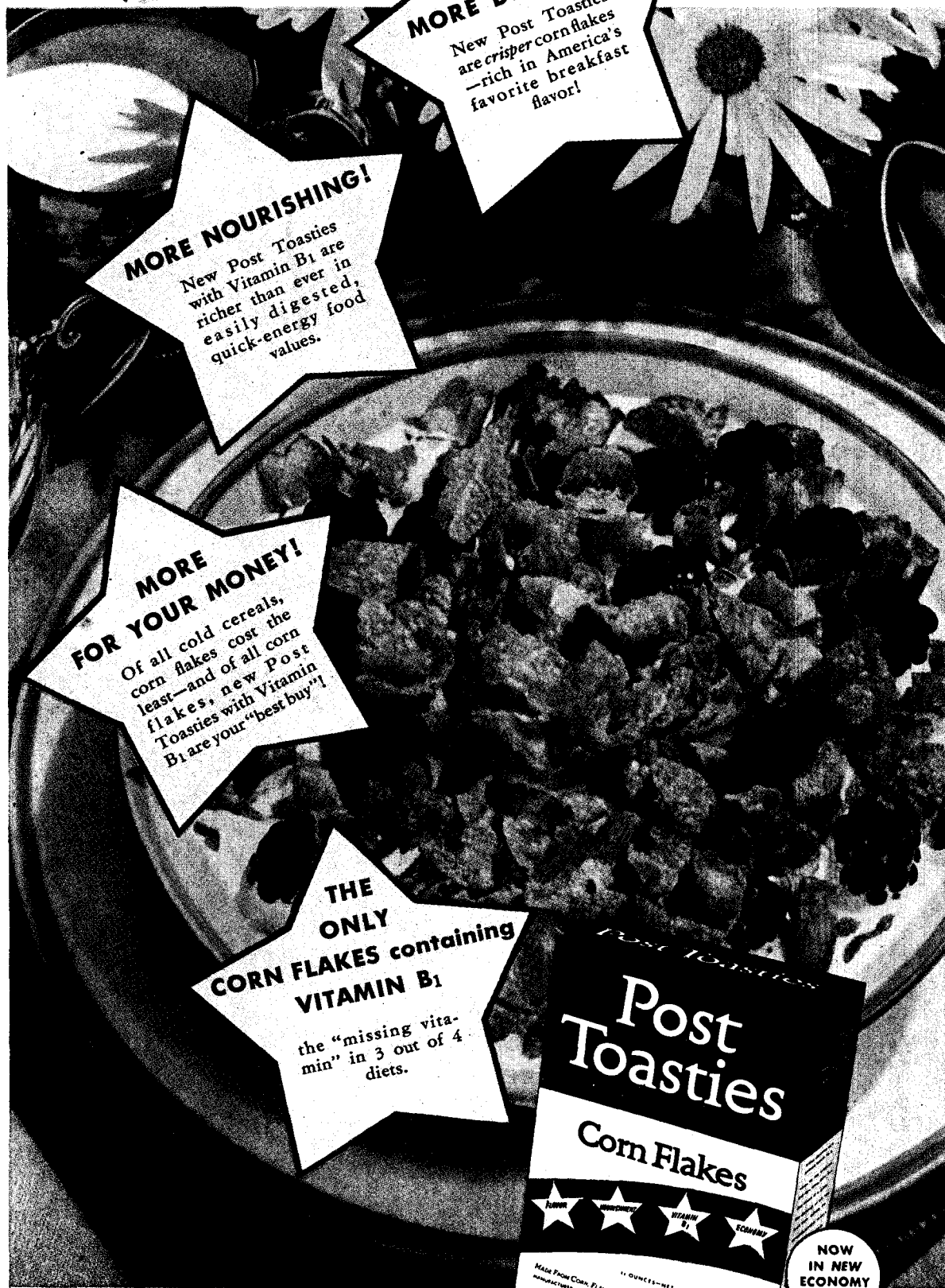
I first knew Danny when he was a kid, a punk and skinny kid who hung



"Why, Emil! You was born to wear a tux!"

FRED BALK

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KILLER DILLER?
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NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT?"



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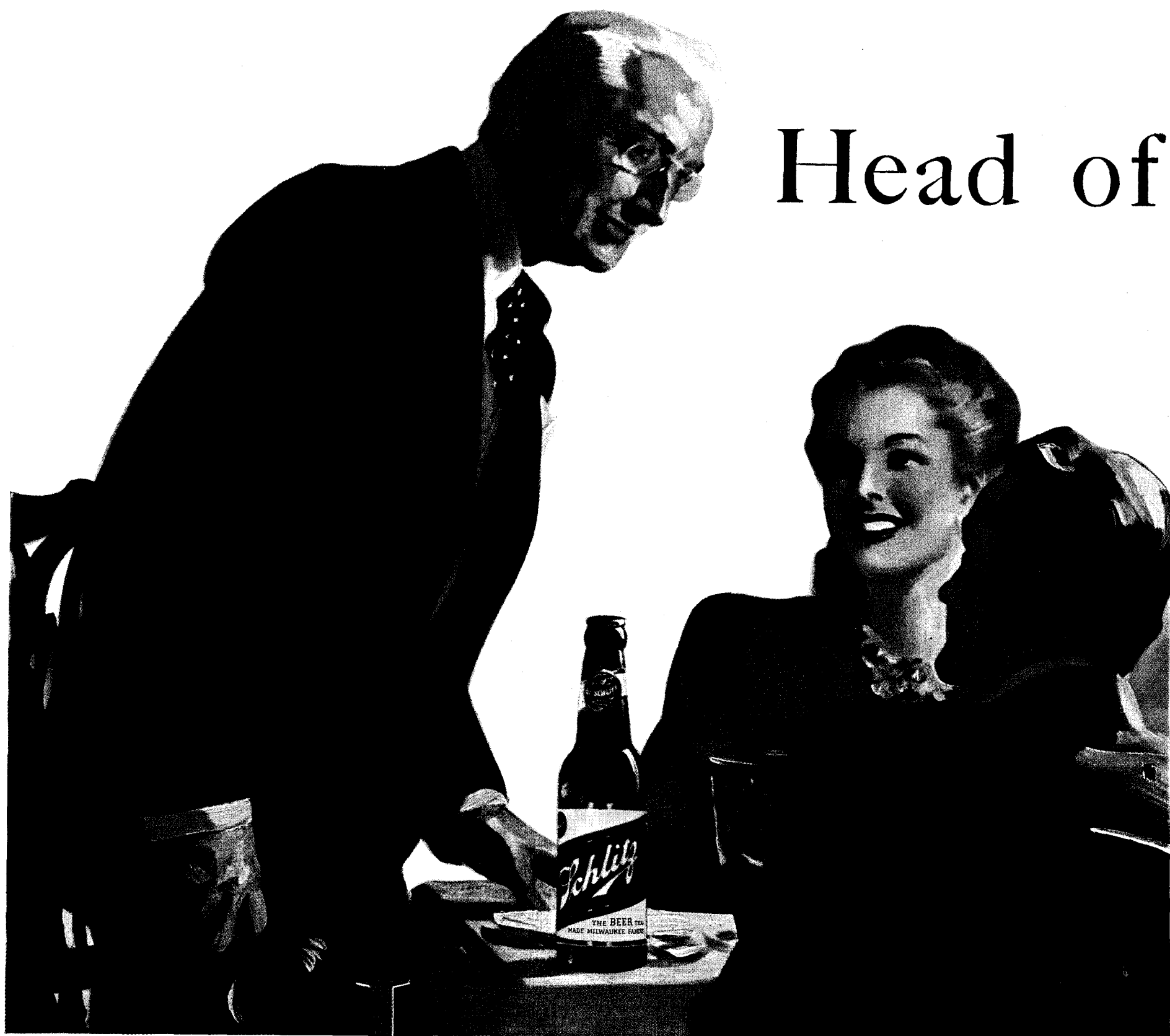
"The nourishing new Post Toasties," she said, "are a *good* source of Vitamin B₁, and Post Toasties are the *only* corn flakes enriched with it." So...



I GUESS I KNOW MY DIET, eh, Mother? Those Post Toasties are some breakfast—but *good*!...

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Copy. 1941, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



• Actual color photograph—Reuben Smothers shows a visitor a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.

*"This lighter leaf
costs a pretty penny!"*

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

around Morino's poolroom. He was over six feet tall and weighed about a hundred fifty pounds and always had two dollars running with a horse. He liked to shadow-box around the place, although he was no fighter then, and he was always dancing on his feet so loose and clever you would think there was two ropes connected from his ears up to the ceiling. It was wonderful the way that Danny danced.

He made his living playing pool and betting on the horses, though his pool, of course, was always better than his notions on the horses. He was a gambler, Danny was. He'd bet you anything—a nickel or a dollar or his overcoat.

I was fighting then, and time moves fast when you are fighting, training, traveling and all the things you have to do. And then I noticed Danny wasn't in the poolroom any more. They told me he was working. "Workin'? Are you sure?" I said, but I was very pleased because I always told the kid there was no shame attached to honest jobs.

"It ain't a crime," somebody said. "He's got a girl. He met her in a dance contest he won. She doesn't like 'im shootin' pool."

Danny brought his girl around one night. They looked cute and very young, embarrassed while I looked at them. "This is Mary," Danny said. "Miss Mary Donahue, the lucky girl."

THEY came in and we had fun. They were so nice and proud together. She was tall and sweet, but not a dope by any means, still loving him more than it's wise to love a free and easy guy like Danny, managing him with a mother's care but managing him just the same.

Another time—I can't remember when it was—he came around and gave me tickets to an opening. "I thought that you might like to catch the show," he said. "It isn't much. An uptown joint with ten-cent beer. But pretty nice. Just thought that you might like to catch the show."

"What show?" I asked him, then I read the tickets and it said CALLAHAN AND DONAHUE IN MANEUVERS FOR MODERNS.

"What's this?" I said. "A dance team?"

Danny stood there grinning.

It was a new salami palace, somewhere in the Bronx. It wasn't bad. They gave the joint away on opening night. Danny and Mary come out in a circle of bluish light that follows them around. No "Roberto and Rosita," or

anything like that for them. Just Callahan and Donahue in this salami palace, the two of them like one sweet song just float around as though they're born to do this thing.

Well, Mary and Danny were a dance team, and they were very good, if you should ask me. They got some good jobs in the smaller supper clubs, and then the dance act went in hock when Mary sprained an ankle bad enough for them to lay up for a couple months.

DANNY had time on his hands and promised her he wouldn't hang out in the poolrooms. And then the first thing anybody knows, he's in the Golden Gloves. Too much energy, I guess. "For laughs," he said. "For publicity, Soldier. What've I got to lose?"

"Your beauty and your brains," I said. "You're a dancer, Danny, not a fighter."

But that was before I ever really saw him box, before I ever saw that long left hand, those legs, that sense of timing in a ring. He carried trouble in his right hand, too. He would drop it from his chest like something shot out of a gun, then walk away and leave those amateurs like carpets on the floor.

He turned pro, of course, and you remember when he was a middleweight. Then he got more meat on his ribs and was the champ of the light-heavyweights. He was growing all the time and coining money while he fought, and then, like many of those long and skinny guys, the first thing anybody knows he has to move into the heavyweights. Manuel Manfred was his manager, which seemed all right, since Manuel is smart enough to pick the pocket of a leaping kangaroo. That was Danny not so long ago. But I like best to think of him when he and Mary danced together, sweet and young and full of faith and happier than they will ever be again.

Much happier than they are now. I looked at Mary, sitting there across the table—Mary, tired, and with her heart broke like a china dish.

"Look, Soldier," She put something in my hands. I looked and saw that it was fifty bucks. "If he comes to see you, make him take it," Mary said. "Tell him that it's just a loan. But not from me, because he wouldn't take it then. Tell him it's from you."

I kept the money in my hand. "Where you working now?" I asked her.

"Just now I'm working at the Gotham," Mary said.

"You mean the Gotham or the Gotham Gaieties?"

"The Gaieties," she said, and I know that means seven shows a day, and that they pay you off down in the cellar, in the dark, in peanuts or in ticket stubs, and you can dance your legs off at the knees before they pay you fifty bucks. It's not the way it used to be, when she and Danny danced together. That was love and lilacs; that was really something fine. I said, "You keep this, Mary. Keep it for yourself."

She wouldn't take the dough. She said, "I knew you'd give it back to me. That's why I can't take it back. I can't be cheap about this, Soldier. You can help him all you want. If you give him a million it's all right with me. It's just I want to help him, too. All by myself. You understand?"

Round Five: That kind of stuff is quality. That's why, while I was watching Danny fight, I thought of her in Section 4, Row J, Seat 26, and I thought it's very sad, sweetheart, that you can't help him now. Because the fight is getting on and Danny's only moving on his nerve and on his wits. There's nothing else to hold him up. The floor is tired of holding him, but he keeps climbing to his feet. He's been spread on the deck three times, once in the second round and twice more in the third. But now he's making Maxie miss, and Maxie's nose is like a sweet potato.

But Maxie's strong. He's in better shape than Danny. He keeps on coming all the time and he is breaking Danny down. Danny can't keep up a pace like this, no matter how he tries. They tricked him into this. They made him fight while he was out of shape again. To make a bum of him again.

WELL, Mary wasn't gone ten minutes when Danny walked into Barney's. I just looked up and there he was. He didn't look like any bum. He wore a high-class linen suit, white shoes to match. He'd been to the barber's and his hair was combed just so. He looked a little lankier, a little hungrier than we had ever seen him look before, but you should know if Danny looked like any bum he wouldn't have come around. Not him.

The boys all climbed around him and they asked him lots of questions. They are not what you call subtle. They asked questions like, "How long was you in the jail?" But Danny breezed his way through them. Dapper Danny, just like Danny, you would never think he had a care to look at him. He walked past Maxie and Manuel. He touched Maxie lightly on his nose. He slapped Manuel on the stomach. He said, "A wonderful bird is the pelican; the beak holds more than the belly can." Not original, but it will do, since Maxie is so sensitive about his nose.

Danny sat down with me, alone. We made it clear that we would stay alone. I said, "Where you been, Danny?"

"Here and there," he told me. "I been feelin' sorry for myself."

"You get over that," I said. "You look good. You're all dressed up."

He straightened out the linen coat. "No down payment necessary, Soldier. I know a guy. My credit's fine. I'm a solid citizen, Soldier. Don't let them tell you different. You seen Mary, Soldier?" His hands were tight together. They were nervous hands.

I didn't tell him I had seen her when she brought the fifty bucks for him. I promised her I wouldn't tell him that. I said, "I see her around, Danny. She's fine. She's workin'. She's dancing at the Gaieties. She's gettin' by."

"She's better than that," he said, as though it was an insult. "Mary's a great dancer, Soldier. She's too good for the Gaieties. Listen, Soldier . . ."

"Yeah?"

"You tell me, Soldier. You tell me

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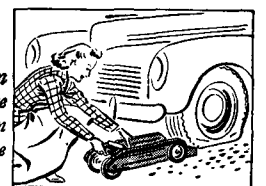
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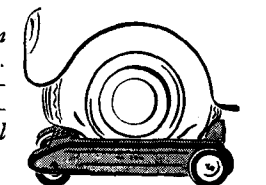
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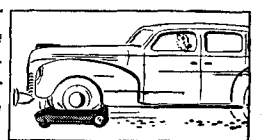
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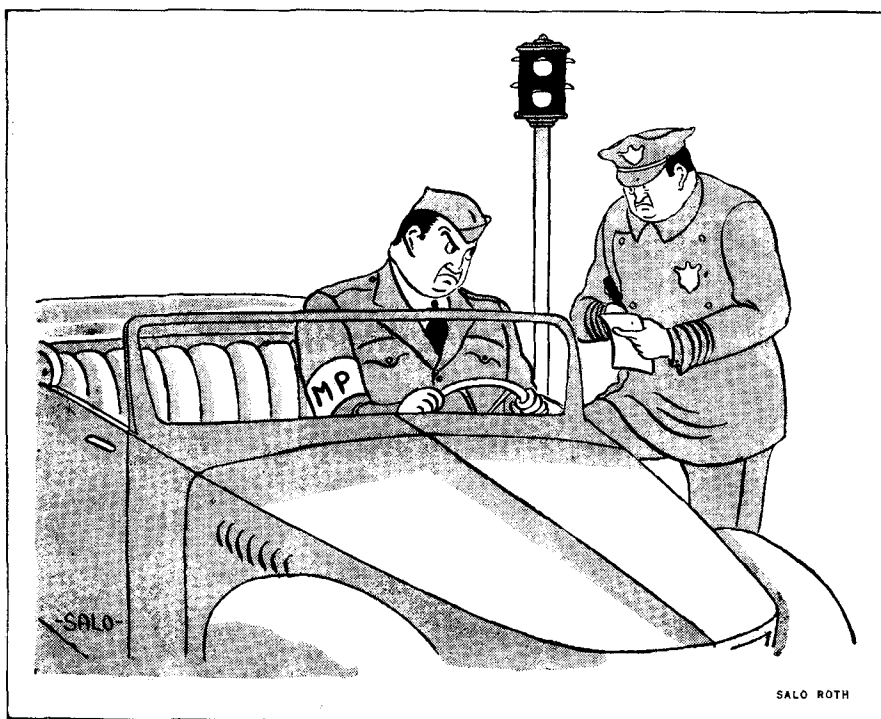
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ESPECIALLY FOR
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Scene: The wading pool.

JILL: O-o-oh, the water's so nice and cool. Just like an air-conditioned movie.

JACK: Or like daddy's shoes. See, they're full of air holes.

DADDY: They're full of comfort, too. Which is no surprise, since they're Walk-Fitted Bostonians.

JILL: What's Walk-Fitted, daddy?

JACK: I know. If your shoes feel as good when you're running as they do when you're sitting, that's Walk-Fitted.

DADDY: Jack, you certainly told the Bostonian story in a nutshell, that time.

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Bostonians . . . Whitman, Mass.



"NOT BAD" admired Uncle Marty . . . "It is a swell boat," admitted Dad . . . "No, I mean your shoes. Bostonians?" . . . "Naturally. I see you have the Walk-Fitted habit, too." (Tell your dealer "NYLAND" left; or "SPRUCE" right.)

"Take a wicker chair" explained Uncle Marty. "It's built for comfort, ventilated for coolness." "I get it," guessed Mummy. "So are Bostonian Tropicals." (On chair below rests "BREEZEWAY".)



ENTER MUMMY: "No wonder you two men won't come in the water. Those shoes look cool as a julep glass. What kind are they?"

LESSER HALF: "Bostonian Tropicals, pet. They also fit like a glove and bend like a fishing rod." (At left, "ANDOVER"; at right, "MARVEL".)

Bostonians
FIT RIGHT - FEEL RIGHT *They're Walk-Fitted*

why I'm such a lousepot. We could have danced around the world, us two."

"It's not too late," I said. "But you got to educate the girl. You can't do her any good when you just run away. How can she know the way you feel?"

"I don't want her to know the way I feel. Not now. Oh, I was daffy, Soldier. I lost my dough. I threw away our chances, all our plans—the way we planned that it would be—"

He went along. He told me how it was, although I knew the thing by heart, from him, from Mary, too. The idea was that Danny would stay in the fight game for a while, while he was at his best and very young and faster than a frightened cat. They'd save their dough, or Danny would, and when they had enough they'd open up a dancing school. They had their own ideas of what a dancing school should be. Some great ideas. They would be married on the day that Danny quit the ring.

Danny said, "I promised her I wouldn't bet the dough we saved. You know—there were so many things, and then the fight. They said I quit. I made a mess of that. Hell, Soldier, I just upped and went away. It was dramatic. It was corny. But I had to get away. I been a lot of places. I've had jobs and bummed around. I worked on a farm. I even did some dancin' in a place in Indiana. Nothing much, and then they found out who I was. They asked me did I really quit to Maxie. No, I haven't had a glove on in a year. Not since the last time. I'm washed up, Soldier."

"There any law that says you can't go back to dancin'?"

"Sure, I can dance. Dance for nickels with a monkey and a hurdy-gurdy in the back yards. What I can't do is dance with Mary. I let her down just once too often. I blew the whole thing out the window, shot the works when I fought Maxie. I bet five to two. I bet every dime I had."

"So whose fault is that?"

"My fault. My own sweet fault. I was trying to get a lot of money in a hurry. I had dropped a lot of dough to Manuel. He was into me for nearly fifteen thousand bucks. Card games every night. It was my own fault. I don't say the game was crooked. All I say is that the cards I held were lousy, that the dough I lost was heavy money."

"So?"

"So Manuel says the thing to do, since I don't want Mary to find out how things stand, is get a fight with this new guy from Detroit, this Maxie Chester. The fight will draw, he says, and it will be a pretty touch. The man's style is made to order for me, Manuel says. He's seen the guy before. He knows the way he fights. He says that Maxie couldn't put a glove on me."

LEW ESPOSITO walked into the place about this time. Lew is the finest pal I got. He's handled fighters twenty years, like mothers handle babies. Lew kisses Danny on the head and takes a chair. He listens for a while.

"You played cards with Manuel?" Lew said. "While you were trainin' for the fight?"

"There wasn't much trainin', Lew. It was gonna be a breeze. Sure we played cards. The guy was into me deep."

"That was very bright," said Lew. "It was gonna be a breeze. Listen, Manuel got a look at Maxie before the guy ever got to New York. I was in Detroit when Manuel was there. He knew that Maxie was terrific even then. He used to spend a lot of time with Benny Burton, the guy who first had Maxie. And you was playin' cards with him? Without a certified public accountant? I suppose you didn't know that Manuel was in hock to his ears at that time. That the bum owed everybody, me included."

Danny said he hadn't known. Danny said that all he knew was he, himself, was losing plenty, and the only way to get it back was shove out all his cash on the fight with Maxie. That's what Manuel suggested, Danny said.

"Manuel says that he lost twenty grand himself," I said. "You can hear 'im cry about it any day."

Lew just laughed. "Look," Lew said, "that's your wooden ear again, believin' what it hears. Every guy on Broadway knows that Manuel don't lose no twenny thousan' bucks on Danny." He turned to Danny. "Listen, kid. Where did you place the dough you lost?"

"I gave it to Manuel," Danny said, "and Manuel gave the dough to Simon Delehanty. Then he said he was giving Simon twenty grand himself."

Lew said, "Somebody buy me another beer. I can't stand it. Don't be a bean bag, Danny. You didn't see him give the dough to Simon, did you? Damned right you didn't. But he can beef about it now. That's his conscience makin' smoke screens. You got outta town the day after the fight and Simon is nice enough to die of a heart attack the same week. Why, Manuel even knew that Simon was gonna die. He booked your bet himself. He didn't lay it off to nobody."

Danny is very white in the face.

"And then," Lew said, "he keeps you out of shape an' full of beer while you are trainin' for the toughest boy you ever met. I get around. I hear a lot of things. It's not a thing that you can prove, but I know Manuel. You was his way out of hock. He had Maxie all signed up before you ever met the guy. He had Maxie butt you blind, and that Maxie is no gentleman, in case you're interested. Buyin' Maxie's contract later was an act."

WELL, it might have been possible to get Danny back in shape. To bring him along a little at a time, until he was the boy he used to be.

But Danny spoiled all that. Danny walked right down the length of Barney's place to take a punch at Manuel. But Manuel was sitting down, while Maxie Chester was standing up. So Danny lets a long punch go, a lucky one that flattens Maxie like a beer rag and makes the headlines in the papers all at once. We got hold of Danny for the health of Manuel. Maxie comes up finally and wants to make a murder in the place. We got hold of Maxie. Danny says that he will fight him any place or any time. Maxie says right now. Maxie is practically out of his mind. Manuel says as soon as the fight can be arranged. "Don't lose yer heads," he says. "There's dough in this."

Lew and I protested. "Danny's not in shape," I said. "You give 'im six months and he'll chase your humpty-dumpty up into the dollar seats."

Manuel says, "Who the hell are you to be telling me?" Manuel says that later they will have no time to fight a park-bench bum like Danny. They are booked for nine months here and there and next summer they are fighting Louis. "We'll give this punk three weeks," he says.

Danny has no manager, no legal voice to speak for him. Besides, he's raving wild. He says three weeks is fine. The kid is daffy. He is being taken in again by Manuel.

Eighth Round: Well, it won't be long now. Danny walks out slowly. There is not much dancing left in him. We've washed him clean but it is hard to go on boxing pretty when your legs are folding under you. He sticks that left at Maxie, moves away. Maxie comes in weaving, throwing punches, and landing punches, too. He hits Danny clean because my boy can't get around the

way he wants to. Danny can't go back, so he goes forward. He rips a right-hand punch inside. It is a cute one. He grabs Maxie, turns the guy around into the ropes, then leans on him and looks at me, and I will swear that Danny is quite pleased with things. Maxie tries to break away, but Danny makes him wait until the referee comes in and steps between them. Danny tin-cans for a while.

Then Danny comes down off his toes. He stands flat on his feet, which is something he has never done before. He holds his hands in front of him. He grooves one down the middle as Maxie comes charging in. It is a little high. Too high to be effective as it should be. But it makes Maxie wonder. Maxie cannot figure out why Danny don't fall down. Danny lets him have the right again, because he can't lift up his left. It is too tired. Maxie doesn't like this right hand on his chin. Then Danny ties him up again and Maxie tells the referee that Danny's holding. The mob boos Maxie. Maxie doesn't like that, either, and then the bell sends Danny back to me.

Lew says, "It's beautiful. Keep fakin', Danny. Hurt 'im when you can, then hold 'im tight."

Ninth Round: Danny walks out for the ninth. He seems to be in love with what he's doing. He's not dancing. He is fighting. He is so soggy and full of gloves that what Maxie does to him doesn't seem to matter now. I never knew that Danny was so tough. Maybe it was the working on a farm, or something like that made him tougher than I thought he was. Maxie tries to use the laces once again. Danny takes Maxie's nose in his glove and grinds the glove and Maxie squawks to Artie Dermott. Artie asks him what the hell does he expect. Manuel looks fat and worried where he sits behind the steps across the ring. Maxie loses his head and starts to throw the punches from the floor.

Danny steps inside of one of these and looses his right hand flush in Maxie's stomach. Maxie turns a little green. Maxie doesn't charge again but waltzes carefully away. He is not so full of I-will-kill-you-when-I-catch-you as he was before, and not so happy with the way he earns his living. Danny follows him, or stumbles after him, and lets that right hand go. The right hand catches Maxie. It spreads him on the ropes. We stand up screaming. Danny lets it go again but misses. Maxie fights back, desperate now. They stand together and they punch away until the bell. When Danny comes back to the corner, when I look at him, I wonder will he live to hear the bell again.

When he goes out for the tenth round, for the last one, Danny walks stiff-

legged, squeezing himself together so that he won't come apart. He is done, all gone, but his heart is bigger than a basketball, and I wonder how those bums feel now who said that Danny quit the last time, and I can't help but think of Mary where she sits in Section 4, Row J, Seat 26, and wonder if she knows he's doing this for her. She knows, all right. This time she knows.

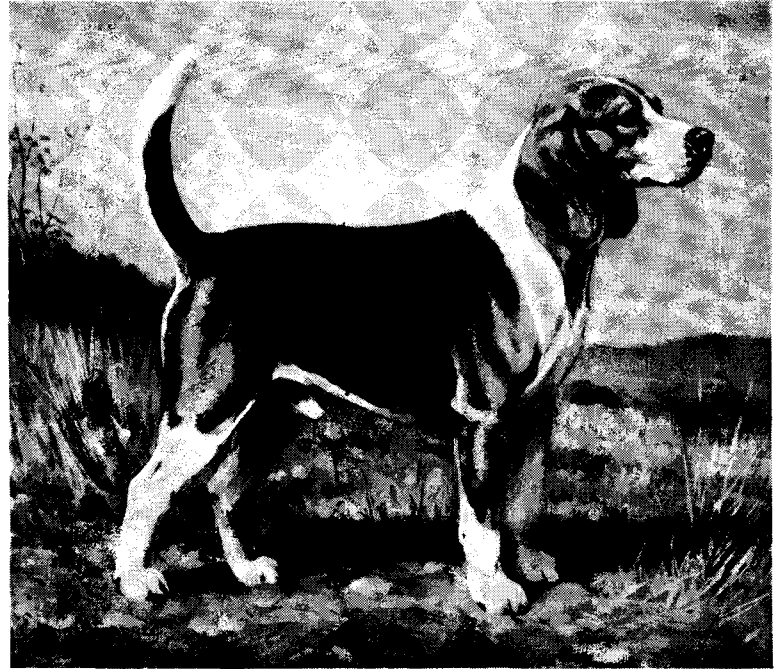
Danny leans into the trouble. He just stands there catching punches. He throws a few himself, but mostly waits till Maxie's done. Maxie seems to come apart, as though he didn't think this fight was serious, he didn't think that it would ever go this far. Perhaps he felt he didn't have to train. Well, he'd better do something now.

Danny seems to say, "You all through, Maxie?" Danny hooks a left hand. It's a nice one. It's as though he has been saving it, just hanging it quiet at his side until he knows that it will work again. He throws another one and Maxie tries to come in close and get a grip on him. Danny shoots a right hand up between the reaching arms. Danny is a sweating lump of fighting class. Danny hits him with a lovely one and Maxie goes down with his back against the boards. The crowd is crazy in the stands. Maxie rolls around before he finds his feet, and when he finds his feet he finds another right hand in his mouth and he goes down again. He goes down hard. He lies there very still. He comes up slow. He's on one knee when it is "six." He shakes his head. He tries to wipe the fog out of his eyes. He stays there on one knee. He is looking up at Danny when the count is up to "ten" and it's hard for me to say if Maxie quit or Maxie doesn't know what's going on.

DANNY is full of lumps and little cuts and ready to fall down. But Lew will make him pretty. There is nothing wrong with Danny's face that Lew can't fix, and nothing wrong inside of him that can't be fixed by the little girl in Section 4, Row J, Seat 26. We're going down to see her now. And then we're going in to get the dough.

I told you Danny was a foolish man, but did I tell you he is such a brainless kind of slob he bet his pelt again that he would lick this bum? As a matter of fact, while it is not exactly sensible, Lew and I both bet a large and sentimental piece of change ourselves.

Fight Louis? Danny? Don't be crazy. I fought Louis twice. With the dough that Danny won he's going back into the dancing business—him and Mary, just as pretty as can be and safe from all the troubles of the fight game. Let Maxie and Manuel fight Louis. Let them try to outsmart that.



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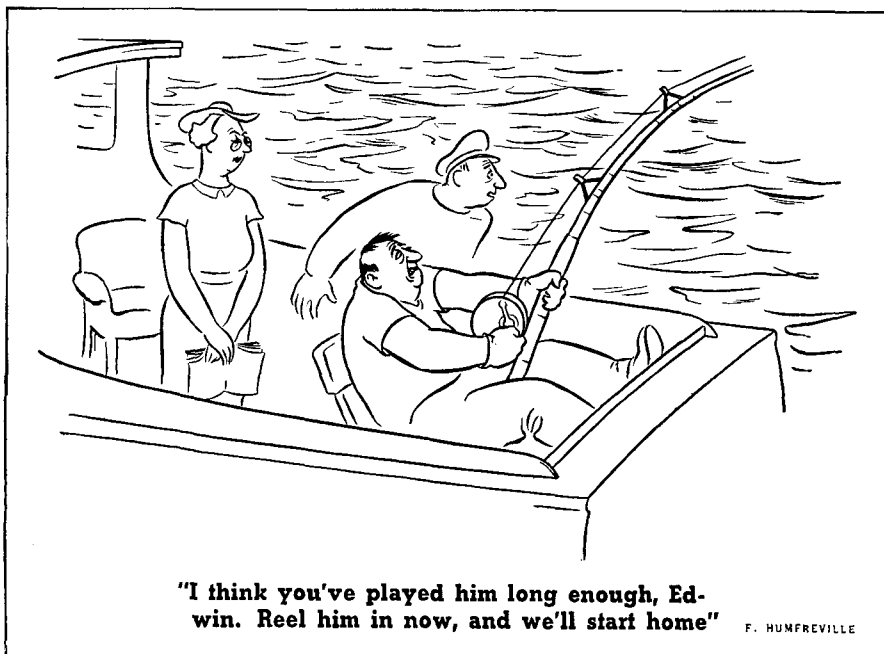


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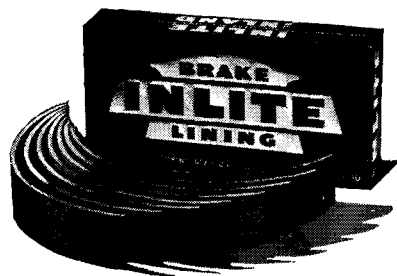
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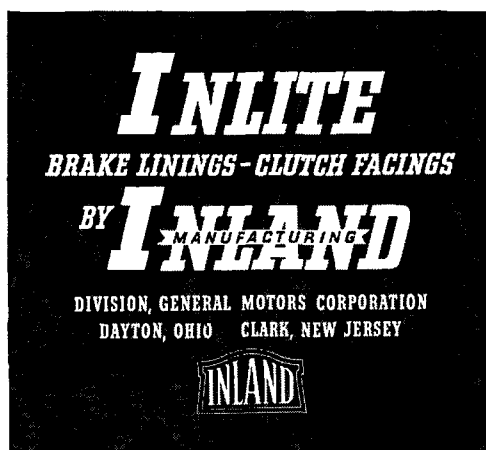
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Granny and the Nanny Goat of Truth

Continued from page 18

considerably less. Besides, she had a deep and blind conviction that whatever she got into she could somehow squirm out of. The moral aspects of this question were not a problem, either. Her friendship with the Deity, upon Whom she looked democratically as an equal, gave her certain license. And just now she was prepared to use it.

"How about buyin' ourn?" she said.

"But that's Sam's plow."

"No," she said casually, "it's mine. Thing is, I aim to get him a new one." Henry knew she was lying, but his quick mind thought, *S'pose I got a claim on it cheap an' took it home? I'd have possession then. That's nine points of the law, an' my old shotgun'd be the other'n.*

"What had you planned to ask for it, Miss Edna?"

"Oh, I reckon 'bout thirty or forty dollars."

"But you can get a new one out of the catalogue for eight-fifty."

Granny looked at Henry with stern impatience. "I'm tired o' this hagglin' over pennies," she said. "Gimme a dollar an' take the plow."

WHILE Henry went after his wagon to haul the plow home, both he and Granny took frequent glances toward the creek. But there was no need for alarm since just at this point Daisy, Sam's seven-year-old daughter, felt a violent tug on her line and began yelling, "Papa! Come quick! It's a-pullin' me in." In a moment Sam was there, took over the pole, and a little later landed a four-pound gar. The children held onto, and stood slightly behind, Sam's ragged pants legs as the hideous, teathed monster thrashed in the weeds. They only watched with the unfeeling, big-eyed attentiveness of children, but Nona, their mother, knew it meant a stew for dinner.

Leaving the gar in the weeds, Sam went back to his own line to plan out his next week's work while waiting for something to take his bait. Tomorrow he meant to break a shallow slough bottom which ran across the farm and which a light overflow had, the week before, swept clean of young corn. This time he'd plant it in row feed, which would grow more quickly than corn, and perhaps race to maturity ahead of the usual July drought. He realized that when he got home he must, in preparation for tomorrow's work, take the buzzard-wing sweep off the plow and put on a middle-buster. But this planning was interrupted by the children, who had set up an agitation for food.

"Might as well clean the gar and go to the house," Nona said, "and feed these here little shoat pigs."

Thereupon, Sam drew the gar and removed its armored skin, and when the children had gathered enough wild onions to season the stew, the Tuckers started home along the black-land lane which was deeply scarred with ankle-threatening ruts left from the last wet spell. But hardly had they emerged from the bottom woods when Sam saw a man who looked like Finley Hewitt ride a mule up to the front porch where Granny sat rocking, apparently hand her something, and then ride on down the road.

In actuality it was Finley, who had just made a trip to the store at the main crossroads and was delivering to Granny a bottle of "dee," a can of snuff and, though Granny did not chew and looked down on those ladies who did, a plug of Star Navy chewing tobacco.

Seeing the family coming up the hill,

Granny had accepted her merchandise without inventory, her change without counting and debarrassed herself of Finley's presence as quickly as possible. Hurrying inside the house, she hid her things on one of the foundation sills to which she had easy access by means of one of the several holes in the floor. By the time the family arrived, she had been back on the porch a few minutes.

Since she did not like Nona, who stubbornly refused to grant the old woman the full prerogatives of an empress, Granny simply ignored her by greeting the approaching quartet with a casual, "Hidy, Sammy boy an' kids. From the looks o' that thing in your hand, 'pears like we're fixin' to have water-moccasin soup for dinner."

"It's just a gar fish," Sam said. "For stew. . . . Wasn't that Finley I saw on the mule?"

Knowing if she admitted Finley's identity, Sam's next question would concern the reason for his visit, she said, "No. Hit wa'n't Fin. Just some stranger a-ridin' by, stopped to pass the time o' day."

"Reckon I'll go around to the back an' change plow points 'fore dinner," Sam said. "Gonna break up that slough bottom tomorrow."

"Don't you do no suchin' thing," Granny said, moved by an ancient conviction that if disaster impended it would be somehow less terrible if postponed. "You set right here on this gallery, Sam Tucker, an' talk to yore poor ole Granny who don't no more ever get to talk to you than if you was a spook."

"You come on around to the back with me," Sam said gently. "I can listen-up while I'm doin' my little job."

"Go on then, hardhead. I ain't leavin' this gallery."

As he disappeared around the house, she thought, *Boy! Hit's fixin' to happen now!*

SHE was extremely excited, but also confident she could lie every piece of evidence out of existence. And with the mercilessness and insight of a little child, she smiled inwardly at the thought that Sam was helpless ever really to hate her. She knew he loved and understood her, understood her selfishness and heartlessness, her violent hunger to dominate, the blind compulsion that drove her to contrive the devastating little schemes to which she resorted as a defense against boredom.

Now Sam was back at the edge of the porch looking astonished. "What become of the plow?" he said.

"What plow?"

"Ourn. The only one we had."

"You mean it's gone?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't look at me like that. I certainly never et it."

Now Nona and Daisy were standing at the door, looking at Granny with cold, female suspicion.

"I reckon," Daisy said, employing one of Granny's phrases, "it just growed legs an' run off."

"There wasn't nobody come here besides the stranger on that mule?" Sam asked, worried.

"No. That is, 'cept'n a yeller nigger come by in a wagon an' drove through the back yard."

"An' you never watched him while he was there?" Nona said.

"No. I just set here on the gallery. Ain't as distrustful as some folks I know. 'Sides, I'm too old to be a-runnin' my legs off after ever' thievin' nigger that goes up the road."

"Papa," Daisy said, "you remember what become of your good eye-hoe an' Jim Ferguson."

Jim Ferguson had been a pet dominicker rooster. Granny had sold these items, Jim and the hoe, to passers-by and in the end had been caught.

Granny jumped out of her chair.

"Are you a-hintin' that what I'm sayin' ain't so, Miss Smart-Alecky Daisy?" Granny shouted, then, looking heavenward, said with melodramatic gestures, "'Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do.' 'F I'd ever a-called my ole granny a liar, she'd a-busted my behind with a board—an' a-been doin' right when she done it."

"Now everybody just calm down," Sam said. "Ain't no use in all these didoes. I got to find that plow. It'd take two weeks' work for me to pay for it, an' in the meantime us not have anything to eat on. Now, Granny, you ain't got any clue at all to where it went?"

"I already said that."

"All right, then. I'll go try to foller the tracks."

And leaving the battleground of the front porch Sam went back where the plow had been.

He could barely make out the wagon tracks on the hard ground, but the wagon had evidently contained the residue of a load of hay, and by the spilled wisps he trailed it to Henry Devers' back yard where he saw Henry on the steps cleaning his shotgun. At sight of Sam, Henry quickly fitted the gun back together and loaded it.

"Lo, Henry," Sam said. "D'you know anything 'bout that plow o' mine?"

"What you mean your plow? I bought Miss Edna's plow, if that's what you mean. Paid cash for it an' brought it home."

"Why, Henry, you ought to knowed that wasn't Granny's plow. Granny ain't got anything. That plow b'longed to my landlord."

"Well, it's mine now," Henry said, then, having seen and understood Finley's mission, he added, "lessen you want to get me my money back right away."

"How much did you give 'er?"

"Three six bits."

"I'll go get it."

But as he went, Sam was full of panic, for he realized now that the rider of the mule must surely have been Finley returning from a trip to the store for Granny. And if the money was gone, he had no way to replace it. He would be discredited with Mr. Ruston, his landlord, with whom Sam's arrangement was on a day-to-day basis, at wages of seventy-five cents, which Ruston could terminate at will. And, of course, if Sam went to him with any such story as this, Ruston would put the family off the place, which all of them by now had come to love and regard as home.

WHEN Sam got back to the porch, he asked Nona and the children to go into the house. Then in low tones, not angry, but desperate tones, he said, "Give me back Henry's three six bits so I can get the plow."

Granny leaped bolt upright.

"Three six bits! Why that scoun'l never give me but one measly dollar, Sam. Take a paralyzed oath on a cistern full o' Bibles. Idea o' him tellin' such a lie. Some folks got no more regard for the truth 'n if it was a nanny goat."

A few minutes later, confused and wretched, Sam went back to Henry's. Henry was still on the steps with his gun.

"She says it wasn't but a dollar," Sam said.

"Ever know Miss Edna to stretch things a little?" Henry inquired confidently, warmed by a feeling of respect for his own cunning.

"Yes, an' you too."

"If you want to get that plow back,

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you better treat me nice," Henry said threateningly. "If you get me that dollar you been talkin' about, I'll accept that as down payment."

Sam started to turn and leave, then stopped and said, "You didn't feel like you was takin' advantage of me, dealin' with Granny?"

Henry held the shotgun in both hands, his right hand near the trigger.

"We're talkin' about how you might could get your plow back if you do just right. You better study about rustlin' that down-payment dollar."

Back home Sam found Granny crawling out from under the house.

"Where's the dollar?" Sam said.

"Spent it, Sammy boy."

Sam was beaten. There was nowhere to turn.

"How could you do a thing like this?" he asked her in baffled desolation.

"Don't know, Sammy. I just done it. Just run out of somethin' else to do an' stirred up all this stink. Here, Sammy. Here's a plug o' chewin' I bought you with part o' my money. I never meant you no harm, boy. Just get into meanness 'thout half tryin'."

The scent of Granny's dee-flavored breath was scaldingly nauseous.

"Don't know what they're a-puttin' in that dee these days," Granny went on. "Tastes kinda like scrubbin' lye and then kinda like asfidity. You run on in the house, Sammy boy. I'm gonna step over to Henry's an' have a little talk about the plow."

Granny, had already thought of a way. She had hitched Weaver and Frisno Emma, Sam's mules, to a double-tree with a chain on the end of it and started to Henry Devers' where, just now, the family was at dinner. Granny felt sure the plow would be in the toolroom, which was built on the north side of the house. She had to hurry—a thunderstorm was obviously in the making.

When she got there, after holding up the chain the whole way so it wouldn't jangle, she found the room locked, but by carefully, as near silently as possible, prizing one of the wallboards loose with a broken leaf from an old automobile spring, she was able to fasten the chain from the doubletree to the clevis on the plow.

BUT hardly had this connection been securely made when Henry, having heard the rumble of thunder, came out to look at the sky and saw her. He ran to the tool shed and caught her, and, with the assistance of his wife and older children, dragged her into the house.

Henry was furious.

"Now, you old hellion," he said with great satisfaction, "your sins have found you out. Not only did you try to beat me out of a dollar, sellin' me a stolen plow, but you tried to steal it back from me. The evidence is all set and perfect. Minnie, phone for the constable."

"Just a minute, trash," the old woman said, drawing herself up to her full height. "When you get right down to it, maybe I ain't hono'ble nur holy. But I ain't no snivelin' little worm like you. Maybe I do kick up a ruckus now an' then, but I just do it for fun or 'cause I can't help it. An' you do it to be mean. But just put this in yore pipe an' smoke it an' inhale the smoke: if you lived a million years, you'd never get the best o' me—or that shore-nuff man, Sam Tucker. Just ain't got what it takes, Henry, ain't got the guts nur the sperit."

"Well, we'll just see about that," Henry said. Then turning to his wife as if she were the lord high executioner himself, he barked, "Ring for the law, Minnie."

And Minnie, herself outraged, grabbed hold of the receiver and spun the crank viciously. At the same moment a loud clap of thunder shook the house.

Down in the tool shed Weaver and Frisno Emma, startled out of their mule wits, leaped in fear and started for home, not only with the plow, but the telephone line and the north wall of Henry Devers' toolroom, picking up a section of Henry's yard fence en route.

At the unexpected and terrifying report of this timber-splitting, house-jarring thunder, everybody ran out of the dining room into the yard except Granny, who sneaked out through the kitchen. Once outside she picked up a stick of stovewood in her left hand, the hem of her dress in her right. Then murmuring, "See me through, God," and with skirt held high and war club waving, she started for home through that broken field of interceptors.

Seeing his prisoner in flight, Henry yelled, "Grab 'er an' throw 'er down," and darted after her.

Granny was too old to outrun a young man like Henry Devers. So, realizing herself to be almost overtaken as she passed through the open gate, she caught a fence post in her right hand, swung around short, and slapped Henry smartly on the forehead with her stick of wood.

For a moment, with thrilling satisfaction, she watched him buckle at the knees and go down. And now, being tired of running, anyway, she simply faced her remaining pursuers and began backing at walking pace toward home, her old eagle eyes flashing, and shouting, "Come in reach, you scalawags, and be smote by the wrath of the Lord!"

THAT afternoon when Henry, wearing a lump on his forehead the size of a biscuit, came after the missing portion of his toolroom, Sam, as it happened, was cleaning his rifle on the back steps. Granny, having some time since reached the saturation point, was sleeping off her dee, and trumpeting out shingle-shaking snores.

"Hi, Henry," Sam said.

"Lo, Sam. I've come after my stuff."

"Glad you did. Granny says tell you she's decided to drop her charges against you for buyin' stolen property. Says all she was doing was testing you out, an' now she's got your number an' that's all she wants. Says she's also decided not to prosecute you folks for jumpin' on her bodily and holdin' her a prisoner, though the law says you could all be hung for kidnaping."

"Oh, she did, did she? An' what about my dollar?"

"I guess you'll have to collect that from Granny, that an' all other payments you make to her on Mr. Ruston's tools."

And, restraining his laughter, Sam watched until Henry had loaded his somewhat battered toolroom wall onto the wagon and driven it home.

Then Sam racked his gun and went into the house and stood over the old woman, raucous even in sleep, and thought of the sea of trouble she'd made him and would yet make. He looked at the high grayish forehead, the slack cheeks, the chin and nose that seemed to try to curve into a junction in front of the pale old lips that her breathing waved almost like flags. And standing there, he realized he could never have loved her so much had she been always gentle or considerate, realized he had not just known her but been branded by her. She was his prodigal, the scourge of his household, the terror of his existence. Making sure none of the others were looking, he leaned over and kissed her gently on the forehead.

Then he went to the kitchen where the children, bending close over their plates, were gobbling stew.

And with huge appetite, Sam sat down, smiled gratefully at his wife for this marvelous repast, and said, "Pass it."

Ten Thousand Miles to Denver

Continued from page 15

don't often let that happen. Never you mind, Pa. Just gimme a broom, mister, and I'll—"

So suddenly that Ben jerked his head around and blinked at her, the girl said in a clear voice, "Come here."

They came and stood with their eyes fixed humbly on the girl's face; behind them, like a background painted by a crazy artist, was the table of freaks swimming in the haze of smoke and noise, watching languidly and contemptuously.

"Sit down," the girl said. Sanderson and Rodriguez glanced at them with indifference.

Feeling for their chairs because their eyes never left the girl, they sat down and Mr. Beanblossom started telling about a job he had lined up in Denver.

"A very good job," he said. "In a beer garden. The artists are allowed to sleep on the premises. Furthermore—"

"Bring 'em some supper," the girl told the bartender.

"—furthermore, the proprietor is said to be a splendid fellow, oh, a splendid man indeed. He is said to pay the help right on the line every Saturday night, and he is very lenient, too, about tips. That is the word I have had from my friend, who is a hypnotist, in his third successful season there. A remarkable job, for times like these. Those were his very words, ma'am, in his letter. It would give us a chance to settle down," Mr. Beanblossom said. "And maybe Jake could go to school like other kids."

The girl lit a cigarette. "Think you'd like to go to school, Jake?"

"A kid in Saigon was telling me all about it," the little boy said reverently. "I know just how a guy is supposed to act when he goes to school. I guess they'd let me come."

"Well, eat your supper," the girl said. They both ducked their heads in a jerky little bow and began eating industriously.

"They belong to the show?" Ben asked quietly.

"No," the girl said in a low voice, without moving her lips. "They followed the camp for a while, out of Saigon. He's a pitchman, I guess, of some sort. He had a gasoline flare, and some gadget or other he tried to sell the natives. I don't know. I wasn't paying any attention. But I used to notice the kid."

"They come down with you?"

The girl shook her head. "They must have dropped out a couple of weeks ago. I haven't noticed them around lately."

Ben raised his voice. "How'd you get back to the coast?" he asked the man.

"Oh. We came down the river," Mr. Beanblossom said. "The people in the villages were sometimes very kind, and once two native gentlemen gave us a lift for all one whole day in their canoe. You see . . . uh, business had been somewhat slack, yes, very slack indeed, and so one day when we had to . . . when it seemed advisable to sell our gasoline flare, that is, we talked it over and decided to start for Denver."

BEN turned to Sanderson: "You taking care of their passage? Can't leave 'em here, you know."

Sanderson seemed surprised. "They aren't part of the show," he said. Rodriguez looked bored.

The girl touched Ben's hand. "Isn't there something you can do?" she asked.

Still staring with veiled, cold eyes at Sanderson, Ben said: "Well, I'm only second mate of this packet. But I'll take 'em to the old man; with this bunch coming aboard we might need an extra messman. I'll find a place for the kid to sleep."

He got up. "Come on, you," he said to Sanderson and Rodriguez. "Get your crew together. Ship can't wait all night."

Walking with the girl, Ben started out with the noisy, straggling crowd of



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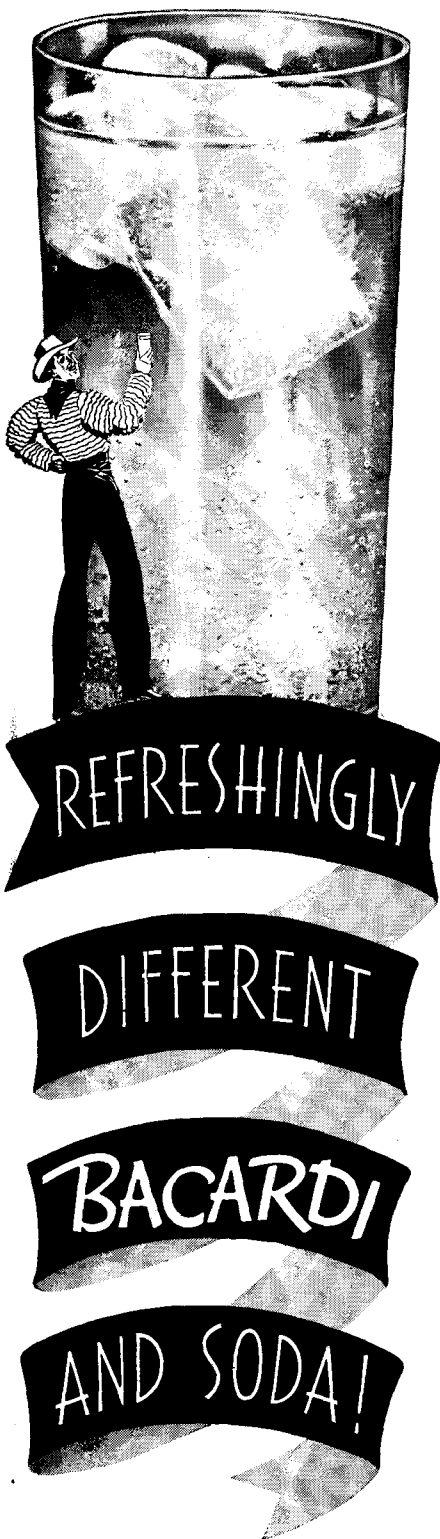
"ON YOUR MARKS! Get set! *Step on your starter!* When you do that *one job*, I start doin' *four!* Yep, four jobs—all at the same time!" says "Goldie."

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carnival people through the town and down to the wharf. Rodriguez tried to keep up with the girl, lugging his shiny new suitcase. It was so heavy that it made his thick shoulders sag grotesquely, but once, when one of the carnival workmen offered to carry it for a while, Rodriguez shook his head and said, "No, no. Never mind. I'll carry it myself."

Leading that weird procession down the wharf, Ben felt supremely silly; he stalked stiffly along, glaring savagely at the two or three of the Antietam's seamen who were loitering at the foot of the gangplank. He noticed that one of them stepped forward and touched his cap to Rodriguez. Ben heard him mutter, "Carry your bag, sir? It's five to three that one might slip going up the plank."

Rodriguez looked at him closely, grunted and let him take the suitcase. It struck Ben at the time as being queer—the seaman, Brauff, was a trouble-maker among the men, a sullen, cringing sea lawyer, and it was an odd thing to say. But he didn't pay it any attention, really. He had to stand with Sanderson, checking the people aboard. With a faint, malicious smile the girl passed him and went up the plank, while the juggler and his boy waited tremulously at one side.

Acutely conscious of the grinning faces of the crew lining the rail of the well deck above his head, Ben grimly watched his passengers go by: the giggling, squealing blondes, the dagger artist in his silk hat and Inverness cape, and Haba the Monkey Man, the Swiss glass blowers, the Georgia snake-boy, and the people of the fat show; the small, shy high-diving marvel, the ride help and the Hippo woman—all shambling past, one by one, in the glare of the cargo clusters high overhead where myriads of jungle insects whirled and died among the hot globes.

LATE the next afternoon, when he came down off watch, he happened to stop for a minute where the girl was leaning on the rail at the foot of the bridge ladder. It turned out that her name was Sara Maloney, and that she was the general cashier and bookkeeper of the carnival. It was somehow a surprising relief to him to find that she wasn't one of the show women, and he said impulsively:

"I knew you didn't really belong to that crazy, dirty outfit."

She drew back and stared at him. "What do you mean? Nobody belongs any more than I do. My mother and father were carnival people. Darned good ones, too. And I'm with a show because I like it. Even if it's only in the business wagon. Is that clear?"

"Yeah. Clear enough," he said.

In the angry silence, they could hear the breathing hiss and sigh from below, where the ship's rusty side slipped through foam-marbled water. Gazing down that plane of streaked plates and rivet heads, punctuated evenly with portholes, Ben watched while it tilted slowly outward and then back as a glassy hill slid under the keel and then creamed away to starboard.

"Oh!" the girl said suddenly.

Ben glanced up. The cruiser was now in sight from this sheltered bit of deck. They had been watching it from the bridge for the past hour.

The Antietam was wallowing laboriously along on a coastwise course. The land was to starboard, a long line of jungle, a vivid and brutal green in the level light of late afternoon. This cruiser was anchored away inshore.

"What is it?" the girl asked.

"Japanese scout cruiser," he said. "There are supposed to be quite a few of them around, just now. We've heard they've had fifty-two of them on the

prowl in these waters this past week. We've sighted a couple of others, but at night. Never saw one anchored, though, so close in. See, they're supposed to have sent them from their bases southward to these waters when—Hey!"

"What?" the girl said.

Ben didn't answer. Leaning out over the rail, he had happened to glance downward in time to see something queer at one of the portholes almost under his feet but a little way aft. It was as if someone were flashing a very bright light on and off inside that porthole—the eleventh on B corridor, starboard. He could see it winking, pale in the daylight, on the white-painted rim where the porthole was sunk into the side.

Leaning hastily still farther out, he could see a bit of the black, salt-crystallized glass itself, and it was blinking at measured intervals with staccato dazzles of radiance. *One-two-three-four-five*, he counted. *One-two-three . . . one*. He glanced hurriedly at the cruiser. It was dead abeam now, each detail very distinct in distance: the squat turrets, the guns, the scattered sparks of sun on brass. The face of the narrow gray conning tower was lifeless and blank of any response—but Ben was already on his way.

B corridor, starboard, was not empty. It was the main thoroughfare of the communal life of the carnival people, and as Ben strode into it he saw several people. The Georgia snake-boy leaned in a doorway, rolling a brown-paper cigarette; an untidy woman in a kimono was proceeding with dignity down the passageway to pay an afternoon call upon a friend, carrying a bottle of whisky and a pair of curling irons; two of the blondes, dressed for shipboard languor, passed him with sociable side-long glances on their way to the deck and a weirdly assorted crowd stood around an open door watching a poker game inside a stateroom.

Ben looked them over rapidly, and counting the portholes in his mind, tried the door behind which the eleventh lay. It was closed, but not locked; opening it suddenly, he went in. The stateroom

was empty. Some woman's things were lying about: a pair of stockings, washed in the sink and hung up to dry, a book, a pair of pink step-ins over the back of a chair. Turning, he spoke from the door to the Georgia snake-boy:

"Who just came out of this room?"

The snake-boy blinked, licked his cigarette into shape and said, "They's been lotsa folks back and forth, mister. I ain't been payin' no notice."

Turning back into the room, Ben was glaring at the pink step-ins when a cool voice spoke at his shoulder:

"What are you doing here?"

It was the girl—Sara. She had followed him, and now stood with a cigarette in her lips, looking at him with narrowed eyes.

"Whose room is this?" he snapped.

"Mine," Sara said. She walked past him, and calmly folding up the step-ins, tossed them into an open drawer. "Why?"

"Nothing," he said, and turned on his heel.

HE FOUND the old man on the bridge, watching the cruiser through his binoculars. Ben mentioned the business of the light to him, and though he purposely minimized it as some silly passenger's whim, the old man gnawed at the edges of his mustache. Ben could see that with those crates on his mind, anything unusual, however trivial, worried him.

"Damn that crowd of mountebanks, mister," he growled.

"Yes, sir," Ben said heartily.

Together they watched the cruiser, falling astern now. The conning tower was still inscrutable and blank of life.

But two hours after midnight, while Ben was pacing the weather-bridge wing, the young seaman who was standing lookout came across the bridge to him and said: "If you'd just look astern there, sir. I may be wrong, but—"

With the night glasses, Ben swept the horizon where the boy pointed. At first he could see nothing but a field of stars cut in two by the empty blackness of the sea horizon, but as he watched, a low-hanging star vanished suddenly and after awhile hesitantly reappeared.

Ben lowered the glasses, went into the



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darkened wheelhouse and pressed the captain's button.

The old man came up with his great-coat on over rumpled green pajamas. After a long look through the glasses, he turned his face to Ben, his mouth a thin, haggard line in the starlight.

"Something there," he said. "A ship running without lights would look like that, following our course. Attend to the ship, mister. I'll watch astern."

Half an hour later, he spoke again: "I think I'll want to talk to that girl in the morning, mister."

MR. BEANBLOSSOM, having finished washing the coffee mugs of the seamen's midnight lunch, scraped the leavings into a garbage pail and carried it out of the galley to dump it overboard. He had been signed on as a workaway, and made seamen's messman in place of one Griggys who had undertaken the heavier work of passengers' messman with visions of tips from the show people—an idea of which he was to be profanely disillusioned. Mr. Beanblossom worked as an artist, setting out the gray chunks of cold meat, condensed milk and the sugar for the midnight lunch, touching the food with respect.

As he stepped out of the galley, he stumbled over a small bundle huddled beside the doorway. It was Jake.

"Oh, you should be abed," Mr. Beanblossom said, peering. "Yes, long ago. This is no hour for you."

"Well, I couldn't sleep so good, Pa," Jake said. "I got to wondering if you was okay."

"Could you eat maybe a little something, son?" Mr. Beanblossom asked proudly. "There's some real nice cold mutton left. From Australia, it comes. Just think of that. And some bread and butter, too. In just a minute now, we'll come back and..."

They walked aft along the deserted decks to the fantail, where Mr. Beanblossom emptied his pail of slops over the taffrail. The wind was cold and they moved back into the shelter of the alleyway between the two poop deck-houses.

Filled with an awe of humble thanksgiving at the wonder of being allowed here, where there was always plenty, as much as anyone could eat, they gazed at the far, fading trail of sea fire which was their way to the promised land they had built in their minds. Hand clinging to hand, they were remembering the roads, the long roads, where they had been hungry, and where their feet hurt, and where so many times there'd been no place to sleep at night, out of the rain and the cold. But they were nearly at the end of the roads, now, they were on their way home. They stood there in the darkness, looking at the stars and the wake, dreaming silently of Denver.

And then, so suddenly and stealthily that each gave a little gasp, the vague figures of two men had come and were standing at the taffrail, at the stern flagstaff. They were silhouetted against the smudged moving radiance astern. They were carrying a heavy suitcase between them, and what looked like coils of line on their arms.

Jake recognized the suitcase. It was the brand-new one which that Mr. Rodriguez had lugged so carefully through the alleys. One of the shadowy figures muttered gruffly, "You set the clock-works?"

"Yeah. For ten minutes. Hurry up."

Swiftly, they heaved the suitcase to the rail and began lowering it with the lines. When it reached the water, the force of the wake carried it astern and the lines became rigid at a steep angle. There were three lines: one in the middle tied to the handle, and two much longer ones made fast to heavy straps at each end of the suitcase. They took a couple of turns around the base of the

flagstaff with the middle line, and then each had a coil left in his hand. The two free lines lay over the rail, now, and sagged down toward the suitcase dragging through the water.

Timidly, for fear that the gentlemen would see him and think he was intruding where he had no right to be, Mr. Beanblossom turned to tiptoe deeper into the alleyway. But Jake hesitated for a minute, and heard one of the men growl, "This'll fix the old tub. She won't go more'n another mile."

"Yes, yes," the other whispered hoarsely. "But let's go, let's go."

They separated and started forward, one along the port rail, one along the starboard, uncoiling their lines as they walked, paying them over the rails and out of sight. The two lines made a long bridle from the hanging suitcase. When they had vanished around the corners of the deckhouse, Jake darted out of his concealment to peer around a corner. He saw the man who had gone up this side. He was now quite a way forward. He had stopped and was hauling his line taut. It seemed hard, straining work, and Jake realized that, with the other man, on the other side of the ship, doing the same with his side of the bridle, the suitcase was being hauled up as close as it could go under the fantail, against the rudder.

The man began making the line fast to the rail. And Jake saw suddenly that they weren't going to get to Denver, after all—these men were doing something that would stop the ship, and they wouldn't get to Denver. It wasn't for himself, he didn't mind, he'd get along okay; it was his old man he was thinking about. His old man had set his heart on Denver. Jake had watched the dream in his eyes.

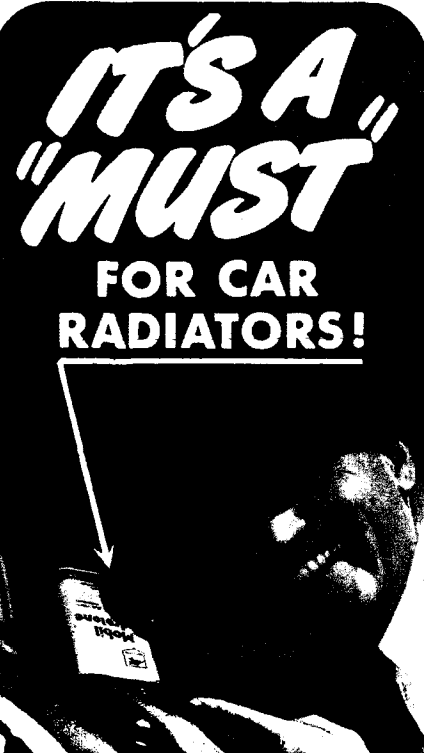
A second later, he was whispering urgently, fumbling at his father's pockets: "Give me your knife, Pa. Your knife. Your knife..."

AND then he was at the taffrail, picking at the knot the men had tied with the middle line around the flagstaff. It was too hard for his fingers, and he began to saw at the line with the rusty old knife the juggler used to toss in the air. It finally frazzled through, and fell looping into the darkness. But the two bridle lines were taut now—he could see them far below, a dim rigid V in the boiling smother.

From the corner of the deckhouse, he saw that the man he had watched was gone. He ran forward along the rail and got to work. His father was hovering over him, making little wringing motions with his hands and moaning, "But, son, what will the gentlemen—" The taut line parted with a snap and Jake heard a man's voice say from the other side of the ship, "Hey! What the hell! What's—" in a harsh, strangling whisper. There was a rushing thud of feet from the far side of the deck, and Jake crouched down with the knife ready.

But it was Mr. Beanblossom who, whirling to flee, stopped suddenly as swift, pounding thrusts of flame flickered in the darkness beside him. With a surprised and bewildered look on his face, he blinked, and then crumpled apologetically to the deck. Jake heard the thudding feet stop quickly, and hoarse voices ragged with panic almost above him. Then they went away, running, but he wasn't paying any attention. He was holding his father's face between his two hands, shaking it, imploring: "Pa! What have they done to you? Pa! Pa!"

BEN, plunging down the bridge ladder and racing aft along the deck, smashed violently into a dark, hurtling figure and as they both went down clawing and fighting had a swift glimpse of the face of the seaman, Brauff, contorted with



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terror. As Brauff's hand raked at his throat, Ben wrenched an arm free and sledged his fist to the knotted jaw. Twice. The man sprawled loosely and lay still.

He left him lying there and ran on aft, toward where the shots had come from. He could make Brauff talk later. Behind him, amidships, he heard the shrill, sleepy crowd noises of the aroused ship, and other running feet were pounding somewhere. Stopping abruptly when he nearly stumbled over them, he stared down at the juggler and his boy, and then at the bit of white log line knotted to the rail, with an end dangling over-side.

"What's this?" he said.

The boy looked up at him with dazed eyes.

"There's another one over there," he mumbled, pointing.

Ben crossed the deck to the opposite rail, from which the one remaining line stretched away tautly into the darkness, pointing astern and a little off the side, among the tumbling waters of the wash. As he stared, the darkness, just there, split with a malignant stab of flame, cold because seen through several feet of sea water. There was a dull jar that he felt in his teeth. The line fell slack.

He heard the little boy sobbing alone in the darkness.

AN HOUR later, on the bridge, the old man said:

"Well, anyway, mister, Brauff talked enough to hang 'em both. You must have, er, interviewed him pretty thoroughly before you brought him along to me."

Ben worked his shredded and swollen knuckles inside his pockets, and said nothing.

"I dare say the authorities ashore will find ways to make the other one talk, too, when the time comes," the old man said.

"I didn't have time, sir," Ben said. "Besides, the corridor was crowded when we hauled him out."

"Curious that he didn't try to shoot when you and Mr. Brady burst in on him. With the gun in his hand, and all."

"He was trying to get the porthole open, to throw it out," Ben said. "We moved fast."

"Very unpleasant fellow, that Rodriguez," the old man said. "Why did he break into another passenger's state-room to do his signaling?"

"His is on the port side," Ben said.

They were leaning on the bridge rail, watching the scout cruiser. She had switched on her lights a minute after the bomb went off, and raced up abreast. Now, as the Antietam kept wallowing sedately along on her course, the cruiser was still hanging around off there, a mile abeam, in a puzzled sort of way.

The old man grinned faintly. "It wasn't a bad scheme of theirs. They wouldn't dare to stop us, but if it hadn't been for that boy we'd have had our rudder knocked off, at least, by that time bomb. And they right here to crowd in and salvage us."

The cruiser wistfully kept company with them until dawn, and then sheering off, went foaming away to the south-eastward.

The old man sighed, and closed his eyes for a minute. "By the way, mister," he said, "is the little boy being well cared for?"

"Yes, sir," Ben said. "A young lady passenger took charge of him. Name of Sara. That is, a Miss Maloney."

"Ah," the old man said.

ALL the anchorages along that coast are the same: a river reach, somewhere, shining and stinking in the sun, the wall of the jungle and the shimmering heat. At this one, the next afternoon, they had swayed the last of those big crates out of the hold and down into lighters clamorous with gay and ribald Australian voices, when Ben, sweaty and smirched with dust, came up from Number Three hatch and saw the girl. He wondered how long she had been leaning on the forward rail there, looking down at him.

"How's Jake?" he asked.

"He's asleep."

He hesitated a moment. "After Singapore, what happens to him?"

She said quietly, "Seems to me he's done enough to get to Denver. I'm going to see that he does get there."

"Good for you, Sara," he said. "But—"

"Maybe I could get a job in Denver, too," she said.

"—but it's inland," he said.

"Yes."

"Ships don't ever put in there. Not this ship."

She looked at him steadily, but didn't say anything.

"Never mind," he said. "We've got ten thousand miles to talk that over."

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ROGER: You're flying high these days, even on the ground! Been eating yeast again?

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ROGER: Maybe I will. I used to eat yeast, and I never felt so swell in my whole life. But I didn't like the taste.

PAT: Taste? Say, in tomato juice, it tastes like oven-fresh bread! I drink it twice a day, and I stick with it, too. That's the way to get the full benefits of yeast. Why don't you buy a week's supply? It keeps perfectly in the refrigerator. Go ahead, and get a flying start on that flying-high feeling! Get these vitamins this natural way.

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Four times most valuable player in his long minor-league career, Mike Ryba is a big-league rookie—at 36

One-Man Team

By Bob Considine

Mike Ryba can take any job in a ball park but the umpire's, and he may try that. Baseball is a vacation with pay to Mike, a fugitive from both the Cardinal chain and the coal mines

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

TOM Yawkey, the Red Sox owner, purchased a full-fledged ball club last fall for the piddling sum of \$15,000. And if you don't think that's news, you're crazy. Because before that \$15,000 purchase Yawkey had spent a little over \$4,000,000 in a heroic effort to buy the Sox out of fourth place in the American League.

The fire-sale club Yawkey bought for \$15,000 is named Dominic Joseph Ryba. It, or he, is a 36-year-old Pole with two bright gold teeth, a squarish head and the deep facial seams any man would have after thirteen years of imprisonment with the St. Louis Cardinals chain gang.

He is unique in baseball history. Because Dominic Joseph Ryba, who is called Mike, is a fine pitcher, a splendid catcher, a responsible first baseman, an agile second baseman, a roving short-

stop, a dynamic third baseman, a sure-handed left fielder, a ball-hawk center fielder and a right fielder known for his fielding and throwing.

What is more, he has behind him a career as a successful minor-league manager, coach, trainer, traveling secretary, ticket-taker, house mother and chauffeur. Mike knows that old wheeze about the tragedy of being master of none of the trades of which he is jack. But he isn't worried about it. For he is good enough at any position to make a pretty good living in baseball.

Mike is a poor-kid ballplayer, grown old. That is, kids usually play any or all positions. The only kid who snags a regular post, as a rule, is the kid who owns the ball. He's the pitcher. But the kids who can't afford a ball keep shifting around. Of course, if they stay in baseball they begin to specialize, after

the importance of ownership of the ball itself begins to fade. And if they decide to become pitchers, 999 out of 1,000 of them will shun every other department of the sport, even to such necessities as hitting the ball, running the bases and fielding the position.

Mike never had enough to buy a ball, and he never got around to specializing, though he has been playing baseball seriously for a quarter of a century. He got his first baseball job as a pitcher, then turned catcher when he was needed behind the plate, then played the other positions, then did such things as pitch the first game of a double-header and catch the second, then play first base for three innings, third base for the next three and relieve in the box for the final three. And when he pitches he has the quaint notion that he should go up to the dish with his teeth gritted, when it is his turn to bat, and try with all he's got to get on base. He even steals bases, when the opportunity offers itself. Pitchers don't like Mike. He sets an intolerable example for them.

He must be near the end of his playing rope, but Mike gives off a golden leer and scoffs at such a suggestion. He's five or six years beyond the so-called prime of a ballplayer, and he had an early life that would have spavined a brass mule. But last year Mike had the greatest of his many great minor-league seasons. He won twenty-four games and lost only eight for Rochester, of the International League. And he made good his escape from the Cardinal chain when Yawkey bought him for that \$15,000 and Al Brazle, one of the club's minor-league pitchers.

A Really Valuable Man

Mike's gifts are so varied that he might become a most valuable man to a very uncertain Boston team. But being "most valuable" wouldn't be a novelty to Mike. Four times Mike was named the most valuable man in his league. The teams were Scottsdale, of the Middle Atlantic League, in 1930; Springfield, Missouri, of the Western Association, in 1931; Columbus, of the American Association, in 1935, and last year he lacked only one vote of becoming the unanimous choice as the most valuable player in the International League, for his work with Rochester.

That's a record, but the baffling thing about the way Ryba did it was that sometimes he was recognized as most valuable for his catching, sometimes for his pitching, and his batting always played a role in swaying the jury.

In winning the International League's Most Valuable award last season—with a record of 24-and-8—Mike pitched in 37 games and worked 274 innings. He pitched 25 complete games, more than any thrower in the tough Class AA league. He pitched five shutouts, struck out 123 men and walked only 53 batters. Nobody was close to him in the polling.

For some impossible reason Mike wasn't named "most valuable" in 1934, while with Springfield. That year Mike won 14 games and lost two, to lead the Western Association in pitching percentage. He caught 110 games and hit .327 and led the league in runs driven in. Played a little outfield, too. And oh, yes, he managed the club and won the pennant. And served as road secretary, took the box-office count each day, sometimes collected tickets, rubbed the sore muscles of his athletes and drove

(Continued on page 60)

Sensational New Kind of Liquid Cleaner



QUICKER, EASIER WAY TO MORE EXQUISITE BEAUTY

Now . . . Simoniz Kleener in liquid as well as paste form. Made possible by a marvelous new principle of formulation. Use the type you prefer!

Saves Work—Saves Finish

You've never tried any liquid that cleans so quickly and easily . . . bringing back all the glorious beauty cars have when brand-new. Put it on . . . let it dry . . . wipe it off. Easy as one . . . two . . . three!

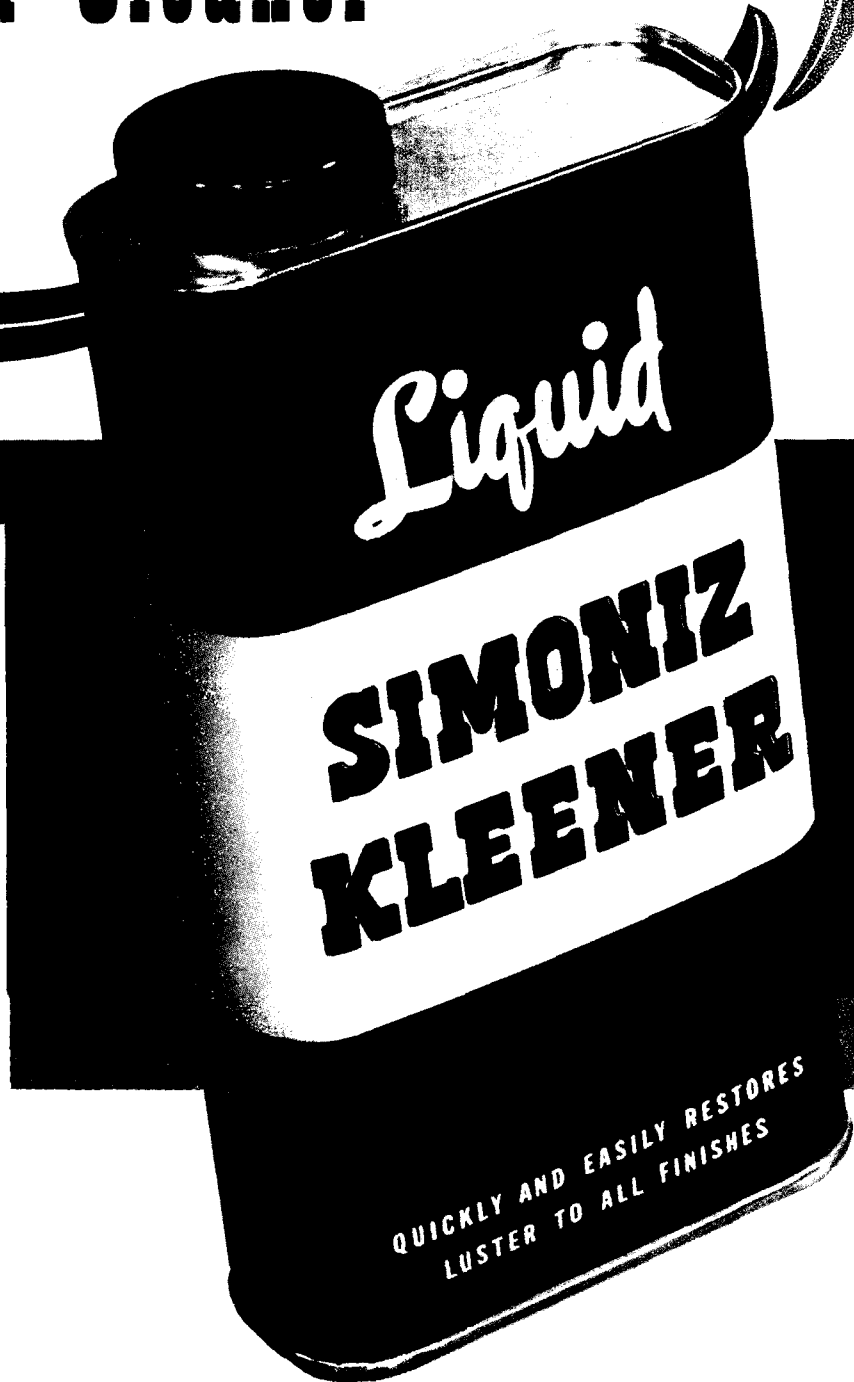
For Quick Slick-Up

That's where liquid Simoniz Kleener shines. Besides, the beauty you get with liquid Simoniz Kleener lasts longer. Because it cleans more thoroughly than any "polish" or "cleaner-wax."

For Permanent Beauty then Apply Simoniz!

Simoniz is something every car should have. It protects and preserves the finish, keeping it forever beautiful. So, Simoniz your car . . . the sooner the better!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.



MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

Liquid Simoniz Kleener is ideal for cars in average condition. The paste form is recommended for all cars, including those extremely dull or discolored. Both do a swell job!



Get your Car ready

Summertime is playtime for you. But longer evenings, free weekends and your two-weeks-with-pay mean overtime for your car. Let Preventive Service build it up for its extra hours—and you'll roll with the breeze!

And why not prepare your car for summer? You take lots of time and money to outfit yourself with new clothes . . . a new set of golf clubs, perhaps . . . a new swimming suit; whatever it is you need for fun. Your car is part of that fun. A few dollars spent on it now will protect your investment in those other things as well as give you the peace of mind and real kick that come from driving a sweet-running car!

And speaking of peace of mind, remember that no matter how careful you are, the unexpected often happens—so a very real part of Preventive Service is insurance.

It is a fact, too, that America's 337,000 automobile dealers and service stations are interested in seeing you get all the health and enjoyment you hope for in these next few months. They have stepped up their tune-up and check-up equipment to give your car the help it needs. And they have gone out of their way to add to your own personal comfort with clean and well-appointed rest-rooms.

Cars Can Feel The Heat, Too

"Keep cool" is good summertime advice for cars as well as for humans. Because that is true, and because of all the driving

INSPECT
SPARK PLUGS, COIL,
DISTRIBUTOR,
WIRING AND
BATTERY

TUNE-UP
YOUR
ENGINE

for Summer Driving

you'll do in the heat that's ahead, a pre-summer tune-up is particularly vital.

The temperature inside the engine of an automobile is hotter than the hinges of you-know-what. But your engine must not be allowed to run a fever.

You have a miniature water-works in your car to help maintain normal temperature. It is the cooling-system. During each minute the engine is running, 20 gallons of water should rush through the radiator, be cooled by the air the fan sucks through the radiator, and then return to the hot engine. There is a pump, driven by the fan-belt, to keep the flow of gallonage up to par.

If it is to do its duty, your cooling-system—which includes hose connections and thermostats as well as radiator, pump, fan and fan-belt—must be clean, tight and in all-around perfect order. Because, obviously, it is more difficult to keep an engine cool in summer than during the cold winter weather. So a cooling-system check-up should be made now.

Now, Here's Real Heat!

The cooling-system is designed to dissipate a tremendous amount of heat. For instance, the business-ends of the spark plugs get close to 1400 degrees Fahrenheit at 60 miles an hour. And the heat has only 1/40 of a second to pass off through the porcelain, body and gaskets to the cooling-system. Any delayed action here quickly runs up your engine's temperature beyond the point where the cooling-system can compensate.

Similar extremes of heat occur in other parts of the engine. And similar split-second relief from it must take place if you are to avoid overheating. Spark plugs, valves, manifold, timer, distributor and carburetor should all be scientifically tested and adjusted by your service man in order to get your car ready for summer.

Lubrication Does More Than Save Wear

Combustion, however, is only one source of heat. Its twin brother is friction. When your car travels forward at 40 miles an hour, each piston makes more than 2,000 up-and-down round trips an hour. Unless you have enough oil of the right quality in your crankcase, excess friction will develop. Friction produces heat—the kind of heat that burns out bearings, causes pistons to "seize," and otherwise plays havoc with a good engine.

Be sure you have the correct summer-type oil for your car . . . keep it up to the correct level at all times . . . and always keep it clean by replacing the oil-filter element when necessary.

Regular chassis lubrication is important during the summer months, too. Also have your service man check the type and amount of lubricant in the transmission, clutch, front-wheel bearings, universal joints and all other lubricated parts.

Look At Your Tires

With the problem of engine heat well in hand, turn to your tires and tubes. Trouble with them was once the most frequent of summer complaints. And while they now cost less and give you more trouble-free service than they did ten years ago, you've

still got to give them Preventive Service in hot weather. Check for weak spots and signs of baldness. Have your wheels aligned to prevent wasteful wear. And keep your tire-pressure at the point recommended for your car. Incidentally, check the pressure when your tires are cool.

These pointers are the springboard of Preventive Service for summer. You'll find more in the booklet *Collier's* offers. Take advantage of them and of your service man's knowledge and willingness—and here's to a swell time this summer!

Send for the booklet "Questions and Answers on Tune-up for Summer Driving." It tells you the inside story of your automobile. Enclose 6 cents to cover cost of handling and mailing. Address Preventive Service, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

TEST
YOUR LIGHTS
AND WIPERS

CHECK
WHEEL
ALIGNMENT

CHECK
YOUR BRAKES
AND
TIRES

PROTECT
THE
FINISH

CHECK OIL,
LUBRICATION
AND FILTERS

P.S.

PREVENTIVE SERVICE

Sponsored by Collier's
for Motor Car Owners

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

cities, military and manufacturing centers and routes of communication and transportation. And it has been proposed that aircraft be used to drop poisonous gases not only on the enemy's troops but also behind the lines and in the centers of population, to the same extent that long-distance bombing will be carried on. The bombs carried may not be limited to explosives and poisonous gases, but may possibly be loaded with germs to spread disease and pestilence. Without limitations on the uses of aircraft in warfare a nation fighting with its back to the wall cannot be expected to omit to use desperate means to stave off defeat. The uses of aircraft in warfare would then be limited only by the inability of human ingenuity to conceive further uses for this new agency of destruction."

IT WILL take more than this modest item to put at rest the controversy that American military airplanes sent to England are insufficiently equipped to participate in the battle of Britain. But until such time as we can go into the matter thoroughly, with documentary evidence and statistics, you should take our word for it that the French and British knew they did not represent our latest and best models when they bought them in the frantic days before the fall of France. Anything with wings was in demand and when our government released certain types that had been in service for a year or more those types represented the best in the world at the time they were designed and built—some as far back as five years ago.

The latest and hottest American stuff now being turned out represents designs later than the Spitfires and Messerschmitts, the Wellingtons and Heinkels that are operating in large numbers. They are heavily armor-plated, have leakproof tanks, bulletproof glass, higher caliber guns and heavier bomb capacities. These types, now being built for the Army and Navy and the R.A.F.,

have not gotten over in sufficient numbers to make themselves felt. But they're on their way.

BOMBERS are getting bigger, and more electrically operated devices are constantly being added, with the result that something had to be done to relieve the batteries of the ever-increasing demand upon them. Bigger batteries could solve the problem but that means more weight and airplane engineers loathe that word weight.

One storage battery is provided for each engine in a four-engine bomber. Each battery weighs 75 pounds, and each is fed by a generator hooked onto the engine. But it takes a lot of juice to turn over those mighty engines and to operate radio transmitters, instruments and other accessories while on the ground. Consequently, under heavy load they are good for about 11 minutes and that at low voltage. You know what happens to your automobile battery if you sit on the starter for any length of time or forget to turn your lights off at night. Dead battery in the end.

So Air Corps development experts are well under way with an auxiliary power plant to be carried in the plane. Its total weight will be 100 pounds, complete with fuel and oil for one hour's running, and it will produce continuously 175 amperes at 28½ volts, 5 kilowatts and 7½ kilowatts intermittently for five minutes. This type unit then would provide continuous power for starting engines and ground operation of all accessories and, though not normally used in flight, would provide an emergency source of power in case of failure of the engine-driven generators.

Various types already have been experimented with and it has always intrigued city people, standing near a big bomber making ready to depart, to hear a muffled chug-chug seeping through the ship. Country people understand. They hear it from the little lighting-plant shed back of the house. F. R. N.



"Imagine that—a member of the Signal Corps and he can't even catch the waiter's eye"

ROBERT DAY

WOLF'S HEAD
MOTOR OIL
AND LUBES

100% Pennsylvania

35¢ a Quart

Japan through the Looking Glass

Continued from page 17

Sensational
WESTFIELD
WATCH VALUESSo beautiful
no one would ever
dream they cost
so little!America's lowest-priced
fine watch is

WESTFIELD

BETTER BUILT...
BETTER STYLED...
LOWER PRICED!

Westfield Watch Company, Fifth Avenue, New York

over the poor quality of the rice finds himself locked up in jail for three days without food. At the end of that time, he is let out with the question, "Don't you find that the quality of the rice has improved?"

Practically every day there is an article in one of the newspapers discussing the rice question. "Rice to the Japanese," says one, "seems to be more a religion than a necessity. That men must eat rice and rice alone is not written in any book. A New Structure must be based on a new national method of living. This is more important than political or other reforms."

The more expensive brands of cigars and cigarettes have been done away with to "relieve the shortage of cheaper brands." A week or two often goes by when it is impossible to buy either "Hikaris" or "Cherries," the two most popular cigarettes. The tobacco monopoly's bland answer to that is a claim that there has been no reduction in output, the shortage is due merely to an increased demand.

The government authorities have taken smoking in hand also by enlisting the support of the National Spiritual Mobilization Headquarters in a campaign to induce moderation in the consumption of tobacco by inveterate smokers and abstinence on the part of minors and women. Smoking during working hours or on the street is frowned upon and those who smoke are ticked off for flouting the spirit of the New Structure.

But Try to Buy It

October 7, 1940, was the date originally set for the ban on the sale of all luxury goods. In the end, at the pleas of the merchants, an extra year's grace was allowed. But the prices are now fixed by the government, and luxuries may be sold only under special license, which means to foreigners. An obi, (sash) for instance, cannot be sold for more than one hundred yen. Those of best quality have therefore been put away to be sold if and when the laws are changed. The same has happened with other expensive goods. In some cases, they are still left on display but when it actually comes to purchasing them it turns out to be impossible for obscure reasons. A young diplomat looking at a cabinet for phonograph records was told by the shop clerk that he had better make a decision immediately because, next month, it would be half price. To an Occidental mind that didn't make good sense, but he eventually caught the point—next month the cabinet wouldn't be for sale.

Several large department stores have closed and the buildings have been taken over by the government for offices. In keeping with the spirit of the times, the display windows show only the cheapest, least gaudy wares. Nothing must be done to tempt the purchaser. (Women's hats, for instance, must be either black, brown or navy blue and of only one model: a round, schoolgirl type with rolled brim, not exactly becoming to Japanese faces.) According to the newspapers, a salubrious effect is evident as a result of the luxury ban—people are now proud to wear old clothes and happy to flaunt patches instead of expensive finery.

The people who aren't either proud or happy to disport themselves in worn or mended garments are usually cautious enough to do so. Women who appear in the streets too expensively dressed run the risk of being slapped

by some ardent patriot or being handed a ticket by a member of one of the feminine organizations. Usually, a girl who is handed such a ticket takes it meekly and walks on, but sometimes spirit is shown, as when one girl thus approached handed the card back, saying, "I am a weaver and happen to know that there is a difference of about one hundred thirty yen between the price of your clothes and mine." Many girls have adopted the practice of saving their tickets. The one who has the most is acknowledged by her friends to be the best-dressed woman in her circle!

The Ladies Rebel

It is impossible to buy a yard of pure silk in Tokyo. The foreigners who need to replenish their wardrobes or who are furnishing houses must send to Shanghai for dresses, upholstery or curtain materials. The same is true when it comes to purchasing sheets or towels. The natives make out with a staple fiber material known as *sufu*, which has only one quality—unexpectedness. Sometimes it shrinks to half size, sometimes it stretches and sometimes it just disappears.

The Japan Women's Federation actually dared to stage a revolt against *sufu* and called a meeting inviting many government officials and representatives of textile manufacturers to be present. There was an exhibit of 86 *sufu* garments sent in from all over the country, 82 of which had been rendered completely useless by one washing. *Sufu*, the woman said, was not any good for baby clothes, not only because of its poor durability but also because it wasn't absorbent. Therefore, they added, the government's campaign to popularize the material was inconsistent with its earnest drive to increase the birth rate.

Faced with such arguments, the authorities gave in to the determined ladies by giving assurance that more liberal amounts of cotton would be allowed for particularly vulnerable articles such as socks, shirts, students' uniforms and baby clothes. The newspapers termed this surrender "A disorderly retreat from the *sufu* battle line."

Sufu, however, found one champion. He was a villager called Mr. Taguchi, who, after spending a convivial evening in an inn, took a short cut home with two friends by way of a railroad line. Due to poor timing, they were just halfway across the bridge when an express thundered down on them. Mr. Taguchi took a dive just outside the tracks as near the brink as possible while his chums sagged onto the rails. They were picked up later in baskets, but as the train whistled by our hero a protruding rod swooped him up by the knapsack on his back, depositing him at the other end of the span when the *sufu* strap gave way. "I picked myself up," related Mr. Taguchi when he'd caught his breath, "and made a deep bow to that knapsack strap which saved my life. I wasn't hurt and I had never before realized that *sufu* was such fine stuff in times of emergency."

September 16th has been set aside as a date for honoring the rabbits who have given up their skins to keep the army warm. Prayers are to be sent up yearly for the eternal repose of the souls of these heroes who are doing their bit for the Fatherland. "Dog Day" will no doubt come next, for, by order of the Ministry of Forestry and Agriculture, the canine population is to be cut down

SANI-FLUSH CLEANS OUT
RADIATORS TOO!

You'll probably find Sani-Flush in your house. Use it for flushing out rust and scale that clog your car radiator. 10c worth can save power and repair bills! (It costs 25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (Directions on can.) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS OUT RADIATORSBACKACHE,
LEG PAINS MAY
BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



with the triple objective of using the hides for soldiers' shoes and gloves, and thus relieving the leather shortage, of saving rice and of protecting the public from mad dogs.

Only diplomatic, government, army and navy cars are allowed an unlimited supply of gasoline. No private cars are permitted on the streets unless they have been converted for charcoal consumption or other gasoline substitute. Seventy per cent of the busses now run on charcoal—that is, they do when they can get charcoal. When the authorities passed this law it seemed a brilliant idea; they didn't figure on the charcoal shortage that occurred last winter.

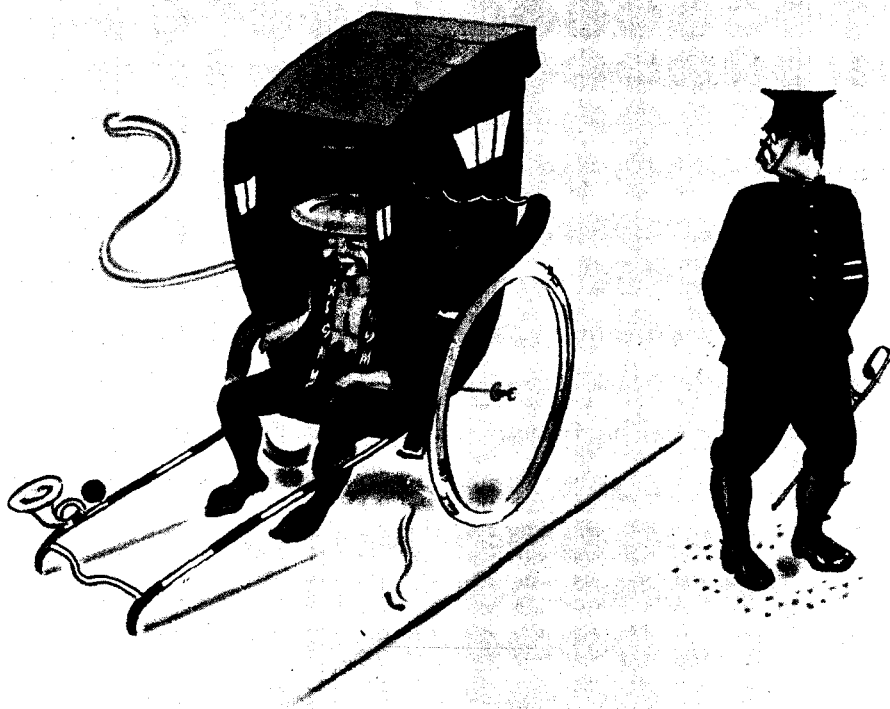
Sightseeing busses are prohibited, no matter what they burn, and taxis are rationed to seven gallons of gasoline a month. As a result, taxi drivers refuse to carry a fare farther than a few blocks, a run which takes much longer than it would to cover it on foot because the driver turns off the motor every few yards with the naive idea of saving fuel. With truly touching faith, he will usually even try to coast uphill. Pressure has been brought to bear on all hacks not to convey their fares to theaters, race tracks or other places of amusement and none may go within a block of a licensed quarter.

For over two years now the general adoption of a national uniform has been urged. It is khaki and looks very much like a soldier's uniform except that it bears no insignia. Somehow, the idea hasn't taken on as well as the authorities had hoped. The Hochi newspaper came forth with the theory that if neckties were prohibited, the strange reluctance of the public to clothe itself in khaki would be overcome. This brilliant inspiration came to the writer of the article like a bolt from the blue while on a train eavesdropping on a conversation between university students. "Appalling as it may seem," he cried, "during this period of a great national emergency, the youths were chattering about nothing more significant than the color and design of neckties." In a flash he knew why the national uniform was spurned. The Japanese treasure sack coats and don't want to abandon foreign-style clothes, and they regard neckties as cultural symbols indispensable with sack coats. Abolish neckties and the problem is solved!

However, the government is convinced that all subjects of the emperor will be in uniform within a year or two, and to encourage them it has been ruled that national uniforms will be regarded as correct attire on all formal occasions such as shrine and temple festivals, weddings, funerals and other functions both public and private. Protocol has been readjusted by the imperial household to permit the wearing of uniforms on all informal occasions within the palace grounds, including garden parties and informal receptions. Morning coats, however, will still have to be worn by those granted a formal audience with the emperor and on occasions when tribute is paid to the sanctuaries. Special badges are to be provided, which can be pinned on to the tunic of the uniform to proclaim what type of dress the wearer would ordinarily wear. A black badge, for example, will indicate that he is dressed for a funeral. A red one, that he is all togged out for a wedding and so on straight through to sports clothes.

Women also are to be put into uniform. The Welfare Ministry called a series of meetings with representatives of the War, Navy, Commerce and Industry, Agricultural and Forestry ministries, the Imperial Household Department, the Cabinet Information Bureau, the National Spiritual Mobilization Headquarters, the Clothing Association and the Japan National Uniform Association (no halfway measures for the Japanese) for the purpose of designing a simple uniform for women. The idea was to save material and promote increased interest in national-defense projects among women. The details of style and design were to be left to committees of more or less qualified experts who were expected to put their heads together and work out a little model combining the best features of European and Chinese styles. The kimono, it was decided, would not do as a basic model, the long sleeves requiring too much material and the skirts having a tendency to come open in front. It had already been necessary to set a movement on foot to force women to wear baggy pants when bicycling because, it was said, the sight of their kimonos flying open too often led young men into delinquency.

To date, the combined efforts of ten



Smoking during working hours is frowned upon and those who indulge are likely to be ticked off

PULL A WHEEL

It takes only a few minutes for a brake expert to pull a wheel and get the real inside information on the true condition of the brakes on a car or truck. It's the sure, safe way. If everything is okay—you're soon on your way. If, however, parts or brake lining are badly worn—it's better to know the facts and have repairs made before serious damage or an accident occurs.

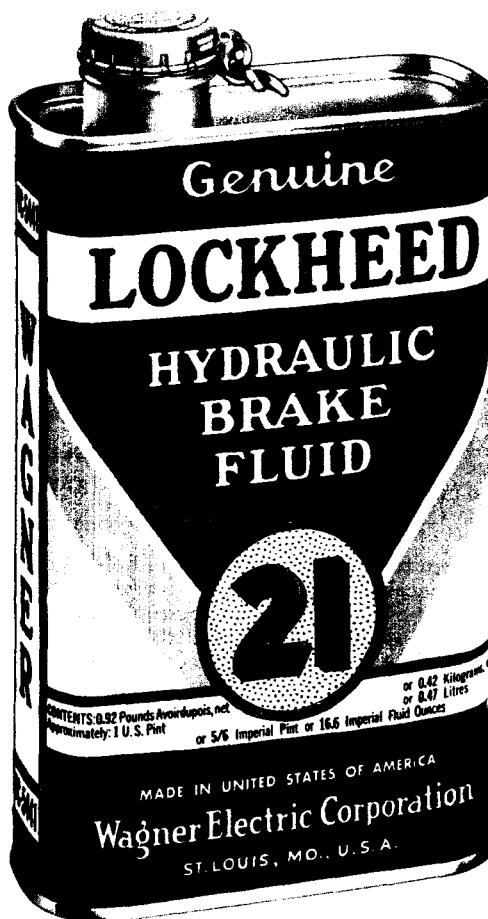
Pulling a wheel may disclose that grease retainers or hydraulic brake wheel cylinders and parts need attention. It may also show that the brake lining is worn down to the rivets to the point of scoring the brake drums and causing faulty brakes.

It is equally important to have the brake expert check the master cylinder as well as the wheel cylinders. If parts are badly worn you can save time by specifying the installation of complete all-new, factory-built and factory-inspected master cylinder and wheel cylinder



assemblies. You can't make a better investment in practical safety insurance. Also ask the service man to check the level of the fluid in the brake system.

If fluid is needed--FOR SAFETY'S SAKE specify WAGNER LOCKHEED No. 21 HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID



The small cost of having a master cylinder filled to the correct level with No. 21 Fluid is negligible compared with the added safety gained. And one filling lasts a long time.

21 IS AN ALL-WEATHER YEAR-ROUND FLUID

No. 21 is recommended for all hydraulic brakes. It retains its highly efficient qualities under all driving conditions. It completely and properly mixes with all other approved fluids, furnishes necessary lubrication for working parts of the hydraulic brake system, and in general, preserves the essential characteristics of the entire system.

FOR ALL CARS and TRUCKS

Behind this quality product are sixteen years of Wagner development and research. No. 21 is used by car manufacturers, and is recommended for the service needs of all cars and trucks having hydraulic brakes.

For safety's sake—why not have your car checked TODAY! There is a station near you. Automotive Parts Division, WAGNER ELECTRIC CORPORATION 6400 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. (In Canada: Wagner Brake Service Company, Ltd., Toronto).

H 41-B

Wagner

LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS and FLUID...
AIR BRAKES...CoMaX BRAKE LINING...NoRoL...TACHOGRAPH

ministries, bureaus and departments, plus the various committees, have not been sufficient to decide on the perfect uniform. The machinery was set in motion last July; by November the Welfare Ministry had threatened to put an end to the bickering among the females by running up a little number itself, but it also has failed to find a solution to this serious problem concerning national welfare.

The New Structure allows no place for amusement or relaxation. Restaurants, bars and ice-cream parlors must be closed by ten at night. Japanese restaurants have a rule that rice and geishas can't be provided at the same meal: a patron pays his money and takes his choice. No liquor may be served before five in the afternoon. The New Grand Hotel in Yokohama has a sign reading, "We regret that owing to the new regulations the bar will be open at five." The patrons also have cause for regret as the only liquor served is native. This is due to the fact that the law forbids charging more than fifty sen a glass for any drink. It's a simple manner of doing away with imported liquor.

There are only three restaurants serving foreign food in the capital and not one place with music for dancing. Bridge and other games of chance may not be played in public places and, although there are three theaters and a few movie houses still operating in Tokyo, the public is offered every discouragement against attending them. It is one of the best examples of the government's policy of discouragement rather than prohibition. Some foreigners going to a movie one afternoon found an S.R.O. sign at the box office. They decided to go in anyway and take a chance of getting a seat when someone left. When they got into the theater, they found it three-quarters empty.

Strictly No Necking

Most of the pictures shown are five or six years old and, aside from the dimness and flickering due to their age, it is difficult to see what is happening on the screen because the lights must be left on in the auditorium. This is to prevent any surreptitious love-making which would run counter to the spirit of the times. Lights must also be kept on in cars and taxis, partly for reasons of morality and partly to allow the police to see at a glance who is riding in the car.

The ancient and traditional Kabuki Theater has struck all frivolous plays from its programs and sticks to those depicting heroism in battle, love of country or parents. About twenty famous Japanese dances have been relegated to oblivion because they had to do with sordid romance and improper love—emotions that don't conform with the New Structure. Song-story tellers have amalgamated into a patriotic association to place their calling on a higher moralistic plane. They did this after the police had complained that their recitals had fallen into a sorry state, being much too entertaining.

The police also clamped down on "insincere" mind readers, astrologists and fortunetellers who bilked the public. Those who were sincere and not considered harmful to public order were allowed to continue their trades under a license system which also forced them to charge uniform fees. Soon after, the Tokyo Association of Fortunetellers decided to see only happy omens in cards, stars and tea leaves so that patrons might not be unduly discouraged in these times of great emergency and stress.

Skiing simply for fun was frowned upon last winter. The sport is all right if undertaken only with the idea of

hardening the body. Those who went to mountain resorts and appeared to be skiing only for pleasure were ticked off by members of the Young Men's Association. If their attitude remained unchanged after such official reproach, they were dealt with in the "proper" manner by the authorities. That, in Japan, has an ominous sound and one may be sure that the snowy slopes were covered only with solemn little figures sliding down, grimly determined to harden their bodies with the least possible enjoyment.

The Municipal Education Bureau came to the conclusion that primary-school children participating in the annual field day had had too much fun in the past years. Now, not only has the custom of serving tea and cakes to visiting parents and friends been abolished but the children are not permitted to enjoy themselves at such wasteful and frivolous pastimes as eating an apple suspended by a string, without the use of hands. The bureau faced the fact that, of course, it might be difficult

By law, bar girls are spaced farther apart than they used to be. Instead of each one being allotted about forty-three feet of floor space, she must now range over sixty-four feet. A newspaper pointed out that a few enterprising bar proprietors might get the bright idea of removing furniture to reclaim sufficient nooks and crannies to provide what with great and, perhaps, unconscious aptness it termed "*lebensraum*" for the present staffs.

The police have taken vigorous measures to do away with or, at any rate, cut down prostitution, which they refer to as "this shameful relic of feudalism." In Tokyo alone, the official figures number the geishas at 12,000, licensed prostitutes at 7,000, with about the same number of unlicensed. Just to prove that this time they mean business, the police from now on will refuse to recognize any contract for the sale of a girl into prostitution by anyone except her real father, and that for proper reasons. "Improper" reasons are such things as the settlement of gambling or other

paign to do away with pleasure is that travel remains all that the Japanese have left in the way of amusement. Trains going anywhere are always packed and reservations for sleeping-car accommodations must be made at least three days in advance. Anyone wanting to buy a ticket for a journey of more than a few hours must be at the station at least an hour beforehand or risk missing the train because of the line-up in front of the ticket windows.

Trains are Not for Pleasure

It is the custom in Japan for every member of the family to see a traveler off, and when a soldier leaves for war not only his family turns out but several hundred pinafores members of one of the two patriotic women's associations (together their membership totals about eleven million) whose main duty seems to be cluttering up railroad stations and shouting "Banzai, Banzai" to the brave laddies as they depart. That makes getting anywhere near a train practically impossible.

Last summer when a great complaint went up that there weren't enough trains, the railways put on a few extra ones. About a month later, they were taken off. The complaints again arose and were answered with the statement that there wasn't any point in putting extra trains into service since they still remained crowded. The Railway Ministry now distributes propaganda to prevent people from taking pleasure trips, and another step in the discouragement program has been the closing of the information bureau in the Tokyo station on Saturdays.

There have been a few voices lifted in criticism, not of the New Structure, but at the way in which it was being organized. According to the newspaper Kokumin, the upper house is made up of a bunch of sissies who lack enthusiasm for the New Order. The peers, simply because they haven't a clear idea of what the New Structure will be like, are coy and "effeminate" about supporting it. Another newspaper brought a complaint against the premier because of the age of the officials in the projected Imperial Rule Assistance Association. There was only one under fifty, which was scarcely compatible with the theory of a "new structure."

However, the ordinary man in the street wouldn't dream of offering any criticism of the regulations. It's much too dangerous. He accepts each new law as it comes along and follows it as closely as is possible, considering all of the various contradictions. Besides, for one carping article published in the newspapers there are ten full of praise and all efforts are bent to build up the Japanese ego. Nippon is to bring light to the world with the creation of a new order in East Asia, and once a few changes have been made, her people will be the right ones to accomplish this feat.

Just how well qualified they are was pointed out by a professor of science and literature at the University of Tokyo, who conducted tests to determine the relative intelligence of various races. He found that the Japanese led all the rest. Taking fifty as the top mark, he announced that the Japanese clocked 49.76. The Germans followed with 44.65 and then came the British with 44.18 and the French with 40.13. The Hawaiians, Spanish, Filipinos and Italians (this was before the signing of the Tripartite pact) brought up the rear with 30.00. The learned professor added that, while admittedly inferior in weight and stature, the Japanese were definitely superior in lung capacity, running speed, accuracy of motion and, above all, grasping power. No country in Asia would venture to deny that last claim.

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"Sure, Maw, I'll give the lady my seat, but right now I got the guy's wallet half in, half out!"

to banish joy entirely from field events because some youngsters revel in athletic contests and announced magnanimously that any fun of this sort which filtered in would be accepted tolerantly as not essentially frivolous.

The Spiritual Mobilization authorities in Tokyo have found that elaborate weddings run counter to the new spirit and have recommended that they cost no more than twenty yen. This does away with any entertainment or exchange of gifts. Sake and food for attendants at funerals must be done away with as well as the custom of exchanging condolence presents.

There are 1,500,000 girls working in factories in Japan today with pay ranging from sixty-five sen a day for twelve-year-olds to eighty-five sen for those over eighteen. In another year this number will probably have doubled, for, in its moral drive, the government is making an effort to cut down the number of bar girls, geishas and prostitutes, who will now have to seek new lines of endeavor. The choice is limited to finding a husband or a job in a factory.

frivolous debts; if Papa sells little Kiku-san to buy a government bond, that's patriotism.

Brothel business hours have been curtailed—they can be open for business only between 5 P. M. and midnight. No licenses for new houses will be granted. This system, it is hoped, will cut down the number of ladies practicing the world's oldest profession.

Just taking a walk with no set purpose also comes under the heading of flouting the spirit of the times. Just recently, a youth was severely trounced for strolling along the Ginza (Tokyo's Fifth Avenue) with his girl. Another man who went out one Sunday evening with his wife was stopped by a policeman and taken to the nearest station. When he said that the lady was his wife, he wasn't believed and finally had to send home to get confirmation of his statement. The policeman, however, had the last word. "Well," he said, "it is too bad that you walked with a woman at this momentous juncture whether she is your wife or not."

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Jantzen

One-Man Team

Continued from page 50

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one of the three big cars in which the team traveled.

He had charge of curfew enforcement and of tucking the boys in for the night. He dragged the team roustabouts away from the beer and juke-box joints, kept their finances straightened out, took care of their feeding and housing, and many, many times had to roam the back roads of the countryside, blowing the auto's horn, trying to find his players when one or both of the first two cars in the little entourage (Mike always drove the third car, in shepherd-dog style) wandered off the right road. Some of the "hops" in that league were pitiless—300 miles of driving all day, then a night ball game.

Old Dog Learns New Tricks

Needless to say, Mike has a strong back. But he hasn't got the weak mind that usually accompanies a fine athletic spine. Mike's cute. He's an old dog but he learned a new trick a few years ago—the art of throwing a screwball. Figured it out himself. There isn't another one like it in the majors, which should help him escape the wrath of such hitters as DiMaggio, Hal Trosky, York and other busters he'll be forced to face as a Red Sock. Mike hasn't got much of a fast ball to go with his screwball, but his curves are grander than Mme. West's.

Mike's cool out there, too. He has been studying the strengths and weaknesses of every American League batter. He taught a lot of his rivals in the Grapefruit Circuit that he is a master at holding men on bases, and that he does everything right-handed, including thinking. He gained additional respect by belting a double the first time he came to bat this season.

This is not Mike's first trip to the majors. He made the Cardinal varsity several times but never seemed to win his letter. They brought him up late in 1935, after his fine season with Columbus, kept him until June of 1936, then rushed him to Columbus for a little first aid. He was back in St. Louis in September of that year, for the wind-up, and for the whole of 1937. Columbus got him again through half of 1938, then back to the Cardinals he bounced, only to finish the season with Rochester. He played the full 1939 and 1940 seasons with Rochester. He won 18 and lost 12 for Rochester in 1939 and his system suffered a great shock. For all he did was pitch.

Like a cotton picker hearing the sound of approaching Union troops, Ryba got the first whiff of his liberation as a numb Cardinal pawn late last August when the ballplayers' grapevine—as close-mouthed as the Sing Sing grapevine—informed him that the Sox had been trying to buy him to strengthen a pitching staff that was coming apart at the seams. But Ryba, who probably should have been made a free agent by Judge Landis years ago, is no free thinker. He was timid about asking for more particulars, and, of course, had no way of hastening such a sale. So it came to pass that he did not get definite word of his emancipation until he read it in a Rochester sports page at the close of the season.

Mike had resigned himself to spending the rest of his active career in the minors. When his arm and legs and batting eye gave out, he was going to write to Sam Breadon and Branch Rickey, the men who had moved him around the Cardinal empire like a Chinese checker, and ask them if there were

any jobs open as coach or scout in the Red Bird system. What he wanted to be (and still wants to be) is a minor-league manager. But, in his humility, that's a dizzy goal.

The arrival of Yawkey on the scene, brandishing the purchase papers, was not the first emancipation proclamation connected with D. J. Ryba. The first and probably most important freedom that he won on the strength of his good right arm and his stout heart was surcease from regular drudgery in the mines.

Mike was born in De Lancey, Pennsylvania, in 1905, the son of an English immigrant miner who believed that the sun, if any, rose and set on the soft-coal mine in which he was to work for forty-two years. The old man took Mike down the shaft when Mike was fifteen, and there were long periods after that when the kid with the headlight on his hat went to work before dawn and came up after dark. But somehow he got through high school, too, and twice he escaped serious cave-ins.

During the long soft-coal strike in the mid-Twenties, Mike went to St. Francis College, at Loretta, Pennsylvania. For free. He was in there on an athletic scholarship which asked in return that he expose himself to a certain number of courses and that he keep playing good football and baseball. When the mines reopened the school asked Mike to pay one half of his tuition and board. But Mike couldn't pay. He went back to the mine and in his spare time he wangled a tryout with the 1925 Pittsburgh Pirates, whose rookie shortstop, Joe Cronin, is now his new boss.

Mike failed to impress the Pirates, so it was back to the mine again. Sometimes he made as little as three dollars a day. He began playing semipro ball, and picking such odd jobs as common-labor work with a streetcar-line section gang. He was doing both at Punxsutawney in the summer of 1927 when Destiny, in the shape of Pop Kelchner, the Cardinal scout who knows more back roads than the A.A.A., intervened.

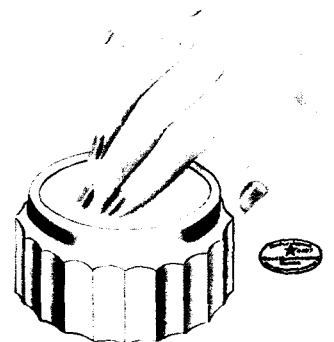
Ex-Coal Miner's Paradise

Kelchner gave Ryba a contract and Mike pocketed it gratefully. When the Cardinal office heard nothing more from Kelchner's new find for several weeks it wrote Ryba and asked him if he had changed his mind. Mike wrote back that he certainly had not, and whatever made them think such a thing. The Cardinal office wrote back something to the effect of, "Well, then why don't you sign the contract Kelchner gave you?" Mike hastily scrawled his name on it and sent it in with a note of apology to the effect that he did not know you were supposed to sign those things. He thought they just handed them to you, like a share of stock.

At first it was all much closer to heaven than the devout Ryba ever expected to get. The Cards ordered him to report to their 1928 spring training camp at Avon Park, Florida, no less, and the contract promised to pay him \$1,450 for the season, regardless. Mike rode down to Florida from Delancey in ecstasy and a day coach, and lived on apples and chocolate bars purchased at whistle stops en route. He consorted with the big shots who were to go on and win the National League pennant that year, and he had his nickname of Mike bestowed upon him at the camp by the great Bill McKechnie, himself.

The Cards, in their vastly impersonal way, sent him to Rochester late in March of 1928 and Rochester moved him

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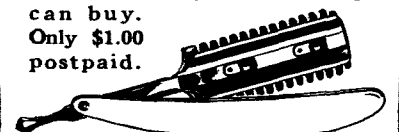
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on to Dayton, of the Central League. In 1929 he was shoved along from Fort Wayne, of the Central League, to Waynesboro, of the Blue Ridge League, thence to Scottdale of the Middle Atlantic League.

After his first stretch with Springfield he went to Houston in 1932 but couldn't get off the bench. He was moved back to Springfield in 1933. There he hit .380 as the regular catcher, to lead the league in batting, and won three and lost one as a pitcher. In one game that year he pitched, caught and played the outfield.

By the time Mike reached what may or may not be the safe harbor of the Red Sox, he had played with Rochester five different years, with Springfield four different years, with the Cardinal varsity three times and served years or parts of years with four other Cardinal farms. A football in an orphanage yard never got the kicking around our Dominic Joseph did.

For all the glamor of his curious career, Mike does not want to be known as colorful. There is no pop-off in him; no hammy desire to hog the spotlight or embroider his hard earlier times. He's content to sit in the lobbies of the hotels, in the slightly glassy-eyed manner of ballplayers, smoke his cigars and look at the other ballplayers look at him. He's perpetually pleasant and a good "barber," but never forward. He can hover on the edge of a players' card game for hours, or watch some teammate jerk away at a slot machine, and never regret not being a more important part of what is going on. Mike's just happy to be a part of the scene. He's a little like a paroled lifer who finds wordless bliss in the sight of a tenement yard.

"Baseball's a vacation-with-pay for me, as serious as I am about it," he told us. "I've felt that way about it since I first began playing it. It's just so much nicer than the other things I've done, like mining. It's play; the other's work. I can still get a kick out of just being able and having the time to play it, no matter what or where I'm playing." He shook his head, wonderingly. "And I still say that getting paid well to play it is too good to be true."

Smoking is Mike's only vice. At Sarasota this Spring he'd sit in the lobby outside of the gay bar, burning his evil cheroots. Inside the bar would be players and coaches and reporters, most of

them drinking soft drinks or beer. Often in the evening there would be songs in the bar, and Mike, sitting outside, would grin and keep time with his head. But he'd never go in. Not even for a "coke." He said it might look bad. But this self-inflicted ban didn't depress him. Being within earshot was enough to make Mike happy.

Mike developed some fine ballplayers. Early in his career at Scottdale, where he played everything except the accordion, which had a slow leak, he took under his wing a young rookie named Mickey King. He worked patiently with King, made him his roommate and showed him all he knew. One day King told him that his name really wasn't King; that he had just taken that name because he wanted to play college football later on and was afraid he'd lose his amateur standing if they knew he was playing baseball for dough. His real name was Joe Medwick.

The Odd-Job Man

Mike doesn't know whether he would have done better or as well if he had directed all of his attention and strength to playing one position. "I might have made a pretty fair catcher if I had stuck with it," the new Red Sox pitching veteran told us. "But, then again, I dunno. Anyway, what difference does it make so long as you can help out?"

"If the Sox had got me toward the end of last season I could have helped them as a pitcher. I know that much. I could have helped any ball club, for I was going real good," he says, a big nickel cigar clamped between his gold bicusps. He says things like that without vanity. They're statements of fact.

"I don't know how or where or even whether they're going to use me," he said early in the season. "But it'll be okay with me, whatever they decide. I want to show them I appreciate this chance they're giving me. I can be anything from a starting pitcher to a bullpen catcher. I'll pinch-hit for Foxx or Williams if they think it'll help the ball club, or go on the coaching lines, or help the trainer. I've never tried washing windows, but I betcha I'd do a pretty good job, for a beginner."

We wouldn't want to bet Mike on that. Our great mistake, of course, was not getting him to write this piece for us.

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New DUTCH BOY PURE WHITE LEAD Paint



"Take this home, too—and when the ham looks like this picture, take it out of the oven"

LEO GAREL

Glorious Gloria

Continued from page 19

shyness and the reserve drop away. She becomes an effervescent, porpoiselike creature, almost impossible to control. Her practice sessions are harrowing to her coach, Lou Handley. She indulges in tandem swimming with the other girls; disappears under water for alarming periods of time; and in the midst of supposedly serious time trials for important meets, she harmonizes Down by the Old Mill Stream with her teammates.

In the meets, too, she is somewhat of a terror to the officials, the spectators and all others in the immediate vicinity. At Lake Clementon, New Jersey, in 1938, Gloria was swimming in the three-mile free-style event of the National Championships. The race was of the interminable type, in which approximately forty girls merely paddled back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. After several minutes of this, the spectators settled down for the duration—bored stiff.

Not so Gloria.

In the race was one of her teammates—a New York youngster named Mildred O'Donnell. Gloria was nearly a full lap ahead, but every time she passed Mildred coming down the adjacent lane in the opposite direction, she would pause momentarily and hold an unintelligible conversation with her.

This kept up for nearly fifteen minutes, during which time Coach Handley stormed up and down the side lines. He pleaded with Gloria, shouted at her. But it was all to no avail.

Finally the race was over. Gloria had won by several hundred yards. "What was the idea?" Handley shrieked.

"Oh, that," replied Gloria. "We were getting tired of just swimming—so we decided to play a little game of Ghost."

Wise Guy Gets Wet

On another occasion, at Buffalo last winter, Gloria was warming up for the defense of her national backstroke title by leisurely paddling up and down the length of the pool. In that particular pool, the spectators were seated right down to the water's edge. Gloria's pet peeve is tobacco smoke. And right smack in the front row was a red-faced man puffing away on a huge black cigar.

Finally Gloria could stand it no longer. As she backstroked through the haze, she politely asked the man to stop smoking. The man retorted with a coy wink of the eye and a toothy smile. On the return trip, Gloria again asked him to put the cigar away. This time the man favored her with a lascivious leer and an "Oh, you kid!"

The third time, Gloria said nothing.

As she streaked past, powerful streams of water squirted from that very pretty mouth. One watery salvo scored a direct hit on the cigar. A second splashed right into the middle of the lascivious leer. A third raked the well-pressed suit from stem to stern. The cigar went out. The man's countenance, clothes and ardor were considerably dampened. Gloria was not troubled by tobacco smoke for the remainder of the evening.

From the very beginning, Gloria took to water in a manner reminiscent of Donald Duck. She was born in Freeport, Long Island, a stone's throw from the ocean. When she was two years old, she fell into a bathtub, fully clothed, while imitating her mother's habit of testing the temperature of the water by the expert use of the right index finger. When Mrs. Callen returned a few minutes later, Gloria was happily splashing

about and making a strenuous attempt to swim down the drain.

Shortly thereafter, the Callens moved to Stamford, Connecticut, to a house that was just one block removed from the shores of Long Island Sound. When Gloria was six, her mother got into the habit of sending her out into the backyard to play. Gloria used to disappear for hours at a time, but Mrs. Callen thought nothing of it. That is, until one day when Gloria came home covered from head to foot with a black, tarry substance. It could have come from only one place—an oil patch floating on the surface of a body of water. And the nearest possible oil patch was approximately one-half mile out in Long Island Sound! Mrs. Callen fainted.

The next day Mr. Callen resignedly took the six-year-old renegade by the hand and led her to the pool of the near-by Stamford Yacht Club. "If she's

in every event—from 50 yards to the mile. For five years she terrorized her adult opposition at such establishments as the Larchmont Yacht Club and the Orienta Beach Club. At the end of that time, Eddie Mack gave up. "Take her away," he gasped. "Take her down to Lou Handley at the Women's Swimming Association in New York. Let me live out the rest of my days in peace."

It was thus, at the ripe old age of 11, that Gloria turned up at the Women's Swimming Association. Handley, the foremost swimming authority in the country, took one look at her and his face became wreathed in pleasurable smiles. The following year he entered the twelve-year-old in her first meet—no less an event than the Senior National Championships at San Francisco. The crowd at San Francisco's famous Fleischaker Pool tittered when they saw the skinny little youngster take her

One day, however, she walked up to Lou Handley and made a dramatic announcement. "Mr. Handley," she said, "I don't want to swim free style any more. I want to swim the backstroke."

Handley, who by this time was getting used to Gloria, patted her on the head and said gently, "Now, now, Gloria. You've never swum the backstroke in your life."

"Oh, yes, I have," replied Gloria. "I've been practicing with Erna and Elizabeth Kompa."

"But the Kompa sisters are the best backstrokers in the world," laughed Handley.

"That's why I want to swim the backstroke," said Gloria. "I just beat them both!"

A few months later, Gloria had won the National Indoor Backstroke Championship at Miami, and the National Outdoor Backstroke Championship at Portland. Handley hasn't gotten over the shock of it yet.

That was one year ago.

Today, Gloria lives with her parents (neither of whom can swim a stroke) in a big, comfortable house in Nyack, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Callen have become unofficial trainers for Gloria. Mrs. Callen takes charge of the diet department and attends all practices with her daughter. Mr. Callen holds a stopwatch and paces up and down at the swimming meets. Usually the strain on both is so terrific that after a meet they have to lie down and rest while Gloria rushes off to keep a late date.

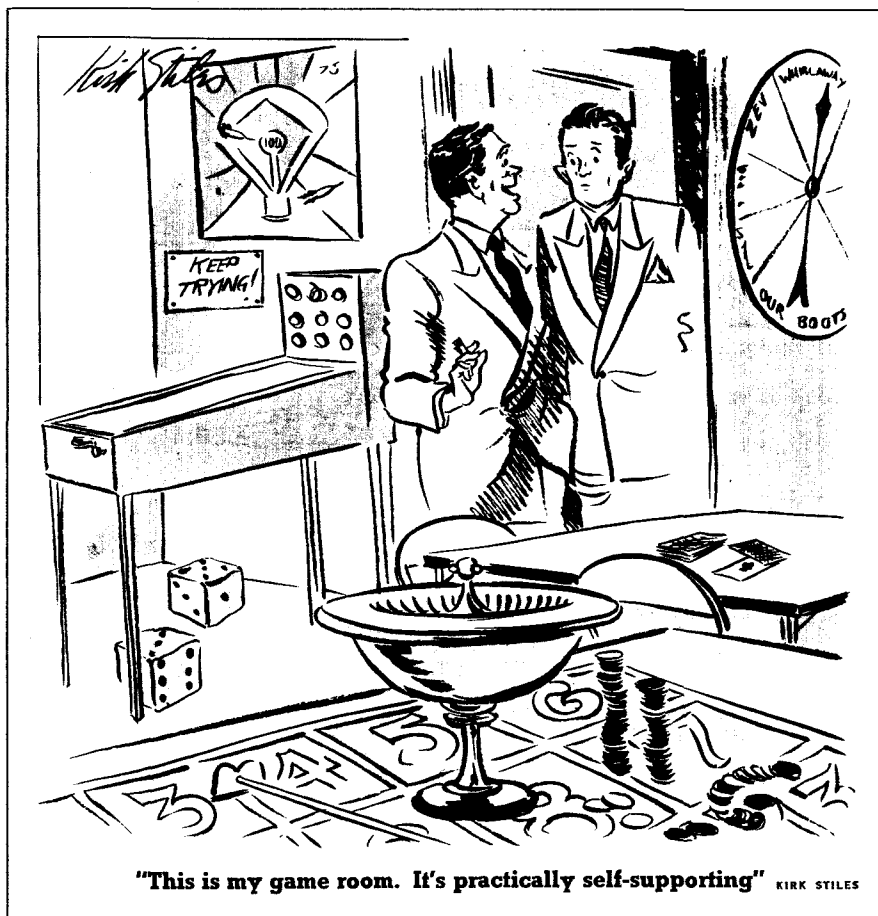
The Pride of Nyack High

While not practicing her swimming, Gloria attends Nyack High School, where she is a junior and where her striking, mature beauty causes a great deal of hanging out of tongues among the males, and resigned admiration among the females.

Gloria is one of the most popular youngsters in the school. She attends all football games and dances. In class plays and pageants, she is invariably cast in the role of The Queen or The Spirit of Liberty. She is president of the dramatic club, vice-president of the Student Council, and the holder of such miscellaneous titles as Most Likely to Succeed, and Most Rug-Cuttin'est Jitterbug. Her teachers adore her.

Gloria admits to one idiosyncrasy. She is inordinately fond of what she calls "masculine" swimming pools, and takes extraordinary delight in practicing in them. As a matter of fact, the moment she steps into a "masculine" swimming pool, her performances sparkle. Each Wednesday she works out at the Nyack Y.M.C.A., and never fails to astonish her parents with her ardor and application. Occasionally she trains at the Madison Square Boys Club, where she actually causes the water to boil with her unusual activity. But the most amazing instance of all took place at the definitely masculine Yale University pool, just a few weeks ago. On that particular day, Gloria tore through a time trial at 150 yards. This is a grueling distance at which, ordinarily, she loathes to practice. The world record for the event is 1:49.4. Gloria turned in an incredible 1:48.9!

After this, Bob Kipthuth, the Yale coach, looked at his watch and blinked. Lou Handley looked at his watch and shrugged his shoulders. "What good does it do me?" he sighed. "In another three years she could probably break all twenty records. . . . But who am I to buck Hollywood!"



going to drown," reasoned Mr. Callen, "at least let it be within reasonable rescuing distance." And Gloria was placed under the watchful eye of Eddie Mack, a former prize fighter who was then the swimming instructor at the yacht club. A few days later, Mack came to Mr. Callen with tears of hopeless despair in his eyes. "Please take her back," he begged. "She's driving me nuts!"

"I knew it," sighed Mr. Callen. "What's she doing now?"

"In the first place, she don't stay in the pool," lamented Mack. "She goes out into the basin and races against the yachts. In the second place, she's making a monkey out of me. I'm supposed to be the swimming instructor, and I can't even catch up with her to teach her anything!"

Mr. Callen quieted Mack as best he could. Then he hit on an idea. "Enter her in meets," he said. "She'll have to practice for them, and at least that'll keep her in the pool."

So from that moment on, the six-year-old tot became the star competitor on the Stamford team. She swam

place beside such full-grown stars as Katherine Rawls, Claudia Eckert and Doris Brennan. They thought it was a gag.

But what happened?

In the 880-yard event, the skinny little youngster swam second to Katherine Rawls, the most famous woman swimmer in the country. In the mile, she again placed second to Miss Rawls, but this time she was so close that they both broke the existing American record for the distance. And then, to finish off the day, she swam a leg on the relay team which ran away with the 880-yard National title. The first time she was unveiled to the public, little Gloria Callen had become the great new sensation of the swimming world.

From that point on, Gloria's life was a succession of breaking records and becoming progressively more beautiful. The following year, in 1938, she won her first championship, the three-mile long-distance title at Lake Clementon. At the age of fourteen, she was on the threshold of becoming one of the greatest free-style swimmers of all time.



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HOME
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Miles of Mushrooms

Continued from page 24

bottles of spawn. In other words, enough mushrooms for the human race for 200 years.

From the test tube a spore's life is just one bottle after another. First it lands in one with some Jersey peat moss, and is given three weeks to germinate. The fuzzy white threads that creep all through the moss are spawn runners. They are divided infinitesimally, stuffed into dozens of other bottles full of rye grain and precipitate of chalk and left for thirty days. Then comes another division and more bottles, quart size this time, full of rye grain. This is the one you get from the postman. Hardly any growers germinate the spawn they plant. It's easier and safer to buy the pure laboratory product.

Needless to say, none of the mosses and grains ever get near a spore until they have been sealed in the sterilizer under pressure. At the Jacob plant even the soil for the eventual beds is fumigated, pasteurized and tested for alkalinity and nitrogen content. This isn't high-powered fussiness. Soil microbes that other plants ignore give it warts, dwarf it or bully it into not appearing at all.

In preparing this spawn for planting, a bedstead first has to be built—long, shallow trays up from the floor with wood sides and bottom—so the whole thing can be shoveled out at the end of the growing season and a new bed laid next winter, since mushrooms are a spring crop.

The next step is preparing a compost of straw and horse manure—the actual host upon which the fungus feeds. Up, up goes its temperature to 140 degrees Fahrenheit.

Bed heat simmers down in a week's time to around 80 degrees, the ideal spawning temperature. The grain kernels are dry and crumbly by now, even the mass of white spawn threads binding them together. Quaker Jacob just breaks off pieces a little bigger than a pea and pokes them in the bed about an inch down and ten inches apart. This way a quart bottle plants thirty-five square feet. A pound and a half of picking to the square foot afterward is the average.

Sixty Days to Wait

From now on cellar or tunnel temperature should stay a pretty constant 60 degrees. If it does, and another six or seven ifs of humidity, soil moisture and ventilation are okay, spawn kernels send off inch-long runners by the end of the week. The second week adds a second inch, and so on for nearly eight weeks. Somewhere in the middle of this a top casing, neither wet nor dry, of rich loam or a well-tilled clay, is spread an inch thick over the whole bed.

Consider, though, all the time these various operations take—two days at the beginning for the spore to incubate, twenty-one days to germinate, thirty days to do a second-stage job of germinating. Add to all this another sixty days of growth in the bed before so much as a button appears.

But to get back to the Jacob tunnel—we had taken only one step down the wet and slippery ramp before we were conscious of the queer fragrance in the air.

"It's the growing odor," Quaker Jacob explained. "Mushrooms practically commit suicide if you leave them in an unventilated place. They just grow, send off puffs of this carbon dioxide, and suffocate themselves to death unless you watch them. We keep the fans going day and night in here."

We followed him down a cement path-

way no more than thirty inches wide. On both sides we brushed long, continuous beds. At first the flashlights showed black cave earth, wet and smooth. Farther on the beam picked up bits of white in the beds—millions of mushrooms getting ready to mushroom. Abruptly we came upon today's "flush"—a swollen mass of pearly white balls spreading solidly off into the darkness.

"Why aren't the pickers in this 'flush'?" Quaker Jacob asked the foreman anxiously. "These veils will break soon," he pointed to the spongy membrane holding the edges of the cap down to the stem. "We pick just before the veil breaks so the head doesn't open and spread. It's a narrow margin, one or two hours at the most. What time's it now? Two o'clock? Well, in another hour these'll be on a truck."

Six thousand pounds, probably, would be on their way to New York City, Washington and Boston. By eight o'clock they'd be selling in wholesale markets. Tomorrow they will be on tables. A cut mushroom is good, it seems, for at least five days. More flavorful then, some people think. But the Jacob plant gets them off in a hurry.

The big soup manufacturers have standing orders all year long. Mushroom soup is a staple with them now, having climbed to fourth place on the selling list since it was introduced as a novelty several years ago.

Granddaddy of All Mushrooms

"The white mushroom is a freak, you know," Quaker Jacob explained. "It just appeared one day in a neighbor's planting in 1928 without anyone knowing what made it chalky white instead of its natural cream. We didn't lose any time in taking spore from that cluster, I can tell you. In another year we threw out all the spore we had of the cream-colored field mushrooms from England and France and bred only from the new stock. It's made a new species. That white mushroom became the great-granddaddy of just about every mushroom that's grown commercially now in this country."

Ahead lights were flashing on the middle tier of beds. They were pickers working toward us from the other end of today's "flush." The nearest was Daniel Matthews, second-fastest picker on the farm, and son of a Quaker who picked for Jacob back in the cellar days. None of the pickers, we learned, are migratory workers here. Most are small farmers in the district, glad to leave their alfalfa and potato fields to earn extra money during the winter months.

Matthews was wearing denim overalls, rubber boots and miner's lamp on his cap. He'd twist and pluck with one hand and cut with the other at practically the same time. The twist and pull took a cluster out of the spongy earth: the quick cut of the knife sliced off muddy stems. It took Matthews less than three minutes to fill a three-pound basket, and the bed was picked clean when he moved on. In a week or ten days another "break" will appear on these same beds. Twelve "breaks" is average for one crop.

Recently Quaker Jacob sold many of his farm holdings, and has retired from active management. But mushrooms are still his favorite topic and his favorite food. A lady dropped the remark some time ago about mushrooms being a good base for beauty creams. For days now Jacob has been in the kitchen mashing and straining mushrooms to see if there's anything in the idea.

Lady in Armor

Continued from page 22

a woman's instinct." Her cheeks were flushed, her little fists clenched. "Unless Neil told me these things—or unless I saw them with my own eyes . . . I'd never believe them."

Jerry touched her shoulder. "Don't fly off that way, honey. We're all up in the air. We need every bit of self-control we've got. I wish I could think that there was even a chance I might be wrong about this . . . but there isn't. I think your loyalty is wonderful. But listen, Peggy . . . please . . . give us a little time. If we can't prove things, then we'll all be happy to admit we were wrong. But if we can prove them, then we'll have saved you from something that would be pretty bad."

For a few minutes Jerry hoped that she would break down, that her pent-up emotions would find outlet in tears. But Peggy was strong . . . too strong for that. She moved toward the door. "I don't believe any of it," she said, "because something inside of me tells me it isn't true."

He crossed to where she was standing and put his arm about her shoulders. "Take it easy, Peggy," he pleaded. "For Dale's sake, if for nothing else."

"I'll try . . ." Then she looked up at him with superb, if misplaced, courage. "I'll try," she repeated, "but nothing will ever really change me. Nothing can keep me from marrying Neil."

JERRY watched her walk back to Dale's room. He started to follow her, then changed his mind. She was so pitifully wrong in her faith and her courage; so valiant in her refusal to believe the truth about the man to whom she was engaged. He walked downstairs slowly. He crossed the lobby and went to his car. He got in, snapped on the lights and headed out toward Chinquapin.

It was twenty minutes past one when he reached the plantation house.

Two of his dogs yelped a greeting and came running to meet his car. He patted them and walked inside. He snapped on the light in the reception hall and closed the front door behind him. He doffed coat and hat and walked upstairs. He paused outside the door of Rita's bedroom and knocked. Instantly, almost as though she had been expecting this, she said, "Come in," and he heard the snap of a light switch.

He went into the room. He hadn't crossed that threshold more than two or three times in the months she had lived at Chinquapin. Rita was sitting up, blinking at the light to which she was not yet accustomed, pulling an

elaborate bed jacket over soft white shoulders.

She watched him with wide eyes in which there was more than a hint of apprehension. After the first glance he did not look at her. He moved across to the fireplace, put on a few sticks of lightwood and two oak logs. He lighted the fire and it crackled, sending black shadows dancing on the walls.

Rita was sitting up in bed. Her brilliant red hair framed a face which looked oddly pale because of the absence of make-up. Her green eyes were wide; her brain was on guard. She watched her husband tend the fire until the oak logs crackled, saw him fill the bowl of his pipe and carefully return the tobacco pouch to his pocket before lighting it. She noticed that his hands were steady, but she also noticed how big and strong they were.

He settled himself in a chair and looked at her speculatively—intently. His eyes were steady, and his voice was quiet.

He said, "I reckon I've got to ask you a few questions, Rita."

She said, "Yes," and waited. She wanted to ask him what had happened, but she didn't dare.

Jerry said, "You haven't been very happy down here, have you?"

She tried to act naturally, so she said, with as much of her characteristic insolence as she could muster, "What do you think?"

"I think not. It's all so different from what you were used to in New York."

"And how it is." The booming of a bullfrog came to them in the brief silence. "I don't like those kind of noises."

"Of course not." He puffed reflectively, removed the pipe from between his lips, and stared at the glowing bowl. "Why did you come to Karnak, Rita?"

So this was it. Her body tightened. She said, "We went over that when I first got here."

"No, we didn't. Not enough."

"What do you mean?"

"You never really explained. Now I'm asking for the true reason."

She bit her lip. "I was fed up with New York. Yowling my head off in lousy night clubs. The idea of being a grand lady sort of looked romantic. I figured I'd try anything once."

His eyes met hers. "I said I wanted the truth."

"That's the truth."

He shook his head. "No, it isn't, Rita."

She said, tensely, "It'll have to do

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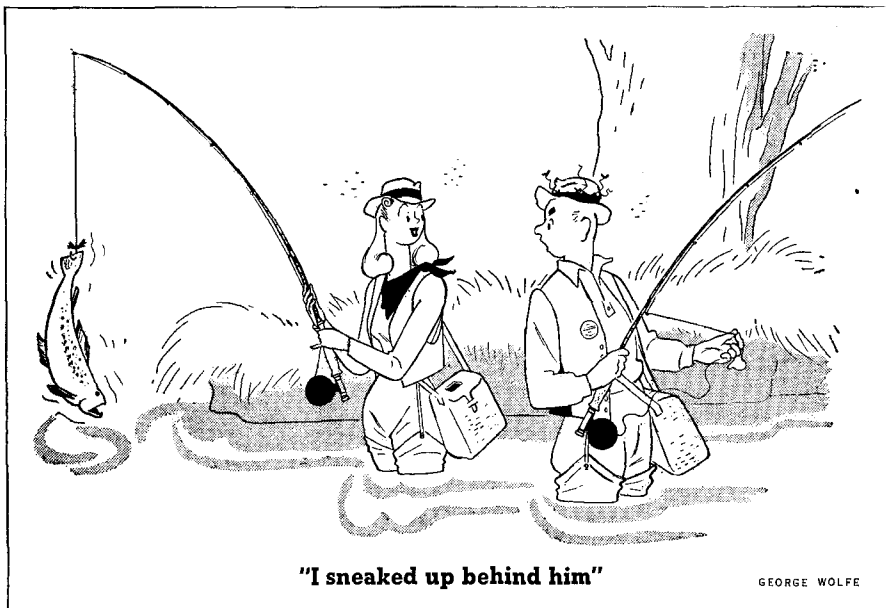
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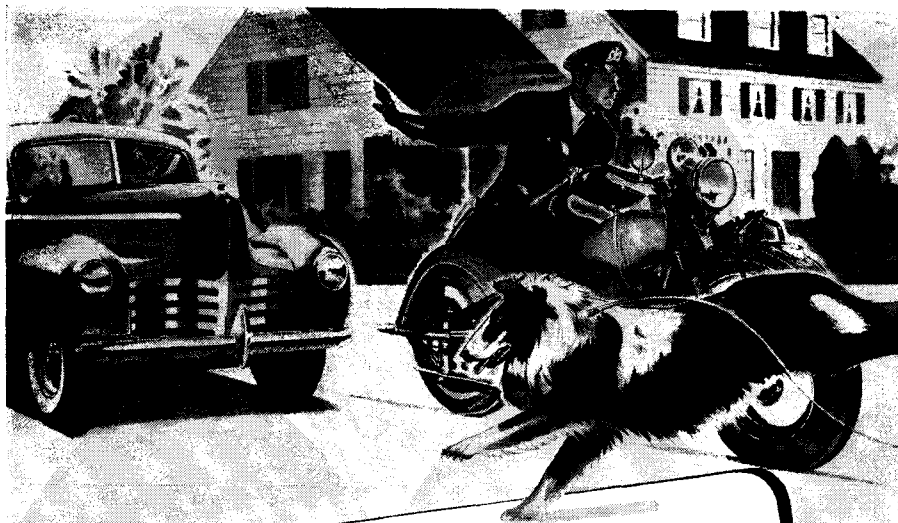
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until a better story comes along." That was the way to handle him—be confident, be sure, be firm.

He was speaking again, driving relentlessly at something that concerned her, though she hadn't yet been able to fit the pieces together. He said, "There was a riot at the fairgrounds tonight."

"So what?"

"I don't think it was spontaneous. I think it was all part of a plan."

"What am I supposed to do—get excited?"

"Maybe. I thought you'd be interested."

"Why? What do I care if a bunch of hicks beat each other up?"

"It was more than that, Rita." His gray eyes held her green eyes. "Dale Meredith was shot."

She stiffened and her right hand went to her lips as though to choke back an exclamation. She said, weakly, "Dale—?"

"Yes. Someone tried to murder her."

RITA was frightened. Here was a Jerry Hamilton whom she did not know. He was no longer a drawling, tolerant, indifferent person, but a big, powerful man who had been profoundly shaken. She moistened her lips and said, "What do you mean, 'tried'?"

"The bullet missed her heart by a few inches. The wound that she got is only superficial. But it wasn't meant that way."

She asked, "Why should anyone want to kill Dale?"

"Quite a few reasons. Pretty obvious ones." His pipe had gone out. He lighted a match and cupped it in big, steady hands. Still his voice was low, and still it had that terrible, inexorable directness. He asked, "How well did you know Paul Campbell?"

She drew in her breath sharply. Her protest slipped out unthinkingly: "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes, you do. I didn't come to your room for a social visit, Rita. I'm aiming to find out a few things."

"I don't know anything."

"You knew Paul Campbell in New York. What was he to you?"

"Nothing."

"I'm afraid your lies don't register."

She said to herself, "Watch your step, Rita. Don't let yourself get hysterical..." She controlled her fear, and tried to make her words casual: "So I knew him in New York. What of it? I knew lots of men."

"Why did he follow you to Karnak?"

"I don't know."

"You know, all right. And the whole town knows that he wanted to see you... he told Johnny Ellis that much. But when he didn't see you, he immediately went hunting for Dale Meredith—not because she was Dale Meredith, but because she was sheriff of Karnak County. Now... why?"

"I don't know."

"We're not getting anywhere." He was too patient, too quiet, too grimly insistent. "But we shall." She could tell by the new, hard light in his eyes that it was coming now, but she was scarcely prepared for what he did say: "Tell me, Rita—why did Neil Berkeley kill Campbell?"

"Tell you..." Her voice rose, then trailed off. "I... I..."

"Take all the time you want. I'm in no hurry."

Words cascaded from her lips. She jumped out of bed and walked up and down the room in her bare feet, unmindful of the cold, unaware that she was so thinly clad that her voluptuous figure was clearly visible through the chiffon nightgown.

"I won't stand for this," she railed, her voice shrill. "You barge in on me in the middle of the night and start accusing me of things. I don't know what

you're talking about. I'm not interested in your crummy little two-bit town or its fights. I'm not interested in your girl friend. And I don't give a damn about you."

"I haven't complained about that, have I?"

"I'm not answering any questions. I don't know anything. I never said a word to Paul Campbell..."

"That's true. But you spoke to Neil Berkeley and he spoke to Campbell. Most effectively, I might say."

"I don't care what you say. I'm not talking. I'm your wife—"

"You haven't been acting that way. You've had me backed in a corner. I know what's been going on between you and Neil. But it seemed a bit absurd to avenge my honor when actually it made no difference to me what you did. I used to wonder what I'd eventually do—and to hope that you'd finally decide to give me a divorce... but things have taken a different twist. That's why I'm talking to you."

"You can save your breath."

"Neil is in love with you. I can understand that, because I went through the same experience. He certainly had no grudge against Paul Campbell: I'm sure he never saw the man before. Therefore, he must have killed Campbell to save you."

"Are you accusing me of being mixed up in a murder?"

"That seems to be the idea."

She stopped walking. She was suddenly cold and afraid. She moved to the fireplace and stood facing her husband. Under other circumstances she might have looked beautiful and desirable, but he wasn't looking at her that way now.

Jerry went on quietly: "You can make it easier for yourself by telling me the truth. Technically, you're my wife, and I'll try to make things as easy for you as possible. But I came in here to get the truth, and that's what I intend to get."

SHE was wondering how much he knew, how much Dale Meredith had told him. She said, "I don't know anything..."

"Dale knew a great deal," he continued calmly. "She knew whatever it was Paul Campbell told her. She knows that Neil killed Campbell. She knows that her accident tonight was not an accident." Jerry rose and put his big hands on Rita's shoulders. His voice was harsh: "Why did Neil try to save himself and you by trying to kill Dale?"

"I haven't any idea what you're talking about."

"You know, all right—and I'm going to find out. Oh, don't flatter yourself that I'm jealous. I passed that stage long ago..."

"Of course you did." Her voice was sharp, too: "You're thinking only about Dale Meredith. You're in love with her."

"I suppose that's intended as an accusation. If so, it misses out. Of course I'm in love with Dale. So let's start over again: I've asked a few questions and I want the answers."

"You won't get them from me."

"I'm giving you your chance."

"That sounds like a threat."

"It is."

"Of what?"

"Neil Berkeley is in hot water. He's going to have to answer questions. The Campbell episode is bound to come in for a lot of investigation."

"How does that concern me?"

"Campbell was murdered. Neil did it—either alone or with your help."

"I didn't know anything about it until afterward."

The words had slipped out, and a tense silence fell between them. His expression was inscrutable.

"You're sure you didn't?"

"I tell you—"

"Of course you tell me. It's a question of what a jury will believe. Some way, somehow, you furnished the motive for that killing. By your own admission just now, you knew all about it after it happened. Who's to prove that you weren't in on it before?"

SHE moved away from him, away from the fire. She was shivering, though not entirely from the cold. He said, "It'll simplify things if you tell the truth."

She said, "I can't . . . except this: I had nothing to do with Paul Campbell's killing. I can prove that. I stayed at your sister's house that night."

He shrugged. "No one accuses you of firing the gun. But being accessory to a murder is a pretty serious crime in itself."

She said, her voice breaking, "Please don't push me around, Jerry. It isn't fair."

"You're not being fair, either. You're asking me to believe you didn't know what was going to happen, but you don't explain why I should believe it. And get this straight: I'm not interested in seeing you in a jam. But I am interested in a lot of other things. If you persist in keeping your mouth shut, you'll probably have a lot of questions to answer—in court. It won't be so easy."

Her nerves were crawling. Fear had struck deep. She said, "It's not my affair what Neil Berkeley may have done. Or why. That was his business."

"But he did tell you afterward that he had killed Campbell, didn't he?"

Her eyes were wide and frightened. She said, hysterically, "Yes, he told me that. But I didn't know he was going to. I didn't want it that way. And I swear to you, Jerry—I swear I didn't know that he was going any farther . . . like that attack on Dale tonight. That's the truth."

Jerry was standing in the middle of

the room, staring intently at this greatly frightened woman to whom he was married.

"I believe you, Rita," he said quietly. "But it isn't the whole truth. I need to know more."

"There's nothing more to tell," Rita replied.

"Yes, there is," he said implacably. "I'm afraid you don't know me awfully well, Rita. I intend to find out what's behind this. Until I know the motive, I can't make things fit."

She misunderstood his quietness. For a brief, hopeful moment she thought that she had caused him to change his mind, but his next words disillusioned her:

"Let's have it, Rita. Why did Paul Campbell chase you to Karnak? Why did he go to see the sheriff the night he got here?"

"I've told you, Jerry . . ."

"Stop it!" He came close to her and dropped his hand on her bare shoulders. They were big, strong hands and they hurt. "I want the truth."

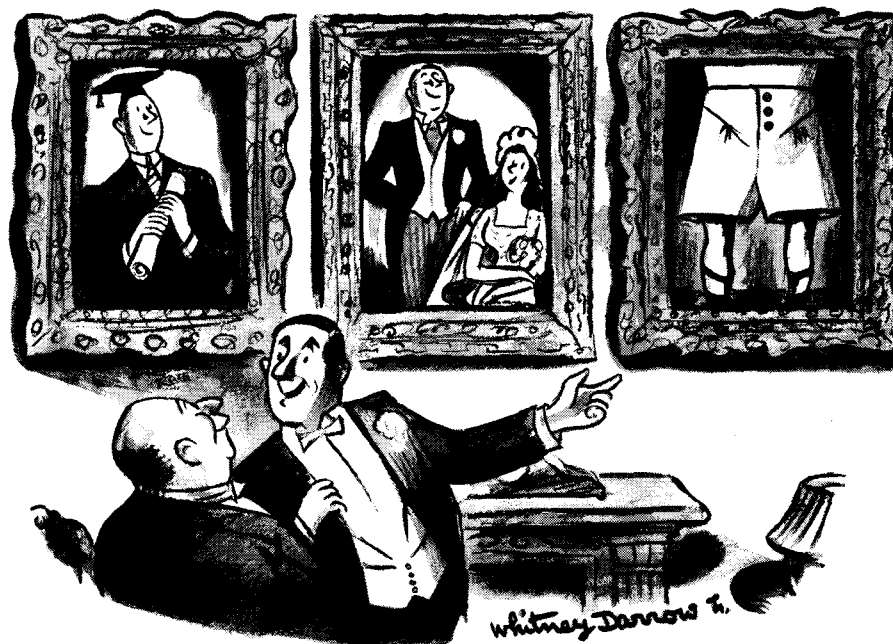
SHE tried to tear loose. She took refuge in tears, but that artifice, too, was unavailing. He was as expressionless as a rock, and as unyielding. She was dealing with someone here who was stronger than she.

"I'm waiting," he said.

She stared at him. She was thinking that she must save herself at any cost. What had happened in New York seemed trivial by comparison with its Karnak aftermath.

She started talking, slowly at first, and then faster, so that the words came in torrents. She told him the truth about Paul Campbell, told him all about the unfortunate little neurotic who had been in love with her. She told her husband about the episode of the fur coat. She told then of her desperation when they caught her, and of how bigamy seemed to be the only out.

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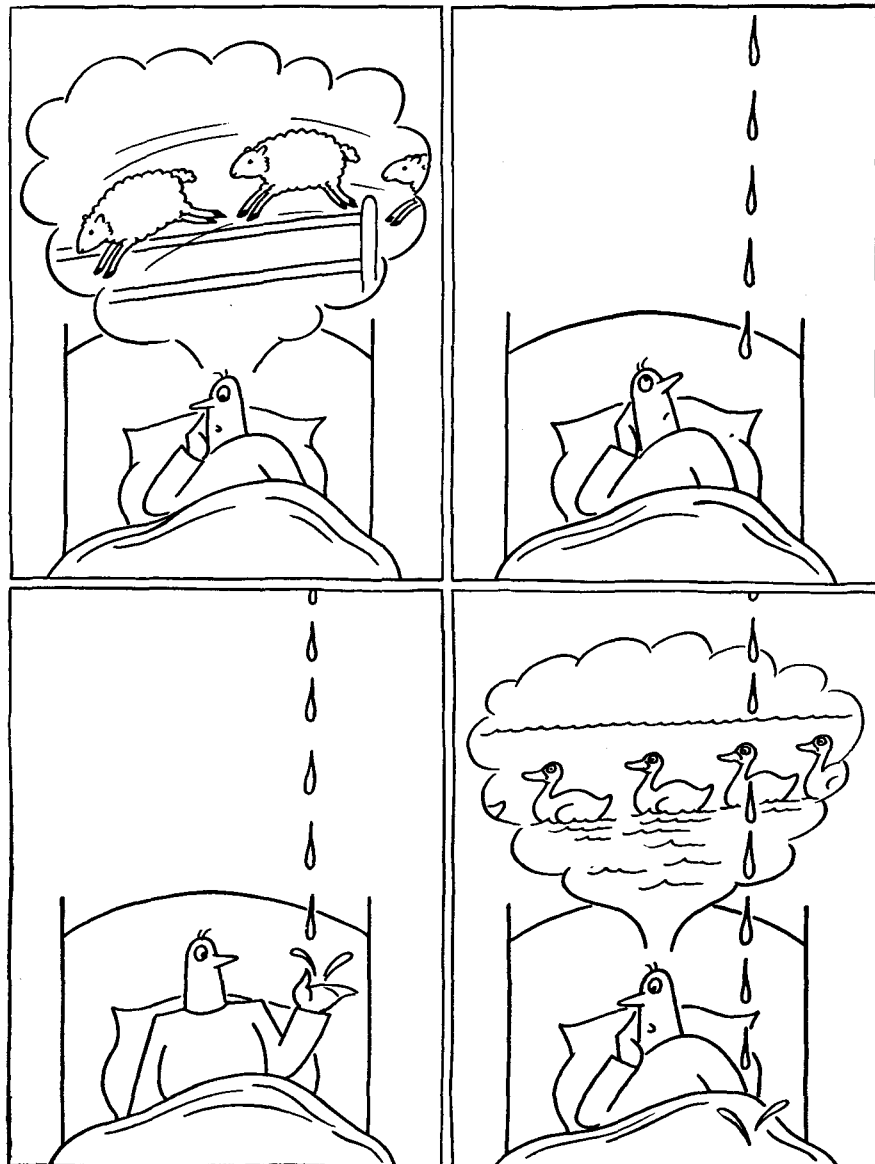
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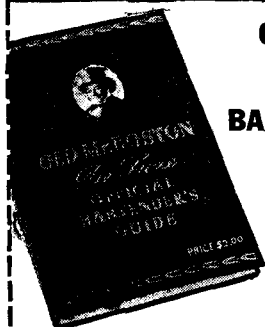
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fore, Jerry—he couldn't have known that until he got to Karnak. He must have gone crazy mad—he was that kind of man. I suppose he told the whole story to Dale."

"And you told Neil Berkeley?"

"Not that night, Jerry. I swear I didn't. All Neil knew was that I was terribly afraid of Paul."

"And Neil was jealous, wasn't he?"

"I suppose so."

Jerry nodded: "I think I've got it straight now, Rita. It isn't pretty, but it explains a lot of things."

"And you won't let anything happen to me?"

He shook his head. "I'll do what I can to protect you. Meanwhile, there's something else..."

"What?" She was afraid all over again.

"Some time tomorrow," he said, "I'm going to call on Neil Berkeley."

"You won't tell him I told you!"

"No." He was gazing into the fire, and he spoke as though to himself. "As a matter of fact," he said quietly, "if I know Neil Berkeley as well as I think I do—there won't be an awful lot of talking done by either of us."

KARNAK was unusually quiet on this Sunday morning. The day was unseasonably warm; the clear, pine-scented air was still. The community was suffering from an acute attack of letdown.

Church bells chimed on the placid air. Automobiles seemed to move more slowly than usual. Good citizens, strolling aimlessly, or on their way to church, stopped and gossiped, but the gossip was calm and serious as though what had happened the previous night was not something that permitted exaggeration.

Jerry Hamilton did not see Rita before he left Chinquapin that morning. He dressed quietly and ate breakfast alone. His actions were slow and methodical, the only unusual thing being that he inspected his revolver carefully before dropping it into his pocket. He walked out of the plantation house, got into his car and drove into Karnak.

He went first to the hospital, but when he inquired for Dale they told him that she had gone home early that morning. He walked upstairs then to Room 43 and looked in on Peter.

The Englishman was propped up in bed. The bandages about his head gave him a rather ghastly appearance, but he waved gaily as Jerry entered the room.

Peter said, "I assume you found out that Dale has already gone home?"

"Yes. It sounded good."

"She came in to see me before she left." Peter smiled deprecatingly. "Gave me a lot of tosh about what happened last night. But she seemed to be chipper as ever. Extraordinary what resilience that girl has."

"And you?" inquired Jerry. "How are you feeling?"

"A bit of a headache and a few bruises, but nothing to get excited about."

Jerry understood the Englishman's reticence about himself, and tactfully changed the subject. He said, "I had a talk with Rita last night."

"So...?"

"I'm obliged to you, old man, for the tip. Things were rather interesting."

"I thought you'd find them that way."

Peter looked straight at the other man. "I'd jolly well like to ask you something, Jerry."

"Go right ahead."

"I thought I heard Peggy speak to you as you left my room last night..." his voice trailed off in embarrassment.

"You did. I'm worried about that kid, Peter. She thinks she's grown up, but she isn't. She honestly believes our im-

aginations have gotten the better of us. She thinks we're being stubbornly unjust to Neil."

"I know..." Peter was visibly worried. "It's quite a bit of no good, Jerry."

Jerry said, "Mind if I get personal?"

"Not at all."

"You're rather fond of Peggy, aren't you?"

Peter's face flushed. "I fancy you could say that and not be half right, Jerry. She's been so splendid to Joyce and to me..." He tried to smile. "But I'm far too old for her."

"You're no older than Neil Berkeley."

There was a bit of awkwardness between them, as there inevitably is between men who are discussing a woman with whom one of them is in love. "At any rate, I'm in hopes that she won't get a chance to act impulsively right now."

Jerry rose. "Think I'll be drifting over to the Merediths' house."

"Give Dale my best." Peter really smiled this time. "Cheerio!"

Jerry parked his car in front of the house, and walked in without knocking. He glanced into the sitting room and saw Dale in an easy chair before the fire, looking over some papers. Her eyes brightened and she pointed to the sling that supported her left arm.

"I'll answer all questions before you ask them, Mr. Hamilton. Yes, I'm quite all right. Yes, it hurts. No, I shouldn't be in bed. Now, will you have a seat and wipe that serious expression off your face?"

He grinned in spite of himself as he dropped into a chair. "You were very lucky."

"You're telling me. Lucky—and scared, too."

He looked down at the square toes of his dusty shoes. "Feel like talking?"

"What woman doesn't!"

"You." He looked up and tried to smile. "You're unique—the way you keep things to yourself. But don't you think you've carried it too far?"

"What?"

"Not talking... because you were afraid it'd hit too close to my home?"

SHE didn't even pretend to misunderstand. She said simply, "I couldn't see it any other way."

"I appreciate the idea even if I don't agree. I had to find out things sooner or later. There wasn't any particular point to learning 'em the hard way."

"Maybe not, Jerry. But I wasn't sure of anything. I'm still not."

He asked, "Been hearing anything this morning?"

"Nothing much. Karnak is momentarily enjoying a reaction. Last night did things."

"But good," he said soberly. "I even had a talk with Peggy."

"So she told me." Dale leaned forward. "Don't get her wrong, Jerry. She's not a brat at all. But she's not a grown woman, either. Illusions don't shatter so easily when you're her age."

"She's managing to keep you frightened."

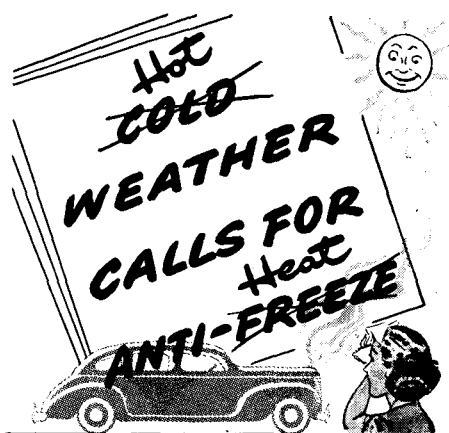
"Yes... more than you suspect. She simply cannot see that her idol has feet of clay. That's one of my most acute problems, Jerry... to prove it to her."

He asked, "Did you know that Peter is in love with her?"

"Of course." Her smile was superior. "I knew it even before Peter did. What a pity she doesn't feel the same way. I'm not keen about having her marry anybody yet... but if she's bound to..." Dale shook her head and changed the subject. "It might interest you to hear that the whole town knows that Neil Berkeley tried to kill me last night."

"How could people find that out?"

"Spurious. He simply couldn't resist telling his girl friend, and she's been



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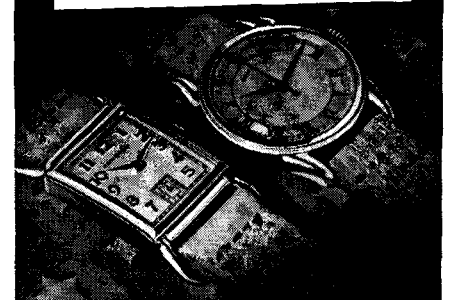
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talking her head off. I got a little irritated at first, and then I saw the funny side of it. I don't suppose it would have been physically possible for them to keep their mouths shut."

"You're right, Dale . . . as usual. It adds up rather interestingly: you owe your life to Peter and Peter probably owes his to Spurious." Jerry fished his pipe out of the side pocket of his coat. "Heard anything about Neil this morning?"

"Not a word."

"He must be around somewhere."

"I suppose so." Then something clicked. Her eyes opened wide and her voice took on an edge: "What are you doing in town this morning, Jerry?"

"Wanted to find out about you."

"That doesn't go. You could have telephoned." She said worriedly, "I've never seen you like this. Now I'm beginning to understand. You're looking for Neil Berkeley."

"I didn't say so."

"You don't have to." She was frightened. "You mustn't, Jerry. We'll think of some other way . . ."

He slid his chair closer to hers, and took her right hand between both of his. His eyes and voice were steady and determined.

"I don't know exactly how to put this, Dale," he said, "so it will sound right. I had a talk with Rita last night and I learned a lot of things . . . things that perhaps you should have told me. It doesn't matter now; nothing matters except that this sizes up as my job."

"But it doesn't, Jerry. That's the very angle I've been trying to prevent. You're making it personal."

"It is personal. It involves my wife and Neil Berkeley. It involves me as a citizen and as a man. Don't take this as a pose, Dale . . . but I've got to see Neil myself."

Her cheeks were white. She remem-

bered conjecture she had heard in the past . . . Neil Berkeley and Jerry Hamilton . . . the irresistible force and the immovable body . . . she recalled debates as to what might happen if Jerry were ever aroused to full fighting pitch . . . she remembered Neil's ruthlessness and courage.

"You can't!" she cried. "You mustn't! It isn't worth the chance."

"It's something that can't be avoided. So please don't argue."

But she did argue. She pleaded. She was a woman now—a frightened woman. "He's bound to know that you're looking for him. He'll be ready for you . . . and he won't take chances . . ."

Jerry said, "I don't want to say it all, Dale. It'd make me feel rather silly. It's my job . . . so suppose we let it go at that."

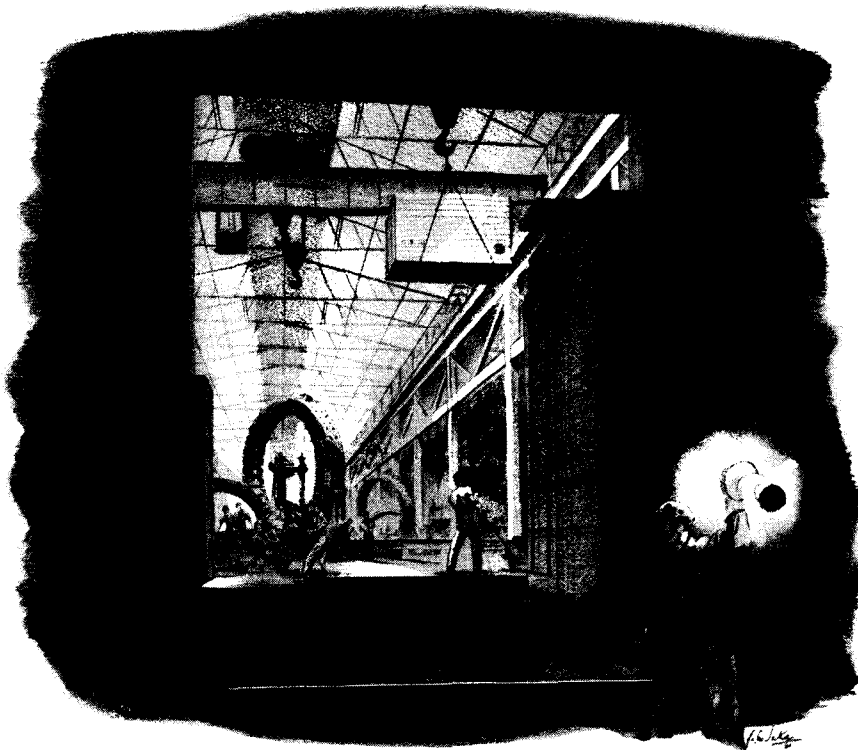
THERE were tears in her eyes, tears of apprehension. But she knew that nothing she might say or do could dissuade this man from settling his score with Neil Berkeley. He had stood just so much, he had been pushed just so far. Now he'd made up his mind, and there was no changing him. She told him that her deputies were already out looking for Neil, but even that did not satisfy Jerry. "I'm a deputy, too," he said with a hard smile. "That will make whatever I do official."

He rose, and so did she. He was trying hard to be matter-of-fact, and at the same time to reassure her. She said, "Where will it end, Jerry?"

"I don't know." Then suddenly his arms were about her. "I'm not asking anything, Dale. I'm only telling you something. I'm telling you again that I love you."

He bent his head and kissed her hard on the lips. Then he turned and walked out of the front door.

(To be concluded next week)



Out of the Night

IN LOS ANGELES it is eleven o'clock; in Detroit, one; in Schenectady it is two o'clock in the morning.

In Los Angeles a young riveter moves a little faster down the row of rivets that stitches a gleaming airfoil. In Detroit a helmeted welder concentrates on the harsh arc that knits two pieces of steel plate. In Schenectady a veteran machinist watches a little more intently the lathe tool that pares a precise 1/1000 of an inch from a 20-inch steel shaft.

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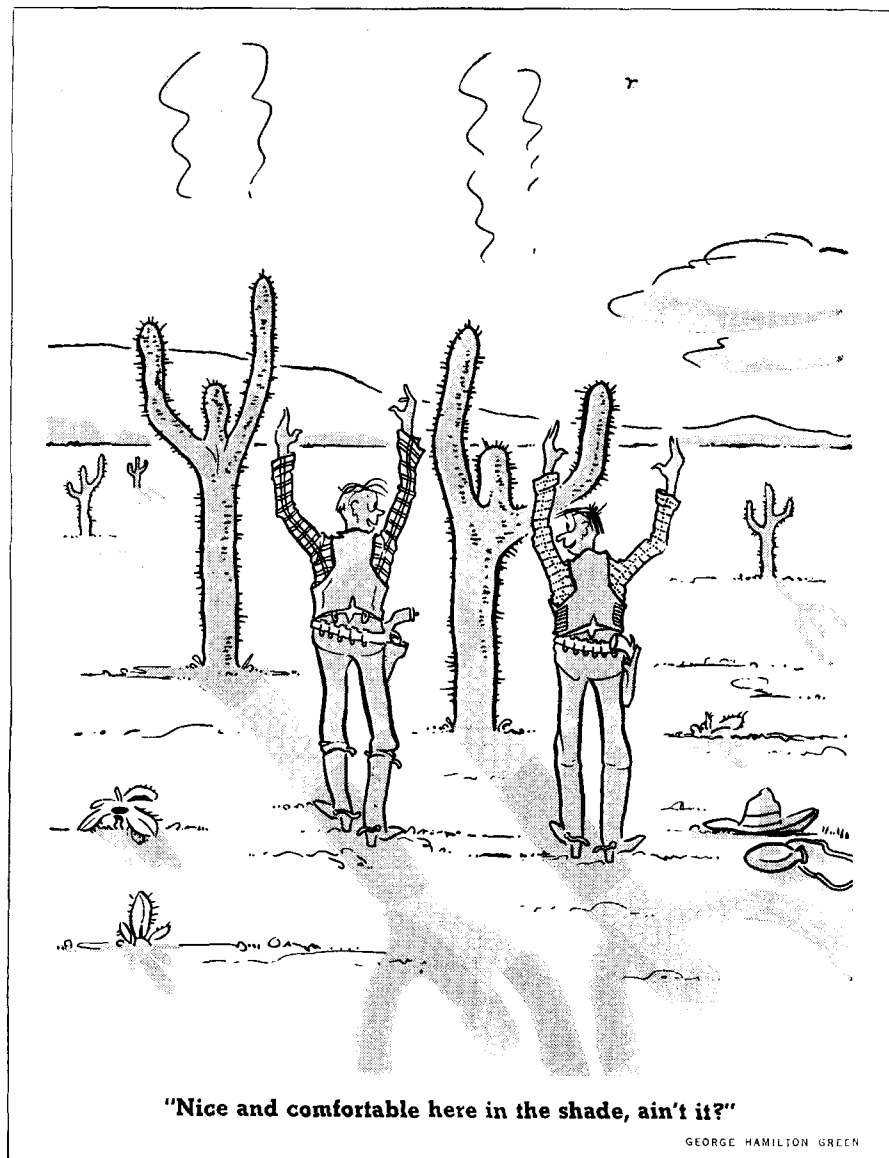
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This War is No Joke

Bunk merchants are at it again. . . . Among other fairy tales we read yesterday were: (1) The German army is rotting in Holland; (2) there is mutiny among the U-boat crews; (3) Russia is going to fight Germany. On the contrary, we have been licked in Norway, licked in France, Belgium and Holland, licked in Libya and licked in Greece. Believe nothing good in this war until you see it and until you earn it.

THUS spake editorially Lord Beaverbrook's London Daily Express the morning after Prime Minister Winston Churchill made Beaverbrook British Minister of State.

A stiff slug of the same kind of talk in this country would do no harm that we can imagine. Accordingly, we dish out some of such talk on this page, hoping it goes far and bites deep. We talk as well-wishers of the British cause, who want to see the United States for its own sake do everything possible short of war to help Great Britain. Here goes:

We can NOT do an adequate job for Britain and ourselves and still have business as usual. We cannot possess guns, export guns and have our peacetime quota of butter.

We have got to work, pay taxes and drain off some of our buying power into the defense

industries. And no one part of the population can escape sacrifices.

In fighting strength, the United States and Great Britain are as superior by sea to Germany as Germany is superior by land to them. BUT there is no guarantee that this war will be a comparatively short and easy strangulation process after a lot of rearguard land actions have stretched Hitler dangerously far out.

To choke the Axis in the Atlantic and the Pacific, the democracies have got to have more fighting ships than they have now. To hope to hammer the backbone out of the German civilian population Britain has got to have overwhelming air supremacy as regards Germany.

It looks like a long war and a bitter war.

At least, in so far as shown by the German movies taken in the field in Poland and France, the German soldiers are NOT brainless robots waiting for a lot of smart British and/or American individualists to step up and slash them down. On the contrary, they are first-class fighting men, highly trained and superbly equipped. If Allied strategy contemplates an eventual land drive against Germany, it will be suicidal stupidity for any Allied nation to neglect to train and equip its land forces

as meticulously as the Germans have done.

The German air force is NOT flying inferior planes; and its planes are NOT operated by overly young, inexperienced, doped-up pilots. Authority for this statement: the men of the R.A.F., who ought to know.

German diplomacy may be as dumb and tenthumbed as wishful thinkers like to believe. Nevertheless, Nazi fifth columns have gone to town with horrifying effectiveness whenever and wherever signaled by Hitler to get going.

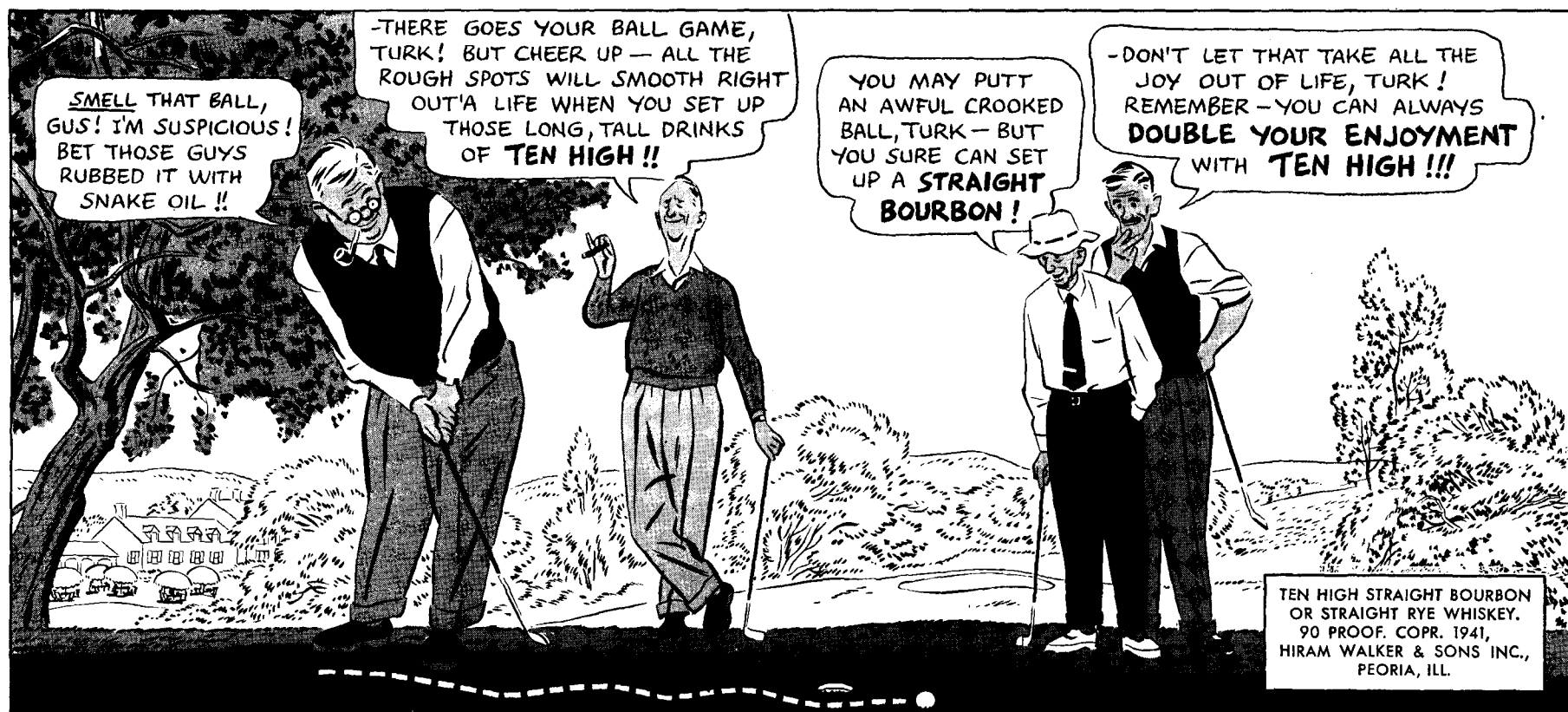
No doubt Goebbels hates von Ribbentrop, and Himmler would like to worm himself somehow into Hitler's shoes, and Rudolf Hess's epic jump to Scotland reflected some kind of dissension. BUT the German government and people up to this writing have been able to present a solid front to the world, and there are no signs as yet of grave cracks in that front.

The notion that this war can be won pretty soon by some half-magic trick, or by some heaven-sent inner weakness in Germany, is a notion which for our own safety should be put away from us. They kidded themselves to that same effect in France—until all of a sudden the Maginot Line was turned and the Germans moved in, to stay heaven knows how long.



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